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VOL. XLV

MARCH, 1909

NO. 3

AT HERRICK'S HOME IN DEVON

By Edna Bourne Holman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN



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Printed in New York.

a door at the bottom opening out upon a short flight of steps. Like the door in the Norman entrance, this one is heavily the glimpse at the spiral stone stairway within made the old structure seem more like a stronghold than ever. An inner door in the turret led down to the ringers' picturesque room. This portion of the church is as Herrick knew it, except for the coating of cement necessary to preserve it.

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What more than this can tombs or tombstones But here's the sunset of a tedious day,

These two asleep are; I'll but be undrest

And so to bed. Pray wish us all good rest."

Neither the butt-woman nor any other authority is certain whom the verse commemorates, but probably it refers to Sir Edward Giles and his wife, Herrick's friends at Dean Court. Sir Edward was the patron of Dean Prior: the poet, however, was given the living by the "Royal Mar-

tvr" himself. The butt-woman was just setting forth the need of money for church repairs, but she interrupted herself when she found me studying monuments.

"Us have a better one in the vestry," she said. She led me to the north-east corner behind a curtain, and pointed her blunt finger up at a brass set in carved stone. A bull's head was at the top; on the lower edge of the frame were the words: "Virtus omnia nobilitat."

a colored monument, with its kneeling this church!" she announced repeatedly.

In this Churchyard lie the remains of ROBERT HERRICK. Author of the Hesperides & other Poems.

Presented to this Living Of an Ancient Family in Leicester shire, and born in the King Charles I. in the

year 1501, year 1629, He was educated at St. ejected during the Com-John's College monwealth, and Trinity Hall, Cam-& reinstated soon afbridge. ter the Restoration.

He died Vicar of this Parish in the year 1674. This Tablet was erected To his Memory by his Kinsman, William Perry-

Herrick, of Beau Manor Park, Leicestershire, A.D. 1857.

"Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-clothes

Great Spirits never with their bodies dye."

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Dean Price - Garden gate of Dean Court

"drooping West"; he admits this himself in the next breath:

"Yet justly too I must confesse; I ne'r invented such Ennobled numbers for the Presse, Then where I loath'd so much."

It is perfectly plain. Though he missed "silver-footed Thamasis" and other London joys less innocent, he really loved Devon: witness his coming back at the restoration, long before "Rockes turned to Rivers, Rivers turned to Men," and when he had already had seventeen years in this country parish. Yet his "loathing" was no pose. The explanation is that he was in his "dull West" mood during the clouds and rain that constitute the Devon winter. It should not be forgotten that he lived through twenty-nine of these depressing seasons.

But sunshine lay broadcast on the Moor, that commanding object in the landscape which strangely has left no trace in the *Hesperides*. This sight, and the little Dean Prior itself, were worth many muddy tramps. Un-

parishioners as used to visit the unecheeded even by the few who make holiclesiastical vicar's little house.

"Low is my porch, as is my Fate. Both void of state. And yet the threshold of my doore is worn by Il. pours. Who thinks to be and freely see



is surprisingly inaccessible: I tried to fancy how unspeakably forsaken it must have seemed to the son of Nicholas Hevrick, the Cheapside jeweller, that "free-born Roman." The dozen or so cottages, with thick, sloping crops of thatch, sometimes vivid with green moss, seem never to have been built. but to have grown like trees into their present shapes. They look as old as the tors on the Moor. They straggle down the hill in an irregular, friendly row, under the fine trees. From the road to the door of each a small footbridge leads across a clear, talk ative brook, which tumbles its way through the village. It supplies running water for the cottagers' jugs. A passing hind delighted me with the ininfination that life was

day visits to Brent Moor and Dean Moor, few moments, with strings held tight, he rethe hamlet has come down through the cited poems, his own or Herrick's, with an centuries unaltered except for the occa- accompaniment of explanations, all very sional patching of a roof. Even now it entertaining. One of his poems was an





whole, may be fairly judged by its first effect on an intelligent eye, or by turning it upside down-as Turner was content to have one of his remain when so placed by a blundering hanging committee. From the central entrance of the hall the visitor perceives immediately in front of him on the opposite wall, beyond the multitudinous exhibits in cases and otherwise, a great burst of luminous color, a sunrise, in the centre of a long Arctic landscape, and then two great visionary figures drifting through this sunrise. This is the painter's Esquimo mythology, to which the scientific mind was at first inclined to demur as too much of an innovation, but to which it speedily became reconciled. As the province of a museum is to instruct, the usual objection to a picture which requires an explanation falls to the ground, and the printed circular provided by the authorities is very acceptable. From it we learn a new scheme of heaven and earth, or, at least, new to most of

It seems that the benighted hyperboreans accept the personification of the sun as female and of the moon as male, in what is known as the Sedna myth, or cycle, by ethnologists, Sedna being one of the names of a goddess or nymph personifying the sun. She is also, in this myth, a young girl wooed and won by a' fulmar gull who takes her to his igloo, or hut, tre of the north wall, over and on each side of a

him, that of the Esquimos from Alaska to Labrador and Baffin Land, -he having been a member of the Peary

Relief Expedition in 1892, and of the Peary North Greenland Expedition, 1893-94, as well as of Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld's Antarctic Expedition, 1901-02. In this version, the moon is forever in love with his sister, the sun, and chases her through the heavens, each carrying a lamp, she attended by light, summer and plenty, and he, by the long Arctic night. As Mr. Stokes has represented her, she is in the Esquimo summer costume, uncovered to the waist, and followed by a great flight of birds, two fulmar gulls flying before her; below, the little Arctic puffins range themselves in military ranks on the ice-floe, and two harbor seals lift their heads and cry to her, the "Mother of the Seals." She is a part of the cumulus, or summer-cloud which may be seen around her head, while her pursuer is the advance of the great night-cloud sweeping backward from his head. He is in full winter costume of furs and attended by his dogs and sledge; the lamps or torches of both are parhelia or sun dogs, which appear generally at sunrise and sunset, and beyond them are the reds and gold of the midnight sun, just seen on the sea horizon. His name is Ahn-ing-ah-neh, and hers, Suk-ehnuk; when he finally overtakes her and clasps her in his embrace it is the end of the world.

This great central group appears in the cen-

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to the end of the wall and round on the east and west

walls for the space of three panels at present. The painter feels that to present it properly, the whole length of these side walls will not be too much. Immediately behind the hunter moon comes the two-months-long glowing twilight of the approach of winter, gradually darkening to the end; and before the fleeing maid, that of the coming summer, of the same length. The two seasons which divide the year are represented by the changing landscape and by the appropriate episodes of human life. The dividing line is the gap between the two central promontories in which appears the glow of the midnight sun, "untruthful," says the artist, "only in its lack of the brilliant intensity of nature." This we may believe, considering that such phenomena are practically unpaintable, and that he was further handicapped by his surroundings and by the glaring white placard which the Museum occasionally hangs in the doorway, immediately below the painting. To the left of Suk-eh-nuk appears the gradual lightening over land and sea which attends her re-appearance after the long night, one of the many color effects of this twilight; near the end of the wall, to the left, we are shown in the distance an iceberg, and beyond it a glacier with a typical bell-shaped rock called nunatak, "land rising above the ice." In the foreground, an Innuit is stalking two

ring seals which are basking in the sun, crawling slowly toward them, lance in hand, over the ice-floes, stopping when they look around, whistling softly, until he gets within striking distance. (See illustration on page 253.) To aid in preserving the unity of the long composition, the sea line is maintained at the same level on all three walls, rounding at the southern extremities for terminals. On the west wall, continuing the summer, and brilliant in color, the first panel gives in the foreground an Innuit hunter stalking a little group of reindeer, the nearest of which is white, and great bunches of blue and purple Arctic flowers grow in the recesses of the rocks below him. In the central panel, the largest, the Heart of Summer, another hunter, in his canoe, spears a narwhal; and in the third is seen in the rocky foreground a summer village at Cape York, Melville Bay. For all these details the painter can cite chapter and verse, showing his costumes and weapons, his sketches made on the spot, and full of light and color.

In the winter twilight, behind Ahn-ing-ahneh, we see in the foreground a bear hunt, the great white beast at bay with an arrow in his shoulder, and surrounded by the dogs while the hunter watches for his opportunity to finish him with a lance thrust. (See illustration on page 256. On the east wall, con-



Copyright 1908 by Frank Wilbert Stokes.

tinuing, the mountains catch the last rays of the sun; in the foreground of the first panel the hunter's family turn out of their snow igloo, the winter habitation, to welcome his return with his spoils; in the central, the Night, we find him boldly attacking the walrus on the sea-ice; in the third, he brings the welcome supply of walrus meat on his sled to the little white igloo village. This myth of the pursuit of the sister by the brother, we are told, is not only an allegory of the great Arctic Day and Night, but also of man's ceaseless search after the unattainable,—which may tend to enlarge our ideas concerning the Esquimo mind.

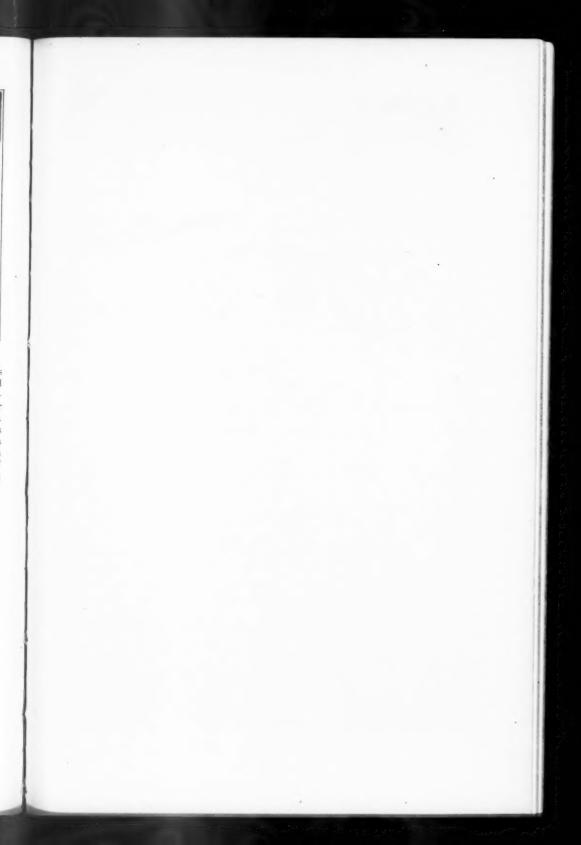
All this material was accumulated by the painter only by constant observation and untiring industry, under the usual unfavorable circumstances of Arctic life, while his palette thumb scorched in the summer sunshine and his palette fingers froze in the shadow underneath. In his studio at Bowdoin Bay, 77° 44′ N., he worked for fourteen months, accommodating himself to the primitive conditions of Esquimo life.

As it is not possible with pigments adequately to represent the utmost splendor of light and color, such as blazes in the Polar skies and glows in the Polar, translucent ice, the most that can be justly required of the painter is that he suggest these unutterable things, and to this

credit Mr. Stokes is quite entitled. For his trying task he, fortunately, had had sound training,-under Thomas Eakins in the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts; under Gérôme in the École des Beaux-Arts; at Cola Rossi's under Raphael Collin, and at Julien's under Boulanger and Lefebvre. During his residence at Paris he exhibited at the Salons for several years; he joined the Peary Relief Expedition as artist for the house of Charles Scribner's Sons, and was the official artist of the Peary North Greenland Expedition. That strong craving to return to the North, which seems to take possession of all Arctic explorers in time, having visited him on his return, he sought to obtain means to fit out an expedition of his own, and, failing in this, funds were secured for this mural decoration through the generosity of Mr. Arthur Curtis James, with the hearty cooporation of the late President of the Museum, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, and that of the Director, Mr. H. C. Bumpus, the Museum furnishing the canvas and the stretchers.

In his list of honors is recorded a membership in the Anthropological Society, in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, the Geographical Society of Paris, the Arctic Club, and the silver medal, the prix Alphonse de Montherot.

WILLIAM WALTON.





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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

THE WAR CLOUDS.

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In this Churchyard lie the remains of ROBERT HERRICK, Author of the Hesperides & other Poems.

Of an Ancient Family Presented to this Living in Leicester by King Charles I. in the shire, and born in the year 1591, year 1629, He was educated at St. ejected during the Com-

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Dean Prior. Garden gate of Dean Court.

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"Low is my porch, as is my Fate, Both void of state; And yet the threshold of my doore Is worn by th' poore, Who thither come and freely get Good words, or meat."

The face of the country has changed more in these two centuries than the people who till it.

I had gleaned that the real village of Dean Prior was beyond the "Church town." Two lanes led to it, and anybody who knows this country will understand that the nearer of the two proved the longer. The disconsolate rain that turned the red road into indescribable mire made clear to my mind one much-discussed point. Herrick has left many bitter references to the "loathed West," for instance:

"More discontents I never had Since I was born, then here; Where I have bee'n, and still am sad, In this dull *Devon-shire*."

Still, he apparently found the inspiration for most of his best work in the



Glimpse of the Vicarage Garden.

centuries unaltered except for the occa- accompaniment of explanations, all very

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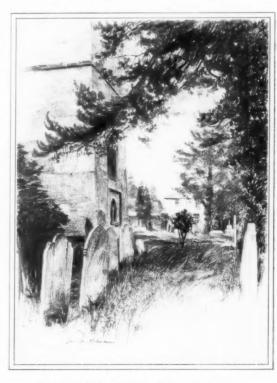
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In the village there was not even a "pub." The

form of a wagon from Buckfastleigh car-"pahsties"). These, with clotted cream and tea provided by the post-mistress, I ate off His Majesty's table in His Majesty's tiny post-office. A gun-license list hung on the wall as I ate. The only man in the parish privileged to carry arms, apparently, was the vicar.

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day visits to Brent Moor and Dean Moor, few moments, with strings held tight, he rethe hamlet has come down through the cited poems, his own or Herrick's, with an sional patching of a roof. Even now it entertaining. One of his poems was an



Dean Prior. In the church-yard. Vicarage in the distance.

profitableness of "serving teas" had not amusing 'take-off' on "first aid to the indawned on the people. After a short starv- jured." He had read it at Paignton to a ing time, however, succor arrived in the club which had been studying this subject -rather a different assembly from those in rying hot buns and pasties (pronounced which his illustrious predecessor often read his compositions.

When the boots were on, he placed one elbow on the mantel, and talked on of his church, and Herrick; of wood-cock, and foxes, and of high-church tendencies. His happiest days are those spent on the Moor and at archery. At the latter he made The next morning I found myself face to a record which has never been equalled. face with this clean-cut, white-haired gen- Pointing at his trophies, he said, "It sometleman. I had called early, before he should times seems that everything in my house get out with his gun. While I drank co- I won by the bow." He has a fellow-feelcellent terms with the new monks who are home. rebuilding Buckfastleigh Abbey. "Only I

with the twentieth century incumbent when he said, "I think there is quite worry and trouble enough in the world without good people fighting over non-essentials. If the blessed Lord came back, I rather think He wouldn't be at all interested to notice whether I wore a blue stole, or a green stole, or a yellow stole! Bah!"

In his talk at this and subsequent visits he spoke of "rare old Herrick." He has a song-writer's own love for "Ye have been fresh and green,' "Gather ye rosebuds," and "Bid me to live." For all that concerns Herrick he is a considerable authority, and he proved exceedingly

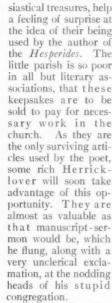
hospitable about initiating me into the ways tertained me in his garden, where snow- life. the end of February it would be like the fairest pages of the Hesperides.

Tea at the vicarage was always delightful. The table was decked out with just the dainties that were presumably served at every Devon tea-table in Herrick's day, as now, cream, toughs (most unsuitably

Agincourt. He sketched for me a monster exclamations of "Poor old girl, poor old reception given at Paignton by the Singers girl!" quite incomprehensible had I not of sewing-machine fame. He is on ex- seen him catch sight of a cow being driven

It was during tea one day that I learned never 'my lord' the Abbot. I hate that." of Herrick's pewter almsbowl, flagon, and The air of Dean Prior has never been conpatten, found by the vicar some years ago in ducive to narrow-mindedness. The seven- an old oaken chest in the church. Well as teenth century vicar would have agreed I thought I knew that Herrick was a clergy-

man, I could not, as I examined these ecclesiastical treasures, help a feeling of surprise at the idea of their being used by the author of the Hesperides. The little parish is so poor in all but literary associations, that these keepsakes are to be sold to pay for necessary work in the church. As they are the only surviving articles used by the poet, some rich Herricklover will soon take advantage of this opportunity. They are almost as valuable as that manuscript-sermon would be, which he flung, along with a very unclerical exclamation, at the nodding heads of his stupid



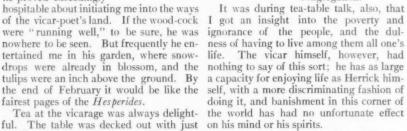
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The butt-woman was no longer the genius of Dean Prior. She must have realized this with some resentment, for the named), jam, and honey. The vicar, while afternoon that the organist sent her to the the tea cooled, was so eager to tell me what-vicarage to bring me a glass of water, she ever would interest me that sometimes nei- stayed gossiping with the cook and came ther of us gave much attention to eating. back at length without it. The organist Once his narrative was broken by tender left her practice and fetched it herself. As



Font in church, used by Herrick.



Morsehead House

heard whether the reprimand was severe.

this estate took me into a picture-like this estate took me into a picture-like "A letter just received informs me that the oak screen is to be sold, and that it may come to America.

she went out, the butt-woman said, confi- was washing the stone floor. An irondentially, jerking her head toward the bolted door of panelled oak, with hinges door, "She's the vicar's daughter. She's extending almost its entire width, added just 'ome from a week in Paignton. Hi'll to the picturesqueness. The living room, ave a few words wi' she, and she and I'll or hall, opens off the main passage. hunderstand each other better." I never Shakespeare would have been at home in it. As my eyes travelled from broad win-As I became better and better acquainted dow-seats and stone floor to exquisite with Dean Prior, at the "bottom of the dark, carved-oak screen,* and deer's heads, village," round the corner where stands with antlers, from the Giles deer-park, I Herrick's yew, I found Dean Court, the saw that the room made a fit background old home of the Giles family. It is an for Robin Herrick and his Julias, An-F-shaped house of stone, covered with cetheas, and Corinnas, provided always that ment, presiding over a lovely, continental- there were any such maidens. Certain it looking garden, and a beautifully kept is that the primrose-bordered lane from farm, the largest in the parish. Here, the vicarage to Dean Court must have as in Herrick's day, the vicar finds con- been very familiar to Herrick, and the jolly genial companionship. The mistress of evenings with the hospitable Giles family

must have gone far to console him for the vanished "Lyric feasts made at The Sun, The Dog, The Triple Tun."

Another day I hunted up Moreshead House, which in Stuart times was grander than Dean Court. Now it is a cattle-barn,

and has fallen on those pitiable days which in "wicker Arks." It was the country of come to many old estates even in a wellcared-for land like England. When Herrick used to visit there, Robert Furse was the man of the house. Elizabeth Furse, his wife, was buried by Herrick. I found her tomb, the only one in the church-yard which has survived from his day. Only the date, 1640, shows now. The inscription could all be read thirty years ago.

With the vicar's guidance I inspected his "Kitchin." The precise whereabouts of the

> "little Butterie, and there in A little Byn, Which keeps my little loafe of Bread Unchipt, unflead,"

is a matter of conjecture. But the realm in the vestry, the jet-black idol-cricket in

of the incomparable Prewdence Baldwin, that "dearest Maid," is thought not to have been much changed when the vicarage was rebuilt.

It took exploring to find Herrick's Dean Bourn, the "rude River in Devon, by which sometimes he lived." But the cool, stimulating air from Dartmoor makes exploration a pleasure. Dean Bourn turned out to be one of the granite-bedded streams, cold and transparent, which abound near the Moor. It flows

"Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streames, And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames."

As I walked back to the vicarage that afternoon, the "Brooks, Blossoms, Birds,



Almsbowl and portion of pewter communion service used by Herrick.

and Flowers" were all Herrick's. Near by, in the "Meddowes," I knew that children must be playing push-pin or cherry-pit, barleybreak or stoolball: that the girls. "with Honysuccles crown'd" were bearing"the richer couslips home"

"May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes, Of Bride grooms, Brides, and of their Bridall Cakes."

I did not know whether the Spurs, Chubs, Raggs, Mudges, and Traps of to-day teach their children to say, as they did a hundred vears ago,

> "In the houre of my distresse, When temptations me oppresse, And when I my sins confesse, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

I did not know whether the poet's ghost still walks the lanes by night. But I knew that behind some hedge stood Oberon's temple—"the surplices of cleanest cobweb"

its niche, the holy-water in half a nutshell. And the vicarage seemed simply the "grange" of long ago. Herrick's Prew was at the window. My arrival was announced by Herrick's "creeking Hen," his spaniel, Trasy, his goose "with jealous eare," his cat "grown fat with eating many a miching mouse." I found myself looking about for "rare Phil," his sparrow, and for the notorious black pig that he taught to drink from a tankard, that pig which has disgusted at

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Robert Herrick.

GOVERNMENT VS. BANK ISSUES

By J. Laurence Laughlin



standard in the United States is largely settled, other forms of our money raise serious questions. Certain forms of our media of

exchange, ultimately redeemable in the standard coin, may be issued either by the government or by the national banks chartered by the government. Viewed in the light of wisdom and experience, should these notes be emitted by the general government, or by the banks? That is the next great monetary question. It is certainly a momentous one deserving impartial examination. We may then weigh the arguments (1) for and (2) against government issues and those (3) against and (4) for bank issues.

(1) LEAVING out of account inconvertible paper, it has been claimed that the issue of convertible paper by the general government would be a saving to the people. The idea is that in issuing paper money a profit exists which should be reaped by the State. Obviously, every country must invest a certain part of its wealth in its machinery of exchange; and it is economy to keep this investment as small as possible consistent with the highest efficiency. Convertible paper is resorted to, not because of a scarcity of gold, but because it saves the expense of gold; since the reserves for preserving convertibility need not be more than 40 or 50 per cent. The interest on the difference between the total amount of paper and the reserves, therefore, represents the saving in question. This difference can be set free to be used in industry, and the earnings on it constitute the country's saving in issuing paper in place of gold. The saving, of course, is only the interest, not the whole of the difference.

The validity of this theory can be tested by our actual experience with the greenbacks, which were inconvertible from 1862 to 1878, and convertible from 1879 to the

HILE the problem of the present time. Assuming a reserve, as at present, of \$150,000,000 in gold to be necessary for the redemption of our \$346,681,016 of greenbacks, we may say, in round numbers, that \$200,000,000 is the amount of the uncovered issues, on which the interest at 3 per cent. (at which any gold bond could be easily floated) would be \$6,000,000. This last sum represents the annual gross gain to the people, if, on other grounds, it should be regarded as best to supplant a gold currency by a convertible paper issued

by the government.*

Immediately, however, the question is raised: Does it cost anything to maintain the reserve? Of course, the political or financial management of the State, whether good or bad, will directly influence the ability of the State to keep its reserves intact. Any policy which excites distrust as to the willingness or ability of the Treasury to redeem its paper in gold will create activity in the presentation of its notes for coin. Only on the assumption that the government will always be wise and capable will the reserves always remain intact. If not, the reserves will be drawn down, and new loans must be made in order to supply additional gold for the reserves. But our monetary policy has not always been wise: it has often been cranky, foolish, and most ill-judged. Our national vagaries with silver are known the world over. Hence, it is but inevitable that the people should have had to pay the price. In truth, so often and great was the fear that we could not maintain gold payments that several times the gold reserves were almost exhausted. Our foolishness reduced to figures means that, to maintain a reserve for \$346,681,016

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^{*}In reality, the gain from using the convertible paper is not a positive gain, but only the reduction of a loss. Suppose all the wealth of the country is earning 3 per cent. Take out of this total the sum of \$\$350,000,000\$, which is used in form of a gold currency, and while so used yields no concrete returns. The total loss, or price, which the country pays for a currency consisting entirely of gold is the 3 per cent. on this \$\$350,000,000\$, or \$\$10,000,000\$, old \$10,000,000\$, occopies concerning paper, \$200,000,000\$ is released to go back to productive industry; hence the loss to the community is reduced to 3 per cent. on \$150,000,000\$ or only \$4,500,000\$. The gain of \$6,000,000 annually, or 3 per cent. on the \$200,000,000\$ or released, is not a positive gain; it is only a reduction of the total loss.

public debt by \$357,815,400, on which the additional interest charges to the tax-payer are \$15,632,616.* Thus, as against the reduction of loss by \$6,000,000, the issues of the government have entailed an enormous annual expense of \$15,632,616. It does not do to base expectations solely on theory. Indeed, it is a serious question whether our governing class is sufficiently intelligent in managing monetary matters to allow our nation to issue paper money except at a

fearful cost to the people.

But the above statement of the cost is not all. The iniquitous act of March 31, 1878. required that the notes redeemed by such a vast increase of debt should be re-issued. This is the act which created the "endless chain" and the constant drain on the Treasury in time of danger. Consequently we have the silly result of having actually redeemed more than \$407,000,000 of greenbacks, by an increase of debt (\$357,815,400) greater than the total original issues of the greenbacks-and vet we have the whole amount still outstanding! It sounds childish, but it is literally true. In fact, if we had borrowed the \$346,681,016 by issuing 4 per cent. bonds, at the time of resumption, the annual interest charge would have been only \$13,876,240, or an annual saving of \$1,765,376 on the interest of the debt actually incurred in keeping up the reserves. On the face of experience, at least in the United States, it can scarcely be urged that there is any saving to the people in issuing government notes.

(2) Still many persons think that government notes are "a loan without interest," and hence a saving to the State. So wellknown a politician as Secretary Sherman thought so;; but the facts already given

	AMOUNT OF DEBT CREATED		INTEREST CHARGE
	\$65,000,000	43	\$2,020,000
1877-78	30,500,000	4	1,220,000
Feb. 1, 1894	50,000,000	5	2,500,000
Nov. 13, 1894.	50,000,000	5	2,500,000
Feb. 8, 1895	62,315,400	4	2,492,616
Feb. 15, 1896.	100,000,000	4	4,000,000
Total	\$357,815,400		815,632,616

^{† &}quot;United States notes are now, in form, security, and convenience, the best circulating medium known. The objection is made that they are issued by the government, and that it is not the business of the government to furnish paper money, but only to coin money. The answer is that the government had to borrow money, and is still in debt. The United States note, to the extent that it is willingly taken by the people, and can, beyond question, be maintained at

greenbacks, we have had to increase the remove the whole basis for this opinion. It never has been shown that the Treasury was unable to borrow at some rate at the time (1862) when the first greenbacks were issued, or at any time since. Moreover, if a State must borrow, it is egregious folly to borrow in the form of paper money, which may easily disturb the standard of value, change contracts, cause an upheaval of prices, and create riotous speculation. Indeed, a loan put out in the form of demand notes is highly objectionable as compared with a loan in the form of bonds issued for a term of years. The demand obligations may be, and generally are, presented in times of distrust and danger, just when their redemption by the Treasury is most difficult, and when their conversion adds to the severity of a crisis. On the other hand, a loan on time in the form of bonds gives no is not turning up at critical emergencies to be redeemed. Even if the cost to the people of both methods were the same, the latter method of borrowing should be recommended on every ground of theory and experience. Indeed, the confusion of mind between the fiscal and the monetary functions of the Treasury should be widely separated. But of this more later on.

(3) In favor of government issues is the obvious claim that they would be uniform throughout the different States of the Union, and prevent the condition of variety and depreciation which existed in the State currencies before the Civil War. But this admitted advantage in favor of government notes is no argument against bank-notes, if the latter, as in the case of the national banknotes, can also be made safe, redeemable, and uniform throughout the whole country.

(4) A more interesting point in favor of government issues is the suggestion that bank-notes are unconstitutional. Obviously this point has no reference to banks chartered by the national government. That issue was settled long ago, in 1819.‡ If the claim has any relevancy, it has it only in re-

par in coin, is the least burdensome form of debt. The loss of interest in maintaining the resumption fund, and the cost of printing and engraving the present amount of United States notes, are less than one-half the interest on an equal sum of four per cent. bonds. The public thus saves over seven million dollars of annual interest, and secures a sale and convenient medium of exchange, and thus the assurance that a sufficient reserve in coin will be retained in the Treasury beyond the temptation of diminution. such as always attends reserves held by banks. "Report of Secretary of Treasury, 1880, p. xv.

McCullock vs. Maryland, 4 Wheaton, 316.

the several States. The Constitution forbids States to emit bills of credit, but it does not forbid a State to incorporate banking institutions. In constant practice, from the beginning, State banks have been allowed to issue notes. Webster urged that the power of the general government to regulate coinage included the right to supervise all State bank issues; and the right of Congress to regulate the issue of State banks, or tax them out of existence, has also been settled.* Therefore, all there is in this objection applies only to notes of State banks, and in no way affects the right of national banks to issue notes under an act of Con-

Having thus examined the arguments in favor of, we may next proceed to consider those against, government issues.

II

(5) WITHOUT doubt, the least recognized, and yet the most far-reaching, consideration involved in discussing government issues is the failure to separate the monetary from the fiscal functions of the Treasury. Almost all our monetary ills from 1862 to 1900 can be traced to it. The crude idea that. when funds were needed, they could be obtained by issuing demand obligations bearing no interest, which could be circulated as money, has been prevalent, and has produced no end of trouble. Ignorant of the principles regulating the monetary system of a country, the Treasury might, solely from a need of income which had no relation whatever to the demands of trade for a medium of exchange, inject additional sums of money into the circulation, and upset the whole delicate machinery of exchanging goods. Foolishly to unsettle the monetary standard and the confidence of the public by trying to borrow in a form certain to interfere with the nation's currency is only a way of crippling the power to borrow in general. Thus, two evils result from this fateful confusion of mind: (1) changing the supply of money without any adjustment to the needs of trade is a blow at the very vitals of exchange, prices, contracts, and business security; and (2) the credit of the Treasury being dependent on its man-

* Veazie Bank vs. Fenno, 8 Wallace, 533.

gard to notes issued by banks chartered by agement and resources, the issue of paper money is a blow at credit, because it is an open confession of inability to borrow in the market on normal conditions. Since the government, in 1862, when borrowing had not yet been fully tried, issued inconvertible notes, without providing any reserves whatever, it cannot escape the charge of having descended to the last resort of a bankrupt Treasury; and this unwise action enormously injured the credit of the United States and increased the rate at which it was subsequently forced to borrow. There is only one way to borrow: that is, to pay the price fixed by the credit of the borrower in the open market. From this there is no appeal. Indeed, the depreciated paper caused to the Union a loss of about \$500,-000,000 in the creation of additional debt due to higher prices, speculation, and the diminished amount received for bonds due to a damaged credit. In no way can the facts of our experience support borrowing by issuing forms of money.

> (6) C'est le premier pas qui coute. Once a false step has been taken, it is apt to lead to serious consequences. The very existence of paper issues, originating in a wrong method of borrowing, is a constant menace. The mere lapse of time in which no injury has been incurred unfortunately serves to lull the fear of danger. If retained, such issues are a suggestion for similar crude expansions in the future, when men are too excited to judge calmly of their acts. Their very presence is an incentive. If legislators were all monetary experts, and never influenced by political considerations, there would be little risk in retaining for a time our greenbacks; but we must take men as they are, and provide for the probable acts of those who are incompetent and ill-advised. Obviously, these national guardians of our monetary system do not personally lose anything when they get the Treasury into desperate straits; they have no weight of responsibility due to any personal relation to the issues—quite differently from the relation of bankers to bank issues. Humiliating as it may seem, the maintenance of the convertibility of greenbacks into gold has again and again been imperilled. The whim of the Executive, the sudden rise of an unreasoning campaign cry, may make it impossible to keep the slight gold reserves which protect our stand-

All in all, the very presence of government paper in 1862. issues is too much of a danger to be kept forever hanging over a great commercial nation.

(7) What is still more dangerous is the fact that the whim of the government is the only limit to its issues. Ordinarily, sane business men would concede that the quantity of the media of exchange should bear a direct relation to the amount of exchanging to be done. In the case of government issues, the quantity as well as the quality depend on a vote of Congress. If a fancied need presses upon men inexperienced in monetary operations, especially if they have been inoculated with the fallacy that the more money a country has the better, there will be excessive issues, followed by raids on the reserves. The paper will depreciate and the country will undergo rapid fluctuations in prices, an unsettling of contracts, a inevitable ruin of a commercial crisis. These are not matters of imagination: they are only mild descriptions of what the country actually suffered from 1862 to 1879 because of government issues. The crisis of 1873 is directly traceable to the speculation inherent in the fluctuating greenback standard which followed the Civil War.

(8) Naturally enough, false doctrines expressed in government action poison the whole course of public opinion for generations to come. There was the idea that a government stamp creates value. If so, why did its solemn promises to pay, although made a full legal tender, depreciate to 35 cents on the dollar? Then came the fallacy that the more money the more wealth; as if wealth came into existence by increasing the counters. Again, because paper was depreciating and prices were soaring, the conviction grew that prosperity comes with increasing the quantity of paper money. The fact was, the prices rose to keep up with the depreciation of the standard. And, far and wide has the belief spread to-day—coming down from the days of the depreciated greenback—that prices depend upon the quantity of money in cir-

ard of value and prices. As yet redemption whole brood of heresies is traceable to the in gold as against silver is largely a matter crude conceptions which led Congress to of the personal choice of the Executive. attempt to borrow by issuing inconvertible

III

If judgment be given against government issues on the grounds thus presented. we are next forced to weigh the claims for and against the only other alternative instrument to be used as paper money-bank-

(1) There has come down to us from the State banking orgies before the Civil War, as well as from the period of depreciated greenbacks, a belief that the right to issue money gives to the issuers the power to control the money market; to put prices of goods and securities up and down; and even to bring on panics. The money "octopus" is supposed to work through the issues of banks, and to wish to confine the sole right of issue to the banks. The probperiod of mad speculation, leading to the lem we are here discussing has nothing to do with inconvertible paper of changing value. The real issue is between government issues and bank issues-each convertible into gold. Issues of either kind of money, if kept redeemable in gold, would have no greater effect on prices than gold itself would have.

The only way in which the "money power" can control prices and securities is by obtaining control over capital and purchasing power, and thus influencing the demand. This purchasing power can be had by loans from banks. The pith of the matter lies in the ability to get loans. Now, suppose the "high financiers" have got the loans, where do the bank issues come in? Nowhere. When a loan is given, the borrower's deposit account is credited with the amount. Then payments are made, especially in all large transactions, by checks on these deposit accounts. No bank-notes to speak of are used. It would be an inconvenience to the borrowers to be forced to take the bank's notes; and as the profit to the bank arose from the discount on the loan, it is realized just the same whether it gives a deposit and checking account or whether it gives its own notes. The Naculation. Thus the ground was prepared tional City Bank of New York, the largest for the silver agitation; on the theory that bank in this country, has loans of \$135,405,gold was insufficient in quantity. This oo2, but it issues only \$9,217,497 of notes.

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All the largest city banks have made their profits and accumulated huge surpluses by use of checks on deposits, and with very little use of their note issues. The same is clearly seen in the accounts of the Banking Department of the Bank of England. Quite apart from the Issue Department, it does the main banking work of the greatest financial centre in the world by the use of

checks drawn on deposits.

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(2) There may be many persons—of the Upton Sinclair type—who really think that banks may wish to bring on panics. A bank is ex natura so placed that to bring on a panic would bring on its own destruction. Every one knows that in the liabilities of a bank account appear the items indicating its obligation to share-holders for the capital, surplus, and profits, as well as the items of deposits indicating the sums left with the bank which may be drawn on demand. On the other hand, the bank lends its resources —whether coming from capital or deposits —and receives as its only security assets from whose recurring maturity its loans are repaid. If these assets, such as collateral composed of stocks and bonds, or paper based on the sale of goods, should lose their basis of value, the banks would lose. They have already given the borrower the right to draw, and they get repayment by the borrower only in the future. Hence, the only chance of the bank to regain what they have parted with lies in the assets retaining value enough to cover the loans already To suppose, therefore, that the banks should ever have a motive for bringing on a panic is to suppose that a sailor afloat on the ocean in an open boat should have a motive for punching a hole in the bottom of the boat—the only thing which saves him from destruction.

(3) The popular supposition that the bankers gain a special profit by the issue of notes, which by right should go to the government, is doubtless wide-spread. In truth, there is per se no banking profit except that arising from the discount on loans; and since discounting, or lending, can go on without issuing notes—as is seen at all banks and trust companies organized under State laws—then it is patent that the profit of banking is not due to the issue of notes.*

(4) Yet, even if it were desirable to have the banks issue the paper money, it has been claimed that the banks would be unable to issue enough money for the enormous trade of so great a commercial country as this; and consequently, the government is the only authority competent to meet so great a task. Those who think thus overlook the patent fact that (omitting gold) the note issues, either of a government or a bank, are not much used in actual transactions of any importance. In fact, payments are usually made by checks. Therefore, the service to be performed is not that coterminous with our trade, but a service coterminous with those retail and minor transactions in which buying and selling are closed only by the passage of some form of coin or paper money. We may need cash for buying a railway ticket, but not for buying a cargo of wheat. It is the banks which supply a deposit-currency, offsetting checks at clearing-houses, by which in the United States over \$150,000,000,000 of goods per year are exchanged, and without recourse to silver, gold, bank-notes, or greenbacks, except for settling small balances.

IV

WHEN we come to positive arguments in favor of assigning to banks the duty of issuing the notes needed by the trade of our country, we are obliged to ask: What other institutions than banks exist which can know when and for how much a demand exists for notes in transactions which cannot be performed by checks? Certainly, Congress cannot know. Whether we like banks or not, the fact is that they are the institutions of credit, evolved by centuries to serve the needs of trade; and whether they like it or not, the banks must satisfy these needs, or cease to exist. Through them idle and new funds pass into the hands of producers; they disburse capital; and they alone can know in just what way

make more profit than one in it. If each have the same reserve of \$100,000, it would support \$400,000 of loans on a 25 per cent. reserve: and the profit would be, any, 6 per cent. on \$400,000 in case, as of a State bank, no notes were issued. But if the bank went into the national system, and if its borrowers called for notes when a loan was made, then the whole reserve must go for bonds which at best would support less than \$100,000 of notes. Thus its loans would be limited to less than \$100,000, and its gains restricted to 6 per cent. on that sum, with a small interest on the bonds. If it had sufficient discount business, the bank could earn much more than in the national system, and wholly without the issue of a single note.

^{*} For the sake of brevity and clearness, I omit the claim that a national bank depositing bonds to secure its notes gets a profit both on the bonds and on the notes when issued. In reality, a bank which stays out of the national system can

the public wish the capital transferred to would never have any real difficulty in silver, paper money or checks. In this respect the bank is the slave of the business public. If the public wish only a deposit account, the banks provide it; if they wish

notes, the bank must give notes.

(5) If such be the case, the banks are the only organizations which can provide an elastic currency. We have seen that the Treasury cannot do it. As a matter of fact, the greenbacks have been rigidly limited since 1878. Although the present bondcirculation of the banks can never be anything but inelastic, since the amount of notes is made to depend upon the price of bonds and the rate of interest, the banks can be given a safe method of issues, quickly redeemable, such as would provide the necessary seasonal elasticity not possible in government issues-elasticity, of course, which contracts as well as expands. Leaving the elasticity to the banks is the only democratic way. There could be no overthere was a need, such as arises in the autumn harvests.

(6) Far different, however, from this seasonal elasticity is the demand for elasticity in a time of crisis. In such a crisis as that of 1907, when an antecedent expansion of speculation, undue rise of prices, and reckless promotions, had paved the way for disaster, an elastic currency, although it could not have prevented the panic, would yet have in a great measure modified the severity of the crisis. In times of emergency such as this, instant response to the need, and at the spot where the need exists, could have been made only by banks to their borrowers. A Treasury expansion, publicly advertised, would have been a certain means of frightening depositors and borrowers, and would have aggravated the

disaster.

(7) It being understood that convertibility into gold is the prime requisite either of government or bank issues, it is appropriate to note that the cost of maintaining coin reserves, which we found to be so heavy in

it—whether through the medium of gold, maintaining gold payments, provided the government preserved the gold standard and redeemed its own obligations in gold. The national bank-note has from the beginning always been as good as the government note into which it was convertible; and the most significant thing in this result is that the national bank-notes have not been and are not now a full legal tender. Clearly enough, more depends on redeem-

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ability than on legal tender.

(8) If the government at any time needs gold it has to go to the banks or to allied institutions to get it. But if the banks were delinquent in maintaining redemption, have we any means of compulsion to keep them up to the mark? Certainly the bank occupies a better position, in this respect, than the government. A bank failing to redeem can be immediately sued in the courts, and can be obliged to keep its promises or go into liquidation. Not so with the Treasury. If the issues under a system which provides for Treasury ceases to redeem, it cannot be easy redemption of bank-notes at many compelled to fulfil its obligations against centres; and they would go out only when its own consent. Only if Congress permits, can the holder of its note proceed against the government for failure to redeem. For seventeen years, 1862-1878, the government was in fact derelict in paying coin, and was able to do so with impunity. The great wealth of the country did not save us from this ignominy.

(9) Yet the opinion is prevalent that the whole wealth of the nation lies behind the government paper, for which the credit of the country is pledged. Therefore, government issues would have a greater safety than those of banks. To this it might be said that no boy should be without apples as long as there are trees full of apples in well-guarded enclosures. There are the apples; but the boy does not own them. How can he get what he does not own? Similarly, the great wealth of the country is not owned by the State; and the State can take that wealth only by the forms of law which permit its acquisition by taxation or borrowing. It cannot steal. Then, if there is no limit to taxation and borrowing, say government paper advocates, the State can the case of the greenbacks, would be re- always secure gold enough to maintain its moved from the people and put wholly upon paper at par. But men do not always do the banks, were the latter to be required to what they ought to do. And, if there is furnish the notes. In truth, the banks boundless wealth, but if none of it is taken

than a summer's crop of thistledown. its limits of taxation and borrowing by expenditures for war, or for things other than the paper money. And since it cannot be required by court procedure to redeem its money, if it wishes not to redeem, then it is clear that the character of the paper is dependent not on the wealth of the country, but on the whims of Congress to whom the currency is subject.

The case is even more favorable for the banks than this. Apply to government paper the same test as that applied to banknotes. If a bank issues its notes as the result of a loan, it must receive assets in the form of securities as an equivalent. Indeed the quality of such assets is constantly brought into discussion. A skeleton account of a new bank would show the situa-

tion:

LIABILITIES	ASSETS	
	Loans \$400,000 Reserves 100,000	

Here the issue of notes is followed ipso facto by the receipt of an amount of assets sufficient to secure the repayment of the loans. With this compare the operations of the Treasury.

LIABILITIES	
Capital \$ Notes. 400,000	Securities (for notes) \$ Reserves (perhaps). 100,000

By the very nature of a government, it does not receive collateral when it issues notes. It is not a bank. It does not get assets which equal the sum of note issues. As a rule, what the government gets for the notes vs. Bank Issues before the people, the jury when issued, is, as in the buying of munitions of war, consumed, or made unavailable as an asset of value. And the scraping be a protection against arbitrary party acup a gold reserve is regarded as a very virt-tion by a central government under mere uous deed. assets received for its notes and used them cratic tendencies of the age.

to secure the paper, the great wealth of the up would be jeered out of existence. But, country adds no more value to the paper if the directors spent the \$400,000 of the bank's assets in champagne suppers, they Moreover, the Treasury may have reached would still have much the same protection for the notes as the Treasury.

> In truth, bank-notes can be made as safe as any kind of money by proper rules as to guaranty funds, lien on assets, and the like. The Treasury, on the other hand, is little likely to submit to shackles which are easily

imposed on a bank.

(10) Since the quality of the government paper is not really maintained by the wealth of a country-any more than the thirst of a prisoner in a dungeon is slaked from the cool lake he sees outside-it is obvious that the value of the paper is determined by the action of a Congress usually made up of active politicians. In short, government notes are at the mercy of every passing whim of the voters, whom the politicians sedulously court. Money should be left to experts; but in fact government paper never can be so left, as long as it is the plaything of politics. That is the curse of all government issues of notes, just as it is the curse of custom duties which are made political issues. Therefore, the strongest possible reason for relegating the system of paper issues to the banks, under general rules fully providing for elasticity and safety, is that they would be entirely removed from politics. If no other argument were presented, this one alone, judging not by theory but by actual experience, should be sufficient to induce us to decide in favor of bank issues. And this conclusion seems to have been already reached by those great commercial nations which are our closest rivals for the trade of the world.

Thus, in the great case of Government ought to find in theory and in fact in favor of the Bank Issues. Such a finding would Now a bank which took the political pressure and in line with the demo-

THE SHEPHERD DAY

By Edith Wyatt

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

THE silver-hooded morning
Spoke freshly to my heart
From some high misty pasture-land
Where cool leaves blew apart.
I saw his cloak glance on the strand
Past cobbled street and mart.

"I am the shepherd morning,
I am the shepherd day
Come, foot and soul, and walk with me
Wherever runs the way,
By dusty road and green-cropped lea,
Through weather clear and gray."

"O fleet-foot morning, mock not me;
Too swift you speed apace.
Drop your adorning down for me
And let me see your face—
Now I have crossed with you till noon
The meads and steeps of space."

"Divine am I, your master,
The day of life you'll live,
Come faster and come faster on
And take the roads I give."
And down the craggy pass I saw
His mantle fugitive.

The river frogs were calling "Hark!"
And bush and sward and mould
Were blue and stark with dew and dark
And fragrant in the cold.
Half sheltered in a byre unsought
We found a wayside fold.

Then backward glanced my master day,
And as he turned apace
His hooded mantle dropped away
With free and random grace;
And only when my guide was gone
I looked upon his face.

Far in a mountain pasture-land
I heard his footsteps go
Among the sapphire-terraced stars,
The night's wide dark and snow.
Ahead he dropped my welkin's bars
To fields I could not know.



"I am the shepherd morning,
I am the shepherd day
Come, foot and soul, and walk with me
Wherever runs the way,
By rocky road and green-cropped lea,
Through weather clear and gray."



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

The cactus gatherer.



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

Primitive dwelling of Piman tribes.

VILLAGE TRIBES OF THE DESERT LAND

By Edward S. Curtis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

dians of the Northern Plains; the com- and Papago being the two largest tribes. munity-dwelling Indians in stone houses, With the exception of the Walapai and one the descendants of the cliff-dwellers. In branch of the Papago they are sedentary this I will describe the tribes of Southwestern Arizona. They are in appearance, structure is of poles and brush with an mythology and religion, as well as in life outer earth covering, naturally lacking the and manners, quite different. In the region spoken of we find the Yuma, Mohave, Havasupai, Walapai and Maricopa of the Yuman linguistic stock; the Pima, Papago

N former articles in SCRIBNER'S MAGA- and Kwahatika of the Piman stock. The ZINE* I have pictured the Apache and combined population of these groups is aptheir linguistic kin, the Navajo; the In- proximated at twenty thousand, the Pima tribes, living in fixed villages. Their home stability of the stone homes to the North, and for this reason a study of their prehistoric life is more difficult.

> Compared to the Northern Plains Indians, who reverence a brave heart next to their worship of the Great Mystery, these

^{*} See Scribner's Magazine for May and June, 1906, and February, 1000.



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

Doorway of the Papago Mission, St. Xavier del Bac.



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

Interior of Papago Mission, St. Xavier del Bac.

tribes lack bravery and the war spirit. United States. Their lazy life, low altitude,

The Pima and Papago did, however, with its excessively hot climate, seemed to prove rather brave in defensive warfare develop their physique, but the same conwith marauding Apaches, who crept down ditions which made giants in stature seemed on them from their mountain homes. The to require no mental activity or develop-Yuma and Mohave were too indolent to ment. Their mythology is apparently an have a brave heart, but rather preferred a incipient one, and, compared to that of the life of idleness. These dwellers in the Pueblos, is so crude that it would seem to be valley of the Colorado are physically a of a people uncountable ages closer to the bemagnificent group of people. Previous to ginning of man. This probably is not the the introduction of the white man's discase, however, but merely indicates a lack of eases, there was probably nothing com- mental activity. The ease with which they parable to them as physical types in the gained food undoubtedly tended to retard

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From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis. A Mohave man in primitive robe woven from rabbit skins.



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis. A Papago maiden.

traps with little effort. Rats, rabbits and up the way Matevilye say, just ashes.

gence seen among them is their tribal cus- church by being buried against his will. tom of cremation. This, according to It is likely that an ethnologist would make their legends, was taught them by their a poor missionary. However, the missioncreator, Matevilye, and they follow his in- ary has something of an argument for his

their mental growth. The valley had its structions with true Indian tenacity. One great annual overflow. Following this, the of my Yuma interpreters of the past seavegetation, wild and planted, sprang up and son came to me with considerable anxiety: grew as those unacquainted with such local- "Missioner wants me to come to church. ities cannot realize. The river had count- I go to church, when I die they put me in less quantities of fish to be caught in rude the ground to rot. I no like that. Burned small game were abundant and close at That all right. What you think?" I hand. The swift-footed deer of the hills they must confess, as one rather favoring his did not molest, as that would require effort. way, to not being able to see why the old The greatest display of natural intelli- chap should be punished for going to

of the Yuman creeds as taught them by plateau. the Creator. At their approach of death, relatives, friends and neighbors gather about, waiting for the soul to take its flight to the sand-hills of the after-world: a land of plenty, where when one melon is picked another comes; "no one sees it come; you just pick it, another one there." The body is prepared at once after death and carried out in blankets to the place of cremation which has in the meanwhile been prepared. A shallow hole has been dug in the earth and the fuel piled high on this. The body is placed on the top of the fuel, after which fire is applied at the four cardinal points. During the time of the burning the multitude stand about and wail in the most melancholy fashion, continuing until fuel and body are but a mass of embers and These are raked into a pit and covered with earth. And so are the last rites to the departed among the tribes of the Yuman stock.

The Havasupai, who have their home in Cataract Cañon, a branch of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, have the most unique home-land of any tribe of our Indians. It is but a tiny garden spot in this vast chaotic wilderness. To reach the home of the Havasupai one must first make the trip across the plateau to the rim of the cañon, no small part, and then he who would enter must take his choice of two trails; either one will try the courage of all but the experienced traveller of cañon trails. Once there, you feel well repaid for your effort. If the season is midsummer, while every rock wall and crag is reflecting the sun's heat, the upper regions are a veritable Hades, and this garden spot, with its cool shadows and bubbling streams, an oasis in it. On my first journey here the upper world at the cañon's rim was wrapped in a blinding snow-storm which chilled one's very life. As our packanimals picked their way down the trail and entered this cañon home the peachtrees were in bloom, birds were singing, all in the joy of life and spring. I could but neighbors of the Pima and affiliated with think, "This is paradise." Theirs is a them, particularly in war of defence against world of but a few hundred acres walled in the wandering tribes. When or why the

desire to change their way of disposing of first by sheer red stone walls 400 feet high, the body, as it is certain that we see in the and beyond those perpendicular walls are Indian cremation much that is not a part broken, crumbling piles of rock of many of the modern method, as it is here that he colors, reaching on and on, but ever up. pays the greatest attention to the teachings until one comes out on the piñon-clad

These cañon dwellers have always been a small group. Disease and change in manner of life have dwindled their ranks until there is now but a few more than a hundred, and it is a safe prophecy that ten years from now there will be no more than half of that. They are an agricultural people, and have been from prehistoric times. They insist God gave them the seeds of the corn and vegetables, and the peach-tree, but admit that man brought the fig. Their water-supply is from a beautiful spring which has its source in the upper end of their home spot. Here it springs from the cañon's floor, a beautiful, transparent stream, flowing along with willow-bordered banks, then, as a cataract, leaps high over a sheer cliff and forms in dark pools below. The water of the stream is used for irrigation; they throw out ditches and guide them close along the outer margin of the field. They call this "making water run uphill," and claim it was taught them by Lee, who, after the Mountain Meadow massacre, took refuge with these people for a time.

In the spring they gather and cook great quantities of the mescal, cooking it in large pits like other tribes of the region. These pits can be seen all through Grand Cañon and its many branches. Many of them undoubtedly have been used from

pre-Columbian times.

In the winter season the Havasupai went out on the plains above in their annual hunt for deer, at once changing from vegetarians to meat-eating people, fairly gorging themselves on the flesh of the deer. All this is changed. The deer are scarce, and permission to hunt now rarely and grudgingly given by their Father in Washington.

The Maricopa long ago seceded from the parent Yuman group in the valley of the Colorado, and slowly worked their way up the Gila valley until they reached the land of the Pima. Here they became

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e h st In the land of the giant cactus.

The Sahuaro harvest.



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

Gathering the cactus fruit.



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by F. S. Curtis.

At the canal.

in the confusion of Indian traditions. Howgenerations ago is quite certain, as the type still retains traces of the Yuman. In life and manners they have become as Pima, but in language, religion and mythology they show but little change by reason of the tribal separation and contact with an alien culture; this seems to be a good argument that it is here we should anticipate the least change in studying any

primitive people.

Looking on the map, the smallness, as indicated, of the Pima Reservation would lead one to presume that they were a small tribe. Far from it! They are a large and strong tribe, mentally one of the keenest in our land. The Pima claim to have lived always in the Gila valley, their lands stretching along some sixty miles of its length. They farm by irrigation and likely had canals larger and longer than other tribes. The very large prehistoric canals which formed a part of the development, with the building and occupancy of the Casa Grande and other like large prehistoric ruins, are in the country of the Pima. In their legends they account for these ruins and ditches and claim them as the work of Pima. There is, however, little to encourage this claim. The ruins of the region show structures of massive walls, many rooms and several stories in height, while the Pima home structure, when first observed, was, as it is now, a single-room affair, round in shape, built of poles, covered with earth. Their traditions of the former occupancy of these many-roomed communal structures is probably but an attempt to fit their tradition to the fact of the old ruins.

One of the most picturesque features of the Pima home country is the giant cactus, Sahuaro. This strikingly grotesque plant is of much importance in their life. Great quantities of its fruit are gathered; they use it fresh, dried, make it into a thick, heavy jelly; and, lastly, but by no means least, is the making of it into wine. They, like the Maricopa and Papago, are expert basket-makers and potters. Their valley of the Santa Cruz, about the mission large ollas are the universal water container, while ollas of small size and more graceful in North America, and without doubt the lines are used as head-jars in carrying water finest still standing in the United States.

secession from the original group is buried pal kitchen-utensils are pottery-ware of their own making. One can, without too ever, that the wandering began but a few far stretching of fact, say that the Pima are well advanced in the ways of civilization, much of which is due to one man-the sort of man that is born, not made. It is Dr. Cook, the Pima missionary. No doubt the advance has seemed to him heart-breakingly slow, and there have been many days when he could but wonder, "What is the worth of it all?" Still, his thirty years of patient, faithful work have brought a real uplifting of the tribe, a showing that few men can make for their life effort.

> The Papago, close kin to the Pima, can well be divided into two groups, the sedentary and the wandering. The communityliving, home-loving group can scarcely be driven from their homes, while those of the gypsy-like bands cannot be kept in any one place. Good authorities, like Dr. Cook, insist they wander from mere necessity of gaining a livelihood. These wandering Papago, numbering several thousand, are scattered about the whole of South-western Arizona from the juncture of the Gila and Salt Rivers to and into Old Mexico. Some villages of a few families will be dwelling far down in the mountains to the border of Old Mexico, and probably have small herds of scrubby cattle, and, as well as the cattle, patches of wheat which are grown from freshet water, flowing down out of the hills. Their wheat harvest is very early in the spring, and when it is closed they trek off to the north to take part in the Pima harvest. The harvest season is always hot, so the wily Pima prefers to hire the wandering Papago to do the work while he dozes in the shade. The Papago's pay is a portion of the wheat, which he loads onto his ponies and takes back to his winter's home in the mountains of the south. To add to this store the Papago takes advantage of the proverbial Indian hospitality and desire to make gifts, and gives a Papago dance for the entertainment of the Pima. The Pima, to show their appreciation, give them much grain.

The sedentary Papago's home is in the of San Xavier, one of the finest ever built from the supply to the home. The princi- The wonderful old church is on a slightly

From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

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Hepah gathering arrowbrush-Maricopa.



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

The burden bearer-Pima.

raised plain, overlooking the valley of the people are the Kwahatika villages, so little Indian's wants are few.

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Santa Cruz, and about it are grouped the known that the name scarcely appears in homes of the Papago. Their home struct- print. Broadly, they are like their linguisure has, in a great part, changed from the tic kindred of the Piman group, from old-time round houses, and has become which they probably separated within the the rectangular one, half Papago, half last few hundred years. In religion and Mexican. Below their village lie the well- mythology they are still the same. They kept farms, small in size, yet ample, as the are, in fact, like a degenerate outcast from the family; in appearance the same, but not A few days' journey to the south of these of the good blood. They can truly be

lages are scattered about in the desert, and he who did not know the way of the land could well wonder how even the hardiest of human beings could contrive to live here. The secret of their existence is that they were past masters in dry farming before Colorado was named. Each village is located where it receives the natural drain of a vast area. The Kwahatika will prenatural rise of ground about it, will enusing the collected water of tens of thou- to them in harvest time.

termed "desert Indians." Their five vil- sands of acres to thoroughly soak their five or ten. With a rain or two of this sort they are certain of a fair crop. The low foot-hills of the region abound in the giant cactus, furnishing fruit in endless quantities, the only limit of the supply being their ability to gather it in the few weeks of the harvest. Six months after the harvest season one can see huts still containing wagonloads of the earthen jars filled with the pare his small farm, and if there is not a thick jelly, each jar carefully sealed with clay. The mesquite pod, which forms such close it in an earth embankment. When a large part of the natural food of this the severe winter rains come on the freshet region, does not abound in the land of the water flows down the valley and they catch Kwahatika, but the mesquite forests are this and guide it out on the prepared land, not so far away but what they can journey



From a photograph, copyright 1907, by E. S. Curtis.

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Getting water-Havasupai.

THE BOLTED DOOR

By Edith Wharton



BERT GRANICE, pacing the length of his pleasant lamp-lit library, paused to compare his watch with the locked hands. clock on the chimney-piece.

Three minutes to eight. Ascham, of the eminent legal firm of Ascham and Pettilow, would have his punctual hand on the door-bell of the flat. It was a comfort to reflect that Ascham was to make his host nervous. And the sound of the door-bell would be the beginning of the end-after that there'd be no going

back, by God-no going back!

Granice resumed his pacing. Each time he reached the end of the room opposite the door he caught his reflection in the Florentine mirror above the fine old walnut crédence he had picked up at Dijon-saw himself spare, quick-moving, carefully brushed and dressed, but furrowed, gray about the temples, with a stoop which he beaten, worn out.

As he summed himself up thus for the third or fourth time the door opened and he turned with a thrill of relief to greet his guest. But it was only the man-servant who entered, advancing silently over the mossy surface of the old Turkey rug.

"Mr. Ascham telephones, sir, to say he's unexpectedly detained and can't be here

till eight-thirty."

Granice made a curt gesture of annoyance. It was becoming harder and harder for him to control these reflexes. He take to soliloguy next? turned on his heel, tossing to the servant He lowered his arms and pulled open over his shoulder: "Very good. Put off the upper drawer of the writing-table. In dinner."

noticed and discussed below stairs. And at these oddly associated objects; then he

very likely they suspected the cause. He stood drumming on the writing-table till he heard the servant go out; then he threw himself into a chair, propping his elbows on the table and resting his chin on his

Another half hour alone with it!

He wondered irritably what could have In exactly three minutes Mr. Peter detained his guest. Some professional matter, no doubt-the punctilious lawyer would have allowed nothing less to interfere with a dinner engagement, more especially since Granice, in his note, had so punctual—the suspense was beginning said: "I shall want a little business chat afterward."

> But what professional matter could have come up at that unprofessional hour? Perhaps some other soul in misery had called on the lawyer; and, after all, Granice's note had given no hint of his own need! No doubt Ascham thought he merely wanted to make another change in his will. Since he had come into his little property, ten years earlier, Granice had been perpetu-

ally tinkering with his will.

Suddenly another thought pulled him up, corrected by a spasmodic straightening of sending a flush to his sallow temples. He the shoulders whenever a glass confronted remembered a word he had tossed to the him: a tired middle-aged man, baffled, lawyer some six weeks earlier, at the Century Club. "Yes-my play's as good as taken. I shall be calling on you soon to go over the contract. Those theatrical chaps are so slippery—I won't trust anybody but you to tie the knot for me!" That, of course, was what Ascham would think he was wanted for. Granice, at the idea, broke into an audible laugh-a queer stagelaugh, like the cackle of a baffled villain in a melodrama. The absurdity, the unnaturalness of the sound abashed him, and he compressed his lips angrily. Would he

the right-hand corner lay a thick manu-Down his spine he felt the man's injured script, bound in paper folders, and tied stare. Mr. Granice had always been so with a string beneath which a letter had mild-spoken to his people—no doubt the 'been slipped. Next to the manuscript was odd change in his manner had already been a small revolver. Granice stared a moment

slowly began to open it. He had known he should do so from the moment his hand touched the drawer. Whenever his eye fell on that letter some relentless force compelled him to re-read it.

It was dated about four weeks back, under the letter-head of "The Diversity

Theatre."

"MY DEAR MR. GRANICE:

"I have given the matter my best consideration for the last month, and it's no use-the play won't do. I have talked it over with Miss Melrose-and you know there isn't a gamer artist on our stage—and I regret to tell you she feels just as I do about it. It isn't the poetry that scares her-or me either. We both want to do all we can to help along the poetic dramawe believe the public's ready for it, and we're willing to take a big financial risk in order to be the first to give them what they want. But we don't believe they could be made to want this. The fact is, there isn't enough drama in your play to the thrown away! allowance of poetry—the thing drags all And what was he to do with the remain-through. You've got a big idea, but it's ing half? Well, he had settled that, thank not out of swaddling clothes.

"If this was your first play I'd say: Try again. But it has been just the same with all the others you've shown me. And you remember the result of 'The Lee Shore,' where you carried all the expenses of production yourself, and we couldn't fill the theatre for a week. Yet 'The Lee Shore' was a modern problem play-much easier to swing than blank verse. It isn't as if

you hadn't tried all kinds-

Granice folded the letter and put it carefully back into the envelope. Why on earth was he re-reading it, when he knew every phrase in it by heart, when for a month past he had seen it, night after night, stand out in letters of flame against the darkness of his sleepless lids?

"It has been just the same with all the others you've shown me."

That was the way they dismissed ten years of passionate unremitting work!

"You remember the result of 'The Lee Shore."

Good God—as if he were likely to forget it! He re-lived it all now in a drowning cost, to spend ten thousand dollars of his shake, the tremor communicated itself to

took the letter from under the string and inheritance on testing his chance of success —the fever of preparation, the dry-mouthed agony of the "first night," the flat fall, the stupid press, his secret rush to Europe to escape the condolence of his friends!

"It isn't as if you hadn't tried all kinds."

No-he had tried all kinds: comedy, tragedy, prose and verse, the light curtainraiser, the short sharp drama, the bourgeois-realistic and the lyrical-romanticfinally deciding that he would no longer "prostitute his talent" to win popularity, but would impose on the public his own theory of art in the form of five acts of blank verse. Yes, he had offered them everything—and always with the same

Ten years of it-ten years of dogged work and unrelieved failure. The ten years from forty to fifty—the best ten years of his life! And if one counted the years before, the silent years of dreams, assimilation, preparation—then call it half a man's life-time: half a man's life-time

God! He turned and glanced anxiously at the clock. Ten minutes past eight—only ten minutes had been consumed in that stormy rush through his whole past! And he must wait another twenty minutes for Ascham. It was one of the worst symptoms of his case that, in proportion as he had grown to shrink from human company, he dreaded more and more to be alone. . . . But why the devil was he waiting for Ascham? Why didn't he cut the knot himself? Since he was so unutterably sick of the whole business, why did he have to call in an outsider to rid him of this nightmare of living?

He opened the drawer again and laid his hand on the revolver. It was a small slim ivory toy-just the instrument for a tired sufferer to give himself a "hypodermic" with. Granice raised it slowly in one hand, while with the other he felt under the thin hair at the back of his head, between the ear and the nape. He knew just where to place the muzzle: he had once got a young surgeon to show him. And as he found the spot, and lifted the revolver to flash: the persistent rejection of the play, it, the inevitable phenomenon occurred. his sudden resolve to put it on at his own. The hand that held the weapon began to

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his arm, his heart gave a wild leap which sent up a wave of deadly nausea to his throat, he smelt the powder, he sickened at the crash of the bullet through his skull, and a sweat of fear broke out over his forehead and ran down his quivering face. . .

He laid away the revolver with an oath and, pulling out a cologne-scented handkerchief, passed it tremulously over his brow and temples. It was no use-he knew he could never do it in that way. His attempts at self-destruction were as futile as his snatches at fame! He couldn't make himself a real life, and he couldn't get rid of the life he had. And that was why he had sent for Ascham to help him. . .

The lawyer, over the Camembert and Burgundy, began to excuse himself for his

"I didn't like to say anything while your man was about—but the fact is, I was sent for on a rather unusual matter-

"Oh, it's all right," said Granice cheer-He was beginning to feel the usual reaction that food and company produced. It was not any recovered pleasure in life that he felt, but only a deeper withdrawal into himself. It was easier to go on automatically with the social gestures than to uncover to any human eye the abyss within

"My dear fellow, it's sacrilege to keep a dinner waiting-especially the production of an artist like yours." Mr. Ascham sipped his Burgundy luxuriously. "But the fact is, Mrs. Ashgrove sent for me."

Granice raised his head with a quick movement of surprise. For a moment he was shaken out of his self-absorption.

"Mrs. Ashgrove?"

Ascham smiled. "I thought you'd be interested; I know your passion for causes célèbres. And this promises to be one. Of course it's out of our line entirely-we never touch criminal cases. But she wanted to consult me as a friend. Ashgrove was a distant connection of my wife's. And, by Jove, it is a queer case!" The servant reentered, and Ascham snapped his lips shut.

Would the gentlemen have their coffee his cigar.

in the dining-room?

really curious to hear what Ascham had to me." tell him.

While the coffee and cigars were being served he fidgeted about the library, glancing at his letters—the usual meaningless notes and bills-and picking up the evening paper. As he unfolded it a headline caught his eye.

"ROSE MELROSE WANTS TO PLAY POETRY.

"THINKS SHE HAS FOUND HER POET."

He read on with a thumping heartfound the name of a young author he had barely heard of, saw the title of a play, a "poetic drama," dance before his eyes, and dropped the paper, sick, disgusted. It was true, then-she was "game"-it was not the manner but the matter she mistrusted!

Granice turned to the servant, who seemed to be purposely lingering. "I shan't need you this evening, Flint.

lock up myself."

He fancied the man's acquiescence implied surprise. What was going on, Flint seemed to wonder, that Mr. Granice should want him out of the way? Probably he would find a pretext for coming back to see. Granice suddenly felt himself enveloped in a network of espionage.

As the door closed he threw himself into an armchair and leaned forward to take

a light from Ascham's cigar.

"Tell me about Mrs. Ashgrove," he said, seeming to himself to speak stiffly, as if his lips were cracked.

"Mrs. Ashgrove? Well, there's not much

to tell."

"And you couldn't if there were?" Granice smiled.

"Probably not. As a matter of fact, she wanted my advice about her choice of counsel. There was nothing especially conndential in our talk."

"And what's your impression, now you've seen her?"

"My impression is, very distinctly, that nothing will ever be known."

"Ah-?" Granice murmured, puffing at

"I'm more and more convinced that "No—serve it in the library," said whoever poisoned Ashgrove knew his busi-Granice, rising. He led the way back to ness, and will consequently never be found the curtained confidential room. He was out. That's a capital cigar you've given

"You like it? I get them over from

Cuba." Granice examined his own reflectively. "Then you believe in the theory that the clever criminals never are caught?"

"Of course I do. Look about youlook back for the last dozen years-none of the big murder problems are ever solved." The lawyer ruminated behind his blue cloud. "Why, take the instance in your own family: I'd forgotten I had an illustration at hand! Take old Joseph Lenman's murder-do you suppose that will ever be explained?"

As the words dropped from Ascham's lips his host looked slowly about the library, and every object in it stared back at him with a stale unescapable familiarity. How sick he was of looking at that room! It was as dull as the face of a wife one has wearied of. He cleared his throat slowly; then he turned his head to the lawyer and said: "I could explain the Lenman murder myself."

Ascham's eve kindled: he shared Granice's interest in criminal cases.

"By Jove! You've had a theory all this time? It's odd you never mentioned it. Go ahead and tell me. There are certain features in the Lenman case not unlike this Ashgrove affair, and your idea may be

Granice paused and his eye reverted instinctively to the table drawer in which the revolver and the manuscript lay side by side. What if he were to try another appeal to Rose Melrose? Then he looked at the notes and bills on the table, and the horror of taking up again the lifeless routine of life-of performing the same automatic gestures another day—displaced his fleeting

"I haven't a theory. I know who murdered Joseph Lenman."

Ascham settled himself comfortably in his chair, prepared for enjoyment.

"You know? Well, who did?" he edly. laughed.

"I did," said Granice, rising.

He stood before Ascham, and the lawyer lay back staring up at him. Then he broke into another laugh.

"Why, this is glorious! You murdered him, did you? To inherit his money, I suppose? Better and better! Go on, my boy! Unbosom yourself! Tell me all about it! Confession is good for the soul."

shaken the last peal of laughter from his throat; then he repeated doggedly: "I murdered him."

The two men looked at each other for a long moment, and this time Ascham did not laugh.

"Granice!"

"I murdered him-to get his money, as vou sav."

There was another pause, and Granice, with a vague underlying sense of amusement, saw his guest's look change from pleasantry to apprehension.

"What's the joke, my dear fellow? I fail to see."

"It's not a joke. It's the truth. I murdered him." He had spoken painfully at first, as if there were a knot in his throat; but each time he repeated the words he found they were easier to say.

Ascham laid down his extinct cigar. "What's the matter? Aren't you well? What on earth are you driving at?"

"I'm perfectly well. But I murdered my cousin, Joseph Lenman, and I want it known that I murdered him."

"You want it known?" "Yes. That's why I sent for you. I'm sick of living, and when I try to kill myself I funk it." He spoke quite naturally now, as if the knot in his throat had been untied.

"Good Lord-good Lord," the lawyer gasped.

"But I suppose," Granice continued, "there's no doubt this would be murder in the first degree? I'm sure of the chair if I own up?'

Ascham drew a long breath; then he said slowly: "Sit down, Granice. Let's talk."

II

GRANICE told his story simply, connect-

He began by a quick survey of his early years—the years of drudgery and privation. His father, a charming man who could never say "no," had so signally failed to say it on certain essential occasions that when he died he left an illegitimate family and a mortgaged estate. His lawful kin found themselves hanging over a gulf of debt, and young Granice, to support his mother and sister, had to leave Harvard Granice waited till the lawyer had and bury himself at eighteen in a broker's

but his sister, an ineffectual neurasthenic, remained on his hands. His own health gave out, and he had to go away for six months, and work harder than ever when he came back. He had no knack for business, no head for figures, no dimmest insight into the mysteries of commerce. He wanted to travel and write-those were his inmost longings. And as the years dragged on, and he neared middle-age without making any more money, or acquiring any firmer health, a sick despair possessed him. He tried writing, but he always came home from the office so tired that his brain could not work. For half the year he did not reach his dim up-town flat till after dark, and could only "brush up" for dinner, and afterward lie on the lounge with his pipe, while his sister droned through the evening paper. Sometimes he spent an evening at the theatre; or he dined out, or, more rarely, strayed off with an acquaintance or two in quest of what is known as "pleasure." And in summer, when he and Kate went to the sea-side for a month, he dozed through the days in utter weariness. Once he fell in love with a charming girl-but what had he to offer her, in God's name? She seemed to like him, and in common decency he had to drop out of the running. Apparently no one replaced him, for she never married, but grew stoutish, grayish, philanthropic—yet how sweet she had been when he first kissed her! One more wasted life, he reflected. . .

But the stage had always been his master-passion. He would have sold his soul for the time and freedom to write plays! It was in him—he could not remember when it had not been his deepestseated instinct. As the years passed it became a morbid, a relentless obsessionyet with every year the material conditions himself growing middle-aged, and he watched the reflection of the process in his I'm not sure they didn't have a doctor sister's wasted face. At eighteen she had to take their temperature-at any rate the been pretty, and as full of enthusiasm as place was full of thermometers. And they cant—she had missed her chance of life. melons; they were trained against the glass And she had no resources, poor creature, like nectarines, and each melon hung in a was fashioned simply for the primitive net which sustained its weight and left it functions she had been denied the chance free on all sides to the sun and air. . .

office. He loathed his work, and he was to fulfil! It exasperated him to think of always poor, always worried and in ill- it-and to reflect that even now a little health. A few years later his mother died, travel, a little health, a little money, might transform her, make her young and desirable. . . The chief fruit of his experience was that there is no such fixed state as age or youth-there is only health as against sickness, wealth as against poverty; and age or youth as the outcome of the lot one draws.

At this point in his narrative Granice stood up, and went to lean against the mantel-piece, looking down at Ascham, who had not moved from his seat, or changed his attitude of rigid fascinated attention.

"Then came the summer when we went to Wrenfield to be near old Lenman-my mother's cousin, as you know. Some of the family always mounted guard over him -generally a niece or so. But that year they were all scattered, and one of the nieces offered to lend us her cottage if we'd relieve her of duty for two months. It was a nuisance for me, of course, for Wrenfield is two hours from town; but my mother, who was a slave to family observances, had always been good to the old man, so it was natural we should be called on—and there was the saving of rent and the good air for Kate. So we went.

"You never knew Joseph Lenman? Well, picture to yourself an amœba or some primitive organism of that sort, under a Titan's microscope. He was large, undifferentiated, inert-since I could remember him he had done nothing but take his temperature and read the Churchman. Oh, and cultivate melons—that was his hobby. Not vulgar, out-of-door melons-his were grown under glass. He had miles of it at Wrenfield-his big kitchen-garden was surrounded by blinking battalions of greenhouses. And in nearly all of them melons were grown—early melons and late, French, English, domestic-dwarf melons and monsters: every shape, colour and variety. They were more and more against it. He felt were petted and nursed like children-a staff of trained attendants waited on them. Now she was sour, trivial, insignifi- didn't sprawl on the ground like ordinary

Lenman was just like one of his own melons-the pale-fleshed English kind. His life, apathetic and motionless, hung in a net of gold, in an equable warm ventilated atmosphere, high above sordid earthly worries. The cardinal rule of his existence was not to let himself be 'worried.' . . I remember his advising me to try it myself, one day when I spoke to him about Kate's bad health, and her need of a change. never let myself worry,' he said complacently. 'It's the worst thing for the liver-and you look to me as if you had a liver. Take my advice and be cheerful. You'll make yourself happier and others too.' And all he had to do was to write a cheque, and send the poor girl off for a holiday!

"The hardest part of it was that the money half-belonged to us already. The old skin-flint only had it for life, in trust for us and the others. But his life was a good deal sounder than mine or Kate'sand one could picture him taking extra care of it for the joke of keeping us waiting. I always felt that the sight of our hungry

eyes was a tonic to him.

"Well, I tried to see if I couldn't reach him through his vanity. I flattered him, feigned a passionate interest in his melons. And he was taken in, and used to discourse on them by the hour. On fine days he was driven to the green-houses in his ponychair, and waddled through them, prodding and leering at the fruit, like a fat Turk in his seraglio. When he bragged to me of the expense of growing them I was reminded of a hideous old Lothario bragging of what his pleasures cost. And the resemblance was completed by the fact that he couldn't eat as much as a mouthful of his melons-had lived for years on buttermilk and toast. 'But, after all, it's my only hobby-why shouldn't I indulge it?' he said sentimentally. As if I'd ever been able to indulge any of mine! On the keep of those melons Kate and I could have lived like gods. . .

One day toward the end of the summer, when Kate was too unwell to drag herself up to the big house, she asked me to go and spend the afternoon with cousin Joseph. It was a lovely soft September done but drop it—drop it crash on the afternoon-a day to lie under a Roman

"It used to strike me sometimes that old let the cosmic harmonies rush through one. Perhaps the vision was suggested by the fact that, as I entered cousin Joseph's hideous black walnut library, I passed one of the under-gardeners, a handsome fullthroated Italian, who dashed out in such a hurry that he nearly knocked me down. I remember thinking it queer that the fellow, whom I had often seen about the melonhouses, did not bow to me, or even seem to see me.

"Cousin Joseph sat in his usual seat, behind the darkened windows, his fat hands folded on his protuberant waistcoat, the last number of the Churchman at his elbow, and near it, on a huge dish, a fat melon-the fattest melon I'd ever seen. As I looked at it I pictured the ecstasy of contemplation from which I must have roused him, and congratulated myself on finding him in such a mood, since I had made up my mind to ask him a favour. Then I noticed that his face, instead of looking as calm as an egg-shell, was distorted and whimpering—and without stopping to greet me he pointed passionately to the melon.

"'Look at it, look at it-did you ever see such a beauty? Such firmnessroundness-such delicious smoothness to the touch?' It was as if he had said 'she' instead of 'it,' and when he put out his senile hand and touched the melon I positively had to look the other way.

"Then he told me what had happened. The Italian under-gardener, who had been specially recommended for the melonhouses—though it was against my cousin's principles to employ a Papist-had been assigned to the care of the monster: for it had revealed itself, early in its existence, as destined to become a monster, to surpass its plumpest, pulpiest sisters, carry off prizes at agricultural shows, and be photographed and celebrated in every gardening paper in the land. The Italian had done well-seemed to have a sense of responsibility. And that very morning he had been ordered to pick the melon, which was to be shown next day at the county fair, and to bring it in for Mr. Lenman to gaze on its blonde virginity. But in picking it, what had the damned scoundrelly Jesuit sharp spout of a watering-pot, so that it stone-pine, with one's eyes on the sky, and received a deep gash in its firm pale rotundity, and was henceforth but a bruised,

ruined, fallen melon?

"The old man's rage was fearful in its impotence—he shook, spluttered and strangled with it. He had just had the Italian up and had sacked him on the spot, without wages or character-had threatened to have him arrested if he was ever caught prowling about Wrenfield. 'By God, and I'll do it-I'll write to Washington-I'll have the pauper scoundrel deported! I'll show him what money can do!' As likely as not there was some murderous Blackhand business under it-it would be found that the fellow was a member of a 'gang.' Those Italians would murder you for a quarter. He meant to have the police look into it. . . And then he grew frightened at his own excitement. 'But I must calm myself,' he said. He took his temperature, rang for his drops, and turned to the Churchman. He had been reading an article on Nestorianism when the melon was brought in. He asked me to go on with it, and I read to him for an hour, in the dim close room, with a fat fly buzzing stealthily about the fallen melon.

"All the while one phrase of the old man's buzzed in my brain like the fly about the melon. 'I'll show him what money can do!' Good heaven! If I could but show the old man! If I could make him see his power of giving happiness as a new outlet for his monstrous egotism! I tried to tell him something about my situation and Kate's—spoke of my ill-health, my unsuccessful drudgery, my longing to write, to make myself a name—I stammered out an entreaty for a loan. 'I can guarantee to repay you, sir—I've a half-written play as

security. . . .

"I shall never forget his glassy stare. His face had grown as smooth as an egg-shell again—his eyes peered over his fat cheeks like sentinels over a slippery rampart.

"'A half-written play—a play of yours as security?' He looked at me almost fearfully, as if detecting the first symptoms of insanity. 'Do you understand anything of business?' he enquired mildly. I laughed and answered: 'No, not much.'

"He leaned back with closed lids. 'All this excitement has been too much for me,' he said. 'If you'll excuse me, I'll prepare for my nap.' And I stumbled out of the room, blindly, like the Italian."

Granice moved away from the mantelpiece, and walked across to the tray set out with decanters and soda-water. He poured himself a tall glass of soda-water, emptied it, and glanced at Ascham's dead cigar. (

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"Better light another," he suggested.

The lawyer shook his head, and Granice went on with his tale. He told of his mounting obsession-how the murderous impulse had waked in him on the instant of his cousin's refusal, and he had muttered to "By God, if you won't, I'll himself: make you." He spoke more tranquilly as the narrative proceeded, as though his rage had died down once the resolve to act on it was taken. He applied his whole mind to the question of how the old man was to be "disposed of." Suddenly he remembered the outcry: "Those Italians will murder you for a quarter!" But no definite project presented itself: he simply waited for an inspiration.

Granice and his sister moved to town a day or two after the incident of the melon. But the cousins, who had returned, kept them informed of the old man's condition. One day, about three weeks later, Granice, on getting home, found Kate excited over a report from Wrenfield. The Italian had been there again—had somehow slipped into the house, made his way up to the library, and "used threatening language." The house-keeper found cousin Joseph gasping, the whites of his eyes showing "something awful." The doctor was sent for, and the attack warded off; and the police had ordered the Italian from the

neighbourhood.

But cousin Joseph, thereafter, languished, had "nerves," and lost his taste for toast and butter-milk. The doctor called in a colleague, and the consultation amused and excited the old man-he became once more an important figure. The medical men reassured the family-too completely! -and to the patient they recommended a more varied diet: advised him to take whatever "tempted him." And so one day, tremulously, prayerfully, he decided on a tiny bit of melon. It was brought up with ceremony, and consumed in the presence of the house-keeper and a hovering cousin; and twenty minutes later he was dead. . .

"But you remember the circumstances,"

Granice went on; "how suspicion turned at once on the Italian? In spite of the hint the police had given him he had been seen hanging about the house since 'the scene.' It was said that he had tender relations with the kitchen-maid, and the rest seemed easy to explain. But when they looked round to ask him for the explanation he was gone—gone clean out of sight. He had been 'warned' to leave Wrenfield, and he had taken the warning so to heart that no one ever laid eyes on him again."

Granice paused. He had dropped into a chair opposite the lawyer's, and he sat for a moment, his head thrown back, looking about the familiar room. Everything in it had grown grimacing and alien, and each strange insistent object seemed craning forward from its place to hear him.

"It was I who put the stuff in the melon," he said. "And I don't want you to think I'm sorry for it. This isn't 'remorse,' understand. I'm glad the old skin-flint is dead—I'm glad the others have their money. But mine's no use to me any more. My sister married miserably, and died. And I've never had what I wanted."

Ascham continued to stare; then he said: "What on earth was your object, then?"

"Why, to get what I wanted—what I fancied was in reach! I wanted change, rest, life, for both of us—wanted, above all, for myself, the chance to write! I travelled, got back my health, and came home to tie myself up to my work. And I've slaved at it steadily for ten years without reward—without the most distant hope of success! Nobody will look at my stuff. And now I'm fifty, and I'm beaten, and I know it." His chin dropped forward on his breast. "I want to chuck the whole business," he ended.

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It was after midnight when Ascham left. His hand on Granice's shoulder, as he turned to go—"District Attorney be hanged; see a doctor, see a doctor!" he had cried; and so, with an exaggerated laugh, had pulled on his coat and departed.

Granice turned back into the library. It I'd better be shut up, I'll be in a straithad never occurred to him that Ascham jacket by to-morrow! And he'd do it would not believe his story. For three from the kindest motives—be quite right hours he had explained, elucidated, pato do it if he thinks I'm a murderer!"

Granice went on; "how suspicion turned at tiently and painfully gone over every deonce on the Italian? In spite of the hint tail—but without once breaking down the the police had given him he had been seen iron incredulity of the lawyer's eye.

At first Ascham had feigned to be convinced—but that, as Granice now perceived, was simply to get him to expose himself, to entrap him into contradictions. And when the attempt failed, when Granice triumphantly met and refuted each disconcerting question, the lawyer dropped the mask suddenly, and said with a goodhumoured laugh: "By Jove, Granice you'll write a successful play yet. The way you've worked this all out is a marvel."

Granice swung about furiously—that last sneer about the play inflamed him. Was all the world in a conspiracy to deride his failure?

"I did it, I did it," he muttered sullenly, his rage spending itself against the impenetrable surface of the other's mockery; and Ascham answered with a smile: "Ever read any of those books on hallucination? I've got a fairly good medico-legal library. I could send you one or two if you like. . ."

Left alone, Granice cowered down in the chair before his writing-table. He understood that Ascham thought him off his head.

"Good God-what if they all think me crazy?"

The horror of it broke out over him in a cold sweat—he sat there and shook, his eyes hidden in his icy hands. But gradually, as he began to rehearse his story for the thousandth time, he saw again how incontrovertible it was, and felt sure that any criminal lawyer would believe him.

"That's the trouble—Ascham's not a criminal lawyer. And then he's a friend. What a fool I was to talk to a friend! Even if he did believe me, he'd never let me see it—his instinct would be to cover the whole thing up... But in that case—if he did believe me—he might think it a kindness to get me shut up in an asylum..." Granice began to tremble again. "Good heaven! If he should bring in an expert—one of those damned alienists! Ascham and Pettilow can do anything—their word always goes. If Ascham drops a hint that I'd better be shut up, I'll be in a strait-jacket by to-morrow! And he'd do it from the kindest motives—be quite right to do it if he thinks I'm a murderer!"

The vision froze him to his chair. He pressed his fists to his bursting temples and tried to think. For the first time he hoped that Ascham had not believed his story.

"But he did-he did! I can see it now —I noticed what a queer eve he cocked at me. Good God, what shall I do-what shall I do?"

He started up and looked at the clock. Half-past one. What if Ascham should think the case urgent, rout out an alienist, and come back with him? Granice jumped to his feet, and his sudden gesture brushed the morning paper from the table. Mechanically he stooped to pick it up, and the movement started a new train of associa-

He sat down again, and reached for the telephone book in the rack by his chair. "Give me three-o-ten . . . ves."

The new idea in his mind had revived his flagging energy. He would act-act at once. It was only by thus planning ahead, committing himself to some unavoidable line of conduct, that he could pull himself through the meaningless days. Each time he reached a fresh decision it was like coming out of a foggy weltering sea into a calm harbour with lights. One of the queerest phases of his long agony was the intense relief produced by these momentary lulls.

"That the office of the Investigator? Yes? Give me Mr. Denver, please. . . Hallo, Denver. . . Yes, Hubert Granice. ... Just caught you? Going straight home? Can I come and see you . . ! yes, now . . . have a talk? It's rather urgent . . . yes, might give you some first-rate 'copy.' . . . All right!" He hung up the receiver with a laugh. It had been a happy thought to call up the editor of the Investigator—Robert Denver was the very man he needed. . .

Granice put out the lights in the library —it was odd how the automatic gestures persisted!-went into the hall, put on his hat and overcoat, and let himself out of the flat. In the hall, a sleepy elevator boy blinked at him and then dropped his head on his folded arms. Granice passed out into the street. At the corner of Fifth Avenue he hailed a crawling cab, and called out an up-town address. The long thoroughfare stretched before him, dim and deserted, like an ancient avenue of tombs. I want to tell you-"

But from Denver's house a friendly beam fell on the pavement; and as Granice sprang from his cab the editor's electric turned the corner.

The two men grasped hands, and Denver, feeling for his latch-key, ushered Granice into the brightly-lit hall.

"Disturb me? Not a bit. You might have, at ten to-morrow morning . . . but this is my liveliest hour . . . you know my habits of old."

Granice had known Robert Denver for fifteen years-watched his rise through all the stages of journalism to the Olympian pinnacle of the *Investigator's* editorial office. In the thick-set man with grizzling hair there were few traces left of the hungry-eved young reporter who, on his way home in the small hours, used to "bob in" on Granice, while the latter sat grinding at his plays. Denver had to pass Granice's flat on the way to his own, and it became a habit, if he saw a light in the window, and Granice's shadow against the blind, to go in, smoke a pipe, and discuss the universe.

"Well-this is like old times-a good old habit reversed." The editor smote his visitor genially on the shoulder. "Reminds me of the nights when I used to rout you out. . . How's the play, by the way? There is a play, I suppose? It's as safe to ask you that as to say to some men: 'How's the baby?'"

Denver laughed good-naturedly, and Granice thought how thick and heavy he had grown. It was evident, even to Granice's tortured nerves, that the words had not been uttered in malice-and the fact gave him a new measure of his insignificance. Denver did not even know that he had been a failure! The fact hurt more than Ascham's irony.

"Come in-come in." The editor led the way into a small cheerful room, where there were cigars and decanters. He pushed an arm-chair toward his visitor, and dropped into another with a comfortable

"Now, then-help yourself. And let's hear all about it."

He beamed at Granice over his pipebowl, and the latter, lighting his cigar, said to himself: "Success makes men comfortable, but it makes them stupid."

Then he turned, and began: "Denver,

The clock ticked rhythmically on the man's room, shoot him, and get away mantel-piece. The little room was gradually filled with drifting blue layers of smoke, and through them the editor's face came and went like the moon through a moving sky. Once the hour struck-then the rhythmical ticking began again. The atmosphere grew denser and heavier, and beads of perspiration began to roll from Granice's forehead.

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"Do you mind if I open the window?" "No. It is stuffy in here. Wait-I'll do it myself." Denver pushed down the upper sash, and returned to his chair. "Well-go on," he said, filling another pipe. His composure exasperated Granice.

'There's no use in my going on if you don't believe me."

The editor remained unmoved. "Who says I don't believe you? And how can I tell till you've finished?"

Granice went on, ashamed of his outburst. "It was simple enough, as you'll see. From the day the old man said to me, 'Those Italians would murder you for a quarter,' I dropped everything and just worked at my scheme. It struck me at once that I must find a way of getting to Wrenfield and back in a night-and that led to the idea of a motor. A motor—that never occurred to you? You wonder where I got the money, I suppose. Well, I had a thousand or so put by, and I nosed around till I found what I wanted-a second-hand racer. I knew how to drive a car, and I tried the thing and found it was all right. Times were bad, and I bought it for my price, and stored it away. Where? Why, in one of those no-questions-asked garages where they keep motors that are not for family use. I had a lively cousin who had put me up to that dodge, and I looked about till I found a queer hole where they took in my car like a baby in a foundling asylum. . . Then I practiced running to Wrenfield and back in a night. I knew the way pretty well, for I'd done it often with the same lively cousin-and in the small hours, too. The distance is over ninety miles, and on the third trial I did it under two hours. But my arms were so lame that I could hardly get dressed the next morning. . .

"Well, then came the report about the Italian's threats, and I saw I must act at once. . . I meant to break into the old again. It was a big risk, but I thought I could manage it. Then we heard that he was ill-that there'd been a consultation. Perhaps the fates were going to do it for me! Good Lord, if that could only be! . . . "

Granice stopped and wiped his forehead: the open window did not seem to have cooled the room.

"Then came word that he was better: and the day after, when I came up from my office, I found Kate laughing over the news that he was to try a bit of melon. The house-keeper had just telephoned her-all Wrenfield was in a flutter. The doctor himself had picked out the melon, one of the little French ones that are hardly bigger than a large tomato-and the patient was to eat it at his breakfast the next morning.

"In a flash I saw my chance. It was a bare chance, no more. But I knew the ways of the house-I was sure the melon would be brought in over night and put in the pantry ice-box. If there were only one melon in the ice-box I could be fairly sure it was the one I wanted. Melons didn't lie around loose in that house—every one was known, numbered, catalogued. The old man was beset by the dread that the servants would eat them, and he took a hundred mean precautions to prevent it. Yes, I felt pretty sure of my melon . . . and poisoning was much safer than shooting. It would have been the devil and all to get into the old man's bedroom without his rousing the house; but I ought to be able to break into the pantry without much trouble.

"It was a cloudy night, too-everything served me. I dined quietly, and sat down at my desk. Kate had one of her usual headaches, and went to bed early. As soon as she was gone I slipped out. got together a sort of disguise-red beard and queer-looking ulster. I shoved them into a bag, and went round to the garage. There was no one there but a half-drunken machinist whom I'd never seen before. That served me, too. They were always changing machinists, and this new fellow didn't even bother to ask if the car belonged to me. It was a very easy-going

"Well, I jumped in, ran up Broadway, and let the car go as soon as I was out of Harlem. Dark as it was, I could trust myself to strike a sharp pace. In the shadow of a wood I stopped a second and got into the beard and ulster. Then away again-it was just eleven-thirty when I got

to Wrenfield.

"I left the car in a dark lane behind the Lenman place, and slipped through the kitchen-garden. The melon-houses winked at me through the dark-I remember thinking that they knew what I wanted to know. ... By the stable a dog came out growling-but he nosed me out, jumped on me, and went back. . . The house was as dark as the grave. I knew everybody went to bed by ten. But there might be a prowling servant—the kitchen-maid might have come down to let in her Italian. I had to risk that, of course. I crept around by the back door and hid in the shrubbery. Then I listened. It was all as silent as death. I crossed over to the house, pried open the pantry window and climbed in. I had a little electric lamp in my pocket, and shielding it with my cap I groped my way to the ice-box, opened it-and there was the little French melon . . . only one.

"I stopped to listen—I was quite cool. Then I pulled out my bottle of stuff and my syringe, and gave each section of the melon a hypodermic. It was all done inside of three minutes—at ten minutes to twelve I was back in the car. I got out of the lane as quietly as I could, struck a back road that skirted the village, and let the car out as soon as I was beyond the last houses. I only stopped once on the way in, to drop the beard and ulster into a pond. I had a big stone ready to weight them with and they went down plump, like a dead body-and at two o'clock I was back at

my desk."

Granice stopped speaking and looked across the smoke-fumes at his listener; but Denver's face remained inscrutable.

At length he said: "Why did you want

to tell me this?"

The question startled Granice. He was about to explain, as he had explained to Ascham; but suddenly it occurred to him that if his metive had not seemed convincing to the lawyer it would carry much less weight with Denver. Both were successful men, and success does not understand the subtle agony of failure. Granice cast about with a headache?" for another reason.

"Why, I-the thing haunts me . . . remorse, I suppose you'd call it. . . Denver struck the ashes from his empty

"Remorse? Bosh!" he said energetically.

Granice's heart sank. "You don't believe in-remorse?"

"Not an atom: in the man of action. The mere fact of your talking of remorse proves to me that you're not the man to have planned and put through such a job." Granice groaned. "Well-I lied to you

about remorse. I've never felt any."

Denver's lips tightened sceptically about his freshly-filled pipe. "What was your motive, then? You must have had one." "I'll tell you-" And Granice began

again to rehearse the story of his failure, of his loathing for life. "Don't say you don't believe me this time . . . that this isn't a real reason!" he stammered out piteously as he ended.

Denver meditated. "No, I won't say that. I've seen too many queer things. There's always a reason for wanting to get out of life-the wonder is that we find so many for staying in!"

Granice's heart grew light. "Then you

do believe me?" he faltered.

"Believe that you're sick of the job? And that you haven't the nerve to pull the trigger? Oh, yes-that's easy enough, too. But all that doesn't make you a murderer-though I don't say it proves vou could never have been one."

"I have been one, Denver-I swear to

you."

"Perhaps." He meditated. "Just tell me one or two things."

"Oh, go ahead. You won't stump me!" Granice heard himself say with a laugh.

"Well-how did you make all those trial trips without exciting your sister's curiosity? I knew your night habits pretty well at that time, remember. You were very seldom out late. Didn't the change in your ways surprise her?"

"No; because she was away at the time. She went to pay several visits in the country soon after we came back from Wrenfield, and was only in town for a night or two before-before I did the job."

"And that night she went to bed early

"Yes-blinding. She didn't know any-

thing when she had that kind. And her coats and a cushion-something to cast a room was at the back of the flat."

Denver again meditated. "And when you got back-she didn't hear you? You got in without her knowing it?"

"Yes. I went straight to my worktook it up at the word where I'd left offwhy, Denver, don't you remember?" Granice suddenly, passionately interjected.

"Remember---?"

"Yes; how you found me-when you looked in that morning, between two and three . . . your usual hour . . . ?"

"Yes," the editor nodded.

Granice gave a short laugh. "In my old coat-with my pipe: looked as if I'd been working all night, didn't I? Well, hadn't been in my chair ten minutes!"

Denver uncrossed his legs and then crossed them again. "I didn't know whether you remembered that."

"What?"

"My coming in that particular night-

or morning."

Granice swung round in his chair. "Why, man alive! That's why I'm here now. Because it was you who spoke for me at the inquest, when they looked round to see what all the old man's heirs had been doing that night-you who testified to having dropped in and found me at my desk as usual. . . . I thought that would appeal to your journalistic sense if nothing else would!"

Denver smiled. "Oh, my journalistic sense is still susceptible enough-and the idea's picturesque, I grant you: asking the man who proved your alibi to establish your guilt."

"That's it—that's it!" Granice's laugh

had a ring of triumph.

Well, but how about the other chap's testimony—I mean that young doctor: what was his name? Ned Ranney. Don't you remember my testifying that I'd met him at the elevated station, and told him I was on my way to smoke a pipe with you, and his saying: 'All right; you'll find him in. I passed the house two hours ago, and saw his shadow against the blind, as usual.' And the lady with the toothache in the flat across the way: she corroborated

his statement, you remember."
"Well, then?" "Yes; I remember." "Simple enough. Before starting I

shadow on the blind. All you fellows were used to seeing my shadow there in the small hours-I counted on that, and knew you'd take any vague outline as mine."

"Simple enough, as you say. But the woman with the toothache saw the shadow move-you remember she said she saw you sink forward, as if you'd fallen asleep."

"Yes; and she was right. It did move. I suppose some extra-heavy dray must have jolted by the flimsy building—at any rate, something gave my mannikin a jar, and when I came back he had sunk forward, half over the table."

There was a long silence between the two men. Granice, with a throbbing heart, watched Denver refill his pipe. The editor, at any rate, did not sneer and flout him. After all, journalism gave a deeper insight than the law into the fantastic possibilities of life, prepared one better to allow for the incalculableness of human impulses.

"Well?" Granice faltered out.

Denver stood up with a shrug. here, man-what's wrong with you? Make a clean breast of it! Nerves gone to smash? I'd like to take you to see a chap I know-an ex-prize-fighter-who's a wonder at pulling fellows in your state out of their hole-

"Oh, oh-" Granice broke in. He stood up also, and the two men eved each "You don't believe me, then?"

"This yarn—how can I? There wasn't a flaw in your alibi."

"But haven't I filled it full of them now?" Denver shook his head. "I might think so if I hadn't happened to know that you wanted to. There's the hitch, don't you see?"

Granice groaned. "No, I didn't You mean my wanting to be found guilty. ---?"

"Of course! If somebody else had accused you, the story might have been worth looking into. As it is, a child could have invented it. It doesn't do much credit to your ingenuity."

Granice turned sullenly toward the door. What was the use of arguing? But on the threshold a sudden impulse drew him back. "Look here, Denver-I daresay you're right. But will you do just one thing to prove it? Put my statement in the Investigator, just as I've made it. Ridicule it rigged up a kind of mannikin with old as much as you like. Only give the other know anything about me. Set them talking and looking about. I don't care a damn whether you believe me-what I want is to convince the Grand Jury! I oughtn't to have come to a man who knows me-your cursed incredulity is infectious. I don't put my case well, because I know in advance it's discredited, and I almost end by not believing it myself. That's why I can't convince you. It's a vicious circle." He laid a hand on Denver's arm. "Send a stenographer, and put my statement in

the paper."

But Denver did not warm to the idea. "My dear fellow, you seem to forget that all the evidence was pretty thoroughly sifted at the time, every possible clue followed up. The public would have been ready enough then to believe that you murdered old Lenman-you or anybody else. All they wanted was a murdererthe most improbable would have served. But your alibi was too confoundedly complete. And nothing you've told me has shaken it." Denver laid his cool hand over the other's burning fingers. "Look here, old fellow, go home and work up a better case—then come in and submit it to the out knowing what reply he had made. Investigator."

IV

THE perspiration was rolling off Granice's forehead. Every few minutes he had to draw out his handkerchief and wipe the moisture from his haggard face.

For an hour and a half he had been talking steadily, putting his case to the District Attorney. Luckily he had a speaking acquaintance with Allonby, and had obtained, without much difficulty, a private audience on the very day after his talk with Robert Denver. In the interval between he had hurried home, got out of his evening clothes, and gone forth again at once into the dreary dawn. His fear of Ascham and the alienist made it impossible for him to remain in his rooms. And it seemed to him that the only way of averting that hideous peril was by establishing, in some sane impartial mind, the proof of his guilt. of life, the electric chair seemed now the only alternative to the strait-jacket.

fellows a chance at it-men who don't saw the District Attorney glance at his watch. The gesture was significant, and Granice lifted an appealing hand. "I don't expect you to believe me now-but can't you put me under arrest, and have the thing looked into?"

Allonby smiled faintly under his heavy grayish mustache. He had a ruddy face, full and jovial, in which his keen professional eyes seemed to keep watch over impulses not strictly professional.

"Well, I don't know that we need lock you up just yet. But of course I'm bound to look into your statement-

Granice rose with an exquisite sense of relief. Surely Allonby wouldn't have said that if he hadn't believed him!

"That's all right. Then I needn't detain you. I can be found at any time at my apartment." He gave the address.

The District Attorney smiled again, more openly. "What do you say to leaving it for an hour or two this evening? I'm giving a little supper at Rector's-quiet, little affair, you understand: just Miss Melrose—I think you know her—and a friend or two; and if you'll join us. . ."

Granice stumbled out of the office with-

He waited for four days-four days of concentrated horror. During the first twenty-four hours the fear of Ascham's alienist dogged him; and as that subsided, it was replaced by the exasperating sense that his avowal had made no impression on the District Attorney. Evidently, if he had been going to look into the case, Allonby would have been heard from before now. . . . And that mocking invitation to supper showed clearly enough how little the story

had impressed him!

Granice was overcome by the futility of any farther attempt to inculpate himself. He was chained to life—a "prisoner of consciousness." Where was it he had read the phrase? Well, he was learning what it meant. In the glaring night-hours, when his brain seemed ablaze, he was visited by a sense of his fixed identity, of his irreducible, inexpugnable selfness, keener, more insidious, more unescapable, than Even if he had not been so incurably sick any sensation he had ever known. He had not guessed that the mind was capable of such intricacies of self-realization, of As he paused to wipe his forehead he penetrating so deep into its own dark windsnatches of sleep with the feeling that something material was clinging to him, was on his hands and face, and in his throat—and as his brain cleared he understood that it was the sense of his own loathed personality that stuck to him like

some thick viscous substance.

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Then, in the first morning hours, he would rise and look out of his window at the awakening activities of the street—at the street-cleaners, the ash-cart drivers, and the other dingy workers flitting hurriedly by through the sallow winter light. Oh, to be one of them—any of them—to take his chance in any of their skins! They were the toilers—the men whose lot was pitied the victims wept over and ranted about by altruists and economists; and how gladly he hand-cuffed to his own hideous ego. Why wish to be any one man rather than another? The only absolute good was not to be . . . And Flint, coming in to draw his bath, would ask if he preferred his eggs scrambled or poached that morning?

On the fifth day he wrote a long urgent letter to Allonby; and for the succeeding two days he had the occupation of waiting for an answer. He hardly stirred from his rooms, in his fear of missing the letter by a moment; but would the District Attorney write, or send a representative: a policeman, a "secret agent," or some other mysterious emissary of the law?

On the third morning Flint, stepping softly-as if, confound it! his master were ill-entered the library where Granice sat behind an unread newspaper, and prof-

fered a card on a tray.

Granice read the name-I. B. Hewsonand underneath, in pencil, "From the District Attorney's office." He started up with a thumping heart, and signed an assent to the servant.

Mr. Hewson was a slight sallow nondescript man of about fifty—the kind of man of whom one is sure to see a specimen in any crowd. "Just the type of the successful detective," Granice reflected as he shook hands with his visitor.

And it was in that character that Mr. ber that name?"

ings. Often he woke from his brief Hewson briefly introduced himself. He had been sent by the District Attorney to have "a quiet talk" with Mr. Granice-to ask him to repeat the statement he had made about the Lenman murder.

> His manner was so quiet, so reasonable and receptive, that Granice's self-confidence returned. Here was a sensible man -a man who knew his business-it would be easy enough to make him see through that ridiculous alibi! Granice offered Mr. Hewson a cigar, and lighting one himselfto prove his coolness-began again to tell

his story.

He was conscious, as he proceeded, of telling it better than ever before. Practice helped, no doubt; and his listener's detached, impartial attitude helped still more. He could see that Hewson, at least, had not would have taken up the load of any one decided in advance to disbelieve him, and of them, if only he might have shaken off the sense of being trusted made him more his own! But, no-the iron circle of con- lucid and more consecutive. Yes, this sciousness held them too: each one was time his words would certainly carry conviction. . .

DESPAIRINGLY, Granice gazed up and down the shabby street. Beside him stood a young man with bright prominent eyes, a smooth but not too smoothly-shaven face, and an Irish smile. The young man's nimble glance followed Granice's.

"Sure of the number, are you?" he asked

"Oh, yes-it was 104."

"Well, then, the new building has swal-

lowed it up-that's certain."

He tilted his head back and surveyed the half-finished front of a brick and limestone flat-house that reared its flimsy elegance above a row of tottering tenements and stables.

"Dead sure?" he repeated.

"Yes," said Granice, discouraged. "And even if I hadn't been, I know the garage was just opposite Leffler's over there." pointed across the street to a tumble-down stable with a blotched sign on which the words "Livery and Boarding" were still faintly discernible.

The young man dashed across to the opposite pavement. "Well, that's something-may get a clue there. Leffler'ssame name there, anyhow. You remem-

"Yes-distinctly."

Granice had felt a return of confidence since he had enlisted the interest of the Explorer's "smartest" reporter. If there were moments when he hardly believed his own story, there were others when it seemed impossible that every one should not believe it; and young Peter McCarren, peering, listening, questioning, jotting down notes, inspired him with an exquisite sense of security. McCarren had fastened on the case at once, "like a leech," as he phrased it-jumped at it, thrilled to it, and settled down to "draw the last drop of fact from it, and not let go till he had." No one else had treated Granice in that way-even Allonby's detective had not taken a single note. And though a week had elapsed since the visit of that authorized official, nothing had been heard from the District Attorney's office: Allonby had apparently dropped the matter again. But McCarren wasn't going to drop it-not he! He positively hung on Granice's footsteps. They had spent the greater part of the previous day together, and now they were off again, running down clues.

But at Leffler's they got none, after all. Leffler's was no longer a stable. It was condemned to demolition, and in the respite between sentence and execution it had become a vague place of storage, a hospital for broken-down carriages and carts, presided over by a blear-eyed old woman who knew nothing of Flood's garage across the way-did not even remember what had stood there before the new flat-house began

"Well-we may run Leffler down somewhere; I've seen harder jobs done," said McCarren, cheerfully noting down the

As they walked back toward Sixth Avenue he added, in a less sanguine tone: "I'd undertake now to put the thing through if you could only put me on the

track of that cyanide."

Granice's heart sank. Yes-there was the weak spot; he had felt it from the first! But he still hoped to convince McCarren that his case was strong enough without it; and he urged the reporter to come back to his rooms and sum up the facts with him again.

get some fresh stuff to work on. Suppose I call you up tomorrow or next day?"

He plunged into a trolley and left Granice gazing desolately after him.

Two days later he reappeared at the apartment, a shade less jaunty in de-

"Well, Mr. Granice, the stars in their courses are against you, as the bard says. Can't get a trace of Flood, or of Leffler either. And you say you bought the motor through Flood, and sold it through him, too?"

"Yes," said Granice wearily.

"Who bought it, do you know?"

Granice wrinkled his brows. "Why, Flood-yes, Flood himself. I sold it back to him three months later."

"Flood? The devil! And I've ransacked the town for Flood. That kind of business disappears as if the earth had swallowed it."

Granice, discouraged, kept silence. "That brings us back to the poison," McCarren continued, his note-book out. "Just go over that again, will you?"

And Granice went over it again. It had all been so simple at the time—and he had been so clever in covering up his traces! As soon as he decided on poison he looked about for an acquaintance who manufactured chemicals; and there was Jim Dawes, a Harvard classmate, in the dyeing business-just the man. But at the last moment it occurred to him that suspicion might turn toward so obvious an opportunity, and he decided on a more tortuous course. Another friend, Carrick Venn, a student of medicine whom irremediable illhealth had kept from the practice of his profession, amused his leisure with experiments in physics, for the exercise of which he had set up a simple laboratory. Granice had the habit of dropping in to smoke a cigar with him on Sunday afternoons, and the friends generally sat in Venn's workshop, at the back of the old family house in Stuyvesant Square. Off this work-shop was the cupboard of supplies, with its row of deadly bottles. Carrick Venn was an original, a man of restless curious tastes, and his place, on a Sunday, was often full of visitors: a cheerful crowd of journalists, scribblers, painters, experimenters in divers "Sorry, Mr. Granice, but I'm due at the forms of expression. Coming and going office now. Besides, it'd be no use till I among so many, it was easy enough to pass

unperceived; and one afternoon Granice, arriving before Venn had returned home, found himself alone in the work-shop, and quickly slipping into the cupboard, trans-

ferred the drug to his pocket.

But that had happened ten years ago; and Venn, poor fellow, was long since dead of his dragging ailment. His old father was dead, too, the house in Stuyvesant Square had been turned into a boardinghouse, and the shifting life of New York had passed its rapid sponge over every the optimistic McCarren seemed to acknowledge the hopelessness of seeking for proof in that direction.

"And there's the third door slammed in our faces." He shut his note-book, and throwing back his head, rested his bright inquisitive eyes on Granice's furrowed face.

"Look here, Mr. Granice—you see the

weak spot, don't you?"

The other made a despairing motion.

"I see so many!"

"Yes: but the one that weakens all the others. Why the deuce do you want this

your head into the noose?"

Granice looked at him hopelessly, trying to take the measure of his quick light irreverent mind. No one so full of a cheerful animal life would believe in the craving for death as a sufficient motive; and Granice racked his brain for one more convincing. But suddenly he saw the reporter's face soften, and melt to a naïve sentimentalism.

"Mr. Granice-has the memory of it

always haunted you?"

Granice stared a moment, and then leapt at the opening. "That's it-the

memory of it . . . always . . . "

McCarren nodded vehemently. "Dogged your steps, eh? Wouldn't let you sleep? The time came when you had to make a clean breast of it?"

"I had to. Can't you understand?"

The reporter struck his fist on the table. "God, sir! I don't suppose there's a human being with a drop of warm blood in him that can't picture the deadly horrors of remorse-

The Celtic imagination was aflame, and Granice mutely thanked him for the word. What neither Ascham nor Denver would accept as a conceivable motive the Irish

reporter seized on as the most adequate; and, as he said, once one could find a convincing motive, the difficulties of the case became so many incentives to effort.

"Remorse—remorse," he repeated, rolling the word under his tongue with an accent that was a clue to the psychology of the popular drama; and Granice, perversely, said to himself: "If I could only have struck that note I should have been running in six theatres at once."

He saw that from that moment McCartrace of their obscure little history. Even ren's professional zeal would be fanned by emotional curiosity; and he profited by the fact to propose that they should dine together, and go on afterward to some music-hall or theatre. It was becoming necessary to Granice to feel himself an object of pre-occupation, to find himself in another mind. He took a kind of gray penumbral pleasure in riveting McCarren's attention on his case; and to feign the grimaces of moral anguish became a passionately engrossing game. He had not entered a theatre for months; but he sat out the meaningless performance in rigid thing known? Why do you want to put tolerance, sustained by the sense of the reporter's observation.

Between the acts, McCarren amused him with anecdotes about the audience: he knew every one by sight, and could lift the curtain from every physiognomy. Granice listened indulgently. He had lost all interest in his kind, but he knew that he was himself the real centre of McCarren's attention, and that every word the latter spoke had an indirect bearing on his own

problem.

"See that fellow over there-the little dried-up man in the third row, pulling his moustache? His memoirs would be worth publishing," McCarren said suddenly in the last entr'acte.

Granice, following his glance, recognized the detective from Allonby's office. moment he had the thrilling sense that he

was being shadowed.

"Cæsar, if he could talk-!" McCarren continued. "Know who he is, of course? Dr. John B. Stell, the biggest alienist in the

country-

Granice, with a start, bent again between the heads in front of him. man—the fourth from the aisle? You're mistaken. That's not Dr. Stell."

McCarren laughed. "Well, I guess I've

been in court enough to know Stell when I see him. He testifies in nearly all the big cases where they plead insanity."

A cold shiver ran down Granice's spine, but he repeated obstinately: "That's not

Dr. Stell."
"Not Stell? Why, man, I know him.
Look—here he comes. If it isn't Stell, he

won't speak to me."

The little dried-up man was moving slowly up the aisle. As he neared Mc-Carren he made a slight gesture of recognition.

"How'do, Doctor Stell? Pretty slim show, ain't it?" the reporter cheerfully flung out at him. And Mr. J. B. Hewson, with a nod of amicable assent, passed on.

Granice sat benumbed. He knew he had not been mistaken—the man who had just passed was the same man whom Allonby had sent to see him: a physician disguised as a detective. Allonby, then, had thought him insane, like the others—had regarded his confession as the maundering of a maniac. The discovery froze Granice with horror—he seemed to see the mad-house gaping for him.

"Isn't there a man a good deal like him
—a detective named J. B. Hewson?"

But he knew in advance what McCarren's answer would be. "Hewson? J. B. Hewson? Never heard of him. But that was J. B. Stell fast enough—I guess he can be trusted to know himself, and you saw he answered to his name."

VI

Some days passed before Granice could obtain a word with the District Attorney; he began to think that Allonby avoided him.

But when they were face to face Allonby's jovial countenance showed no sign of embarrassment. He waved his visitor to a chair, and leaned across his desk with the encouraging smile of a consulting physician.

Granice broke out at once: "That detective you sent me the other day—"

Allonby raised a deprecating hand.
"—I know: it was Stell the alienist.
Why did you do that, Allonby?"

The other's face did not lose its composure. "Because I looked up your storyfirst—and there's nothing in it."

"Nothing in it?" Granice furiously interposed.

"Absolutely nothing. If there is, why the deuce don't you bring me proofs? I know you've been talking to Peter Ascham, and to Denver, and to that little ferret McCarren of the Explorer. Have any of them been able to make out a case for you? No. Well, what am I to do?"

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Granice's lips began to tremble. "Why

did you play me that trick?"

"About Stell? I had to, my dear fellow: it's part of my business. Stell is a detective, if you come to that—every doctor is."

The trembling of Granice's lips increased, communicating itself in a long quiver to his facial muscles. He forced a laugh through his dry throat. "Well—and what did he detect?"

"In you? Oh, he thinks it's overwork—overwork and too much smoking. If you look in on him some day at his office he'll show you the record of hundreds of cases like yours, and advise you what treatment to follow. It's one of the commonest forms of hallucination. Have a cigar, all the same."

"But, Allonby, I killed that man!"

The District Attorney's large hand, outstretched on his desk, had an almost imperceptible gesture, and a moment later, as if in answer to the call of an electric bell, a clerk looked in from the outer office.

"Sorry, my dear fellow—lot of people waiting. Drop in on Stell some morning," Allonby said, shaking hands.

McCarren had to own himself beaten: there was absolutely no flaw in the alibi. And since his duty to his journal obviously forbade his wasting time on insoluble mysteries, he ceased to frequent Granice, who dropped back into a deeper isolation. For a day or two after his visit to Allonby he continued to live in dread of Dr. Stell. Why might not Allonby have deceived him as to the alienist's diagnosis? What if he were really being shadowed, not by a police agent but by a mad-doctor? To have the truth out, he suddenly determined to call on Dr. Stell.

The physician received him kindly, and reverted without embarrassment to the conditions of their previous meeting. "We have to do that occasionally, Mr. Granice; it's one of our methods. And you had given Allonby a fright."

Granice was silent. He would have

liked to reaffirm his guilt, to produce the was possessed by the dogged desire to fresh arguments which had occurred to him establish the truth of his story. He resince his last talk with the physician; but fused to be swept aside as an irresponsible he feared his eagerness might be taken for a symptom of derangement, and he affected to smile away Dr. Stell's allusion.

"You think, then, it's a case of brain-fag

-nothing more?"

"Nothing more. And I should advise you to knock off tobacco. You smoke a

good deal, don't you?"

He developed his treatment, recommending massage, gymnastics, travel, or any form of diversion that did not-that in

Granice interrupted him impatiently. "Oh, I loathe all that-and I'm sick of

travelling."

"H'm. Then some larger interest--politics, reform, philanthrophy? Something to take you out of yourself."

"Yes. I understand," said Granice

wearily.

"Above all, don't lose heart. I see hundreds of cases like yours," the doctor added

cheerfully from the threshold.

On the doorstep Granice stood still and I laughed. Hundreds of cases like his—the case of a man who had committed a murder, who confessed his guilt, and whom no one would believe! Why, there had never been a case like it in the world. What a good figure Stell would have made in a play: the great alienist who couldn't read a man's mind any better than that!

Granice saw huge comic opportunities in

the type.

But as he walked away, his fears dispelled, the sense of listlessness returned on him. For the first time since his avowal to Peter Ascham he found himself without an occupation, and understood that he had been carried through the past weeks only by the necessity of constant action. Now his life had once more become a stagnant backwater, and as he stood on the street corner watching the tides of traffic sweep by, he asked himself despairingly how much longer he could endure to float about in the sluggish circle of his consciousness.

to him; but again his flesh recoiled. He uniformly cruel: there were flaws in the yearned for death from other hands, but he close surface of their indifference, cracks of could never take it from his own. And, aside from his insuperable physical reluc-

dreamer-even if he had to kill himself in the end, he would not do so before proving to society that he had deserved death from

He began to write long letters to the papers; but after the first had been published and commented on, public curiosity was quelled by a brief statement from the District Attorney's office, and the rest of his communications remained unprinted. Ascham came to see him, and begged him to travel. Robert Denver dropped in, and tried to joke him out of his delusion; till Granice, mistrustful of their motives, began to dread the reappearance of Dr. Stell, and set a guard on his lips. But the words he kept back engendered others and still others in his brain. His inner self became a humming factory of arguments, and he spent long hours reciting and writing down elaborate statements of his crime, which he constantly retouched and developed. Then gradually his activity languished under the lack of an audience, the sense of being buried beneath deepening drifts of indifference. In a passion of resentment he swore that he would prove himself a murderer, even if he had to commit another crime to do it; and for a sleepless night or two the thought flamed red on his darkness. But daylight dispelled it. The determining impulse was lacking and he hated too promiscuously to choose his victim. . . So he was thrown back on the unavailing struggle to impose the truth of his story. As fast as one channel closed on him he tried to pierce another through the sliding sands of incredulity. But every issue seemed blocked, and the whole human race leagued together to cheat one man of the right to die.

Thus viewed, the situation became so monstrous that he lost his last shred of selfrestraint in contemplating it. What if he were really the victim of some mocking experiment, the centre of a ring of holidaymakers jeering at a poor creature in its blind dashes against the solid walls of The thought of self-destruction recurred consciousness? But, no-men were not so weakness and pity here and there. . .

Granice began to think that his mistake tance, another motive restrained him. He lay in having appealed to persons more or

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less familiar with his past, and to whom the visible conformities of his life seemed a final disproof of its one fierce secret The general tendency was to deviation. take for the whole of life the slit seen between the blinders of habit: and in his walk down that narrow vista Granice cut a correct enough figure. To a vision free to follow his whole orbit his story would be more intelligible: it would be easier to convince a chance idler in the street than the trained intelligence hampered by a sense of his antecedents. This idea shot up in him with the tropic luxuriance of each new seed of thought, and he began to walk the streets, and to frequent out-of-the-way chop-houses and bars in his search for the impartial stranger to whom he should disclose himself.

At first every face looked encouragement; back. So much was at stake, and it was so essential that his first choice should be decisive. He dreaded stupidity, timidity, intolerance. The imaginative eye, the furrowed brow, were what he sought. He must reveal himself only to a heart versed in the tortuous motions of the human will; and he began to hate the dull benevolence of the average face. Once or twice, obscurely, allusively, he made a beginningonce sitting down at a man's side in a basement chop-house, another day apof a fixed idea gave him an unnatural keenness in reading the expression of his interlocutors, and he had provided himself in advance with a series of verbal alternatives, trap-doors of evasion from the first dart of ridicule or suspicion.

He passed the greater part of the day in the streets, coming home at irregular hours, dreading the silence and orderliness of his apartment, and the critical scrutiny of Flint. His real life was spent in a world so remote from this familiar setting that he sometimes had the mysterious sense of a living metempsychosis, a furtive passage from one identity to another—yet the other as unescapably himself!

One humiliation he was spared: the desire to live never revived in him. Not for

with existing conditions. He wanted to die, wanted it with the fixed unwavering desire which alone attains its end. And still the end eluded him! It would not always, of course-he had full faith in the dark star of his destiny. And he could prove it best by repeating his story, persistently and indefatigably, pouring it into indifferent ears, hammering it into dull brains, till at last it kindled a spark, and some one of the careless millions paused, listened, believed. . .

It was a mild March day, and he had been loitering on the west-side docks, looking at faces. He was becoming an expert in physiognomies: his eagerness no longer made rash darts and awkward recoils. He knew now the face he needed, as clearly as if it had come to him in a vision; and not till he found it would he speak. As he but at the crucial moment he always held , walked eastward through the shabby reeking streets he had a premonition that he should find it that morning. Perhaps it was the promise of spring in the air-certainly he felt calmer than for many days. . .

He turned into Washington Square, struck across it obliquely, and walked up University Place. Its heterogeneous passers always allured him-they were less hurried than in Broadway, less enclosed and classified than in Fifth Avenue. He walked slowly, watching for his face.

At Union Square he felt a sudden relapse proaching a lounger on an east-side wharf. into discouragement, like a votary who has But in both cases the premonition of failure watched too long for a sign from the altar. checked him on the brink of avowal. His Perhaps, after all, he should never find his dread of being taken for a man in the clutch face. . . The air was languid, and he felt tired. He walked between the bald grass-plots and the twisted trees, making for an empty seat. Presently he passed a bench on which a girl sat alone, and something as definite as the twitch of a cord made him stop before her. He had never dreamed of telling his story to a girl, had hardly looked at the women's faces as they passed. His case was man's work: how could a woman help him? But this girl's face was extraordinary-quiet and wide as a clear evening sky. It suggested a hundred images of space, distance, mystery, like ships he had seen, as a boy, quietly berthed by a familiar wharf, but with the breath of far seas and strange harbours in their shrouds. . . Certainly this girl would understand. He went up to her quietly, a moment was he tempted to a shabby pact lifting his hat, observing the forms-wishing her to see at once that he was "a gentleman."

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"I am a stranger to you," he began, sitting down beside her, "but your face is so extremely intelligent that I feel. . . I feel it is the face I've waited for . . . looked for everywhere; and I want to tell you-"

The girl's eyes widened: she rose to her

She was escaping him! In his dismay he ran a few steps after her, and caught her roughly by the arm.

"Here-wait-listen! Oh, don't scream, you fool!" he shouted out.

He felt a hand on his own arm; turned and confronted a policeman. Instantly he understood that he was being arrested, and something hard within him was loosened and ran to tears.

"Ah, you know-you know I'm guilty!" He was conscious that a crowd was forming, and that the girl's frightened face had disappeared. But what did he care about her face? It was the policeman who had really understood him. He turned and followed, the crowd at his heels. . .

VII

In the charming place in which he found himself there were so many sympathetic faces that he felt more than ever convinced of the certainty of making himself heard.

It was a bad blow, at first, to find that he had not been arrested for murder; but Ascham, who had come to him at once, explained that he needed rest, and the time to "review" his statements; it appeared that reiteration had made them a little confused and contradictory. To this end he had willingly acquiesced in his removal to a large quiet establishment, with an open space and trees about it, where he had found a number of intelligent companions, some, like himself, engaged in preparing or reviewing statements of their cases, and others ready to lend an interested ear to his own recital.

For a time he was content to let himself go on the tranquil current of this existence; but although his auditors gave him for the most part an encouraging attention, which, in some, went the length of really brilliant and helpful suggestion, he gradually felt last hope was gone. McCarren and the his hearers were not sincere, or else they former glanced at his watch.

had less power to aid him than they boasted. His interminable conferences resulted in nothing, and as the benefit of the long rest made itself felt, it produced an increased mental lucidity which rendered inaction more and more unbearable. length he discovered that on certain days visitors from the outer world were admitted to his retreat; and he wrote out long and logically constructed relations of his crime, and furtively slipped them into the hands of these messengers of hope.

This occupation gave him a fresh lease of patience, and he now lived only to watch for the visitors' days, and scan the faces that swept by him like stars seen and lost in the rifts of a hurrying sky.

Mostly, these faces were strange and less intelligent than those of his companions. But they represented his last means of access to the world, a kind of subterranean channel on which he could set his "statements" afloat, like paper boats which the mysterious current might sweep out into the open seas of life.

One day, however, his attention was arrested by a familiar contour, a pair of bright prominent eyes, and a chin insufficiently shaved. He sprang up and stood in the path of Peter McCarren.

The journalist looked at him doubtfully. then held out his hand with a startled deprecating "Why-?"

"You didn't know me? I'm so changed?" Granice faltered, feeling the rebound of the other's wonder.

"Why, no; but you're looking quietersmoothed out," McCarren smiled.

"Yes: that's what I'm here for—to rest. And I've taken the opportunity to write out a clearer statement-

Granice's hand shook so that he could hardly draw the folded paper from his pocket. As he did so he noticed that the reporter was accompanied by a tall man with grave compassionate eyes. It came to Granice in a wild thrill of conviction that this was the face he had waited for. .

"Perhaps your friend—he is your friend? -would glance over it-or I could put the case in a few words if you have time?" Granice's voice shook like his hand. this chance escaped him he felt that his a recurrence of his old doubts. Either stranger looked at each other, and the

now, Mr. Granice; but my friend has an enagement, and we're rather pressed---"

Granice continued to proffer the paper. "I'm sorry-I think I could have explained. But you'll take this, at any

The stranger looked at him gently. hand out. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Granice echoed.

He stood watching the two men move away from him through the long light hall; and as he watched them a tear ran down his face. But as soon as they were out of sight he turned and walked hastily toward his room, beginning to hope again, already planning a new statement.

Outside the building the two men stood still, and the journalist's companion looked up curiously at the long monotonous rows of barred windows.

"So that was Granice?"

"Yes-that was Granice, poor devil," said McCarren.

"Strange case! I suppose there's never been one just like it? He's still absolutely convinced that he committed that murder?'

"Absolutely. Yes."

The stranger reflected. "And there was no conceivable ground for the idea? No where do you suppose he got such a de- walked in silence to the gates.

I'm sorry we can't stay and talk it over lusion? Did you ever get the least clue to it?"

> McCarren stood still, his hands in his pockets, his head cocked up in contemplation of the barred windows. Then he turned his bright hard gaze on his companion.

"That was the queer part of it. I've "Certainly-I'll take it." He had his never spoken of it-but I did get a clue." "By Jove! That's interesting. What

was it?"

McCarren formed his red lips into a "Why-that it wasn't a dewhistle. lusion."

He produced his effect—the other turned

on him with a pallid stare.

"He murdered the man all right. I tumbled on the truth by the merest accident, when I'd pretty nearly chucked the whole job."

"He murdered him-murdered his

cousin?"

"Sure as you live. Only don't split on me. It's about the queerest business I ever ran into. . . Do about it? Why, what was I to do? I couldn't hang the poor devil, could I? Lord, but I was glad when they collared him, and had him stowed away safe in there!"

The tall man listened with a grave face, grasping Granice's statement in his hand. "Here-take this; it makes me sick,"

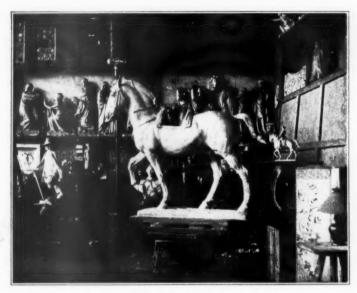
one could make out how it started? A he said abruptly, thrusting the paper at the quiet conventional sort of fellow like that - reporter; and the two men turned and

WAVES

By John B. Tabb

WE sighed of old till underneath His feet Our pulses beat, Again to sigh in restlessness until He saith, "Be still."

And with us is the ever-moving wind, And all mankind-A triple chorus-each upheaving breast A sigh for rest.



Paul W. Bartlett in his studio Life-size model of horse.

THE EVOLUTION OF AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE

By Charles Noël Flagg



the United States subscribed

the matter in charge commissioned Mr. Paul Wavland Bartlett to make an equesbeing informed, appointed a commission composed of the architect of the Louvre, M. Georges Redon, the sculptor, M. Eugéne Guillaume, and others. This French commission was well satisfied with the choice of sculptor, and the American commission pointed out to him the advantage of completing his model, if possible, in time for the Universal Exposition which menace of social functions for which, in the was to be held in 1900. Mr. Bartlett im- general sense, he cares very little, the young mediately got to work, in New York, and in sculptor worked comfortably and sanely March, 1899, completed a first sketch, as and well. Fortunately he did not destroy

1898 the school children of seen on page 310; and on the fourth of July, the same year, he showed it to the fifty thousand dollars for a architect of the Louvre. The plan was monument to Lafavette, then formed that on Independence Day, and early in the following the following year, the work should be so year the committee having far advanced that a model of it could be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

Bartlett, realizing that one year was a trian statue, and the French Government, very short time for so important a work, and that he could do it to better advantage if uninterrupted, rented a huge barn in the little village of Saint Leu, about twenty-five miles from Paris, and thither he betook himself, with a faithful assistant and a fine horse, both competent models when occasion required.

In this retirement from the possible



First sketch, made in New York, March, 1899, and shown to the architect of the Louvre, Mr. Georges Redon, July 4th, 1899.



Second sketch.

tive argument, more indisputably powerful world. than anything which can be written, show-

the sketches made during this period, for an idea, which, however, in its fulfilment, they, with later sketches, present an illustra- was to attract the attention of the whole art

From the beginning the French commising the growth of that which in the be- sion decided that the Lafayette statue ginning was but the crude embodiment of should be placed in the beautiful little



Third sketch.



Fourth sketch.

ment of the kind had already been laid, and a statue of Napoleon I completed, when, as it was about to be put in position, the war with Germany was on and French and German citizens were not giving their customary quota of time to acts of self-congratulation.

During the twelve months at St. Leu the work, as evidenced by the sketches and his own photographs taken as it progressed, came on apace, until a full-size plaster model (here shown) was ready, well in time, to put in place. The commissioners were pleased and every one concerned was satisfied, except perhaps the sculptor, who all the time regarded what he had so far done as preliminary to something which, in his mind, should, and which eventually did. follow.

The ceremony of unveiling occurred July 4, 1900. The commissioners and many other distinguished persons were present. Entirely by chance Bartlett found himself

seated next to the sculptor, Eugéne Guil- most sucessfully laume, and he it was who first congratu- planned large civic lated him. The circumstance might be centre of modern passed as ordinary, but as it was Guil- times, it grows still laume who had made the statue of Napo- greater in imporleon I, before referred to as having been tance. intended for the same spot, the courtesy of the old sculptor heartily grasping the end of this great hand of the very young American assumes a grace and a significance not to be disregarded.

The Court of the Louvre is, in itself, exquisitely beautiful. And when one stops beyond which are to consider that it is surrounded on three avenues leading to sides by the matchless architecture of the the parks of the palace of the Louvre, in whose various Bois de Boulogne buildings are stored choice works of art of which stretches on multitudinous variety, gathered from all the beyond. Along the modern and, so far as possible, ancient line between these

inner garden of the Court of the Louvre, civilizations of the world, the place beoriginally designed with the intention of comes one of very huge importance. And using it as the frame for an equestrian when we realize that this Court with its fine statue. In fact, the foundation for a monu- gardens and entourage is but a part of the



First painted plaster in place

At the easterly vista is the Perrault Colonnade; at the westerly end is the Arch of Triumph,



Life-size model Elaboration of first sketch made in St. Leu, 1899.



Full-size model, four months before completion.



Fifth sketch.

two points, the Arch and the Colonnade, are other palaces and gardens, and fountains such skilful arrangement would become asked no advice and needed no advisers.

merely a bewildering mass of splendor and of riches. But the French people have given proof that they know how to plan schemes of beauty, whether small or large, in a very effective manner, and mention of the Louvre, the Champs Elvsées, and the other features of this one may not seem irrelevant. Bear in mind that no other country had been invited to figure conspicuously and permanently in this great civic plan until the American school children made their five-cent contributions for a memorial to Lafavette, and that the French commission having the matter in charge would have accepted no sculptor in whom it did not have entire confidence, to place a statue in the choicest position in France for a monument of the kind.

After and before the unveiling of the first model no one could possibly have understood the situation more clearly than and monuments in groups, which without it was understood by Paul Bartlett. He did count was the fact that while the model the result achieved in the first model (see

The first model had been put up by him-self, and involved a considerable expense, in their incipient form material for successbut expense counted as nothing. What ful conclusions, and all of which surpass



The statue in place.

ceeded to do something better.

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set to work evolving other schemes as to the any great advancements of money. Luckily shape which the monument to Lafavette the French people did understand, and should take. He had the advantage of see- Bartlett's credit being of the best the work ing the first model in place, and quickly be- went merrily on. Moreover, he had other

would undoubtedly be accepted as it page 311). So it was that the real work stood, the sculptor considered it merely a was really begun, and begun under great step to something better, and at once pro- disadvantage, for the American committee did not in the least understand the sculptor's He leased the largest studio in Paris and point of view, and was unwilling to make orders, notably the statue of General ration of the north front of the capitol of his

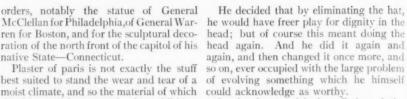
native State-Connecticut.

Plaster of paris is not exactly the stuff best suited to stand the wear and tear of a moist climate, and so the material of which the first model was made, for exhibition purposes, soon began to take on an appearance of dilapidation. This was arrested somewhat by a coat of bronze paint, but there was no way of effectually checking dis- of the first model had been retained it

integration. Bartlett was harshly criticised for permitting so shabby a thing to remain on its pedestal, but the criticism made no deep impression. He was criticising it himself, but from another view-point. He tried to find fault with his own work-and why not, if he wished, as he did, that the second model should be better?

For instance, he decided that another kind of horse might fit more appropriately, and so bought a magnificent Per-

for several years. He thought the Louis XVI costume of the first model too fancigave him trouble, as it concealed the figure too much. He particularly wished his Lafayette to represent youth and enthusiasm, and at last he succeeded in buttoning the overcoat at the waist in such a way that it did not hide the youthfulness of the figure (page 312). All these experisaving sense of humor stood him in good stead. He determined to adopt an heraldic bravely beside the great horse!



In the first model, the offering of the sword might be interpreted as a surrender, although at first it had seemed to be of prime importance historically. If the horse

> would have been inconsistent to change the holding of the sword, as in the final arrangement; but with another horse moving in a sidelong fashion, as mounted horses of high breed do move. the change, the holding of the sword aloft, was altogether consistent. In every part the composition expresses the idea: The Youth of France is coming to join in the fight for liberty with Young America.

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change the movecheron stallion, which he kept in his studio ment of the man and the horse, slowly, if you like, but surely moving toward a finer, larger, and in all respects better conception fully pretty, and adopted an overcoat. This of what he wished to express, not only as a portrait but as a symbol of generous patriotism. After countless experiments he was at last ready to make the life-size model (page 309) and then the full-size model (page 312). Of course this work required many months; but as all uncertainty in regard to the composition had been overments took time-years of time-during come and replaced by confidence that the which complaints came thick and fast. It design was the best he could evolve, its conwas in the midst of this puzzlement inside summation became more than ever, what and worriment from outside that Bartlett's at no stage it had failed to be, a work of pleasure.

On the fourth day of July, 1907, nearly device; hence the little bronze turtle on ten years after the sculptor had first begun the plinth of the monument, marching to work out the idea with a lump of clay, he invited the United States Ambassador to



The completed head of Lafayette.



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Paul Wayland Bartlett.

of the Lafayette statue. The guests exput upon its admirable pedestal in the pressed themselves as very much pleased, Court of the Louvre (see page 316). and their pleasure was reported in the newspapers of several nations. As a matter of fact, they could not possibly get a nies. The memorial stands there, where it full idea of the statue, in that way. As will probably remain for hundreds of

France, who in turn invited the President pression of bulkiness which vanished altoof the French Republic, to a private view gether when its embodiment in bronze was

seen in the studio the model gave an im- years. The children will see it; and Amer-



The Lafayette memorial, with the final statue in place.

ican children of to-day, grown to manhood plishment of the work in hand. Works of art and womanhood, will be able to say "I contributed five cents for that."

This article has referred only incidentally to critics who severely upbraided the sculptor because he was so long in bringing his work to a conclusion. It has been written with the hope that it may bring to the minds of some thinking persons, and especially to art students, an appreciation of the fact that to carry successfully to completion any serious work of art requires a sacrifice of time and of outside allurements,

which are really worth while are seldom of sudden growth, although the final execution of a completed mental solution may be executed in a very short time. The actual work on the final scheme of the monument did not in itself require so much time, but the working out of the scheme so that the memorial would be adequate and fit appropriately into its setting did take many years of almost constant thought and labor; and that it was ultimately completed and put in place within a limit of ten years should be accepted as proof that the artist and a concentrated devotion to the accom- thought quickly and worked industriously.

JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A NEW GIRL



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HIS is how the young lady heard of it. Miss Leigh had been at home but an hour or two and had only had time to change her travel-

ling costume for a suit of light blue with a blue hat to match, which was very becoming to her, and order the carriage to drive down and get her father, when a visitor was announced: Miss Milly McSheen, an old schoolmate, and next moment a rather large, flamboyant girl of about Miss Leigh's own age or possibly a year or two older, bounced into the room as if she had been shot in out of one of those mediæval engines which flung men into walled towns.

She began to talk volubly even before she was actually in the room; she talked all through her energetic if hasty embrace of her friend, and all the time she was loosening the somewhat complicated fastening of a dotted veil which, while it obscured, added a certain charm to a round, florid, commonplace, but good-humored face in which smiled two round, shallow blue

"Well, my dear," she began while yet outside the door, "I thought you never were coming back! Never! And I believe if I hadn't finally made up my mind to get you back you would have staid forever in that nasty, stuck-up city of Brotherly Love."

Miss Leigh a little airily observed that that title applied to Philadelphia and she had only passed through Philadelphia on a train one night.

"Oh! well, it was some kind of love, I'll be bound, and some one's else brother, too, that kept you away so long."

"No, it was not-not even some one else's brother," replied Miss Leigh.

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, don't tell me that's wrong. Why, I've been practising

that all summer. It sounds so grammatical-so New Yorkish."

"I can't help it. It may be New Yorkish, but it isn't grammatical," said Miss Leigh. "But I never expected to get back earlier. My Aunt had to look into some of her affairs in the East and had to settle some matters with a lawyer down South, an old gentleman who used to be one of her husband's partners and is her trustee or something and I had to wait till they got matters settled."

"Well, I'm glad you are here in time. I was so afraid you wouldn't be, that I got Pa to telegraph and have your car put on the president's special train that was coming through and had the right of way."

"Were we indebted to you for that attention?" Eleanor Leigh's voice had a tone of half incredulity.

"Yep-I am the power behind the throne just at present. Pa and old Mr. Canter have buried the hatchet and are as thick as thieves since their new deal, and Jim Canter told me his car was coming through on a special. Oh! you ought to hear him the way he says, My car, and throws his chest out! So I said I wanted him to find out where you were on the road -on what train, I mean—and pick you up, and he said he would."

"Oh! I see," said Miss Leigh.

"He did, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know Jim Canter is a very promising young man, much more so than he is a fulfiller. What are you so serious about? You look as-

"Nothing-I was just wondering what right we have to stop trains full of people who have paid for their tickets and——

"What!" exclaimed the other girl in astonishment, "what right? Why, our fathers are directors, aren't they, and own a block of the stock that controls-

"Yes; but all these people-who payand who had no breakfast?"

"Oh! don't you worry about them-

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they'll look out for themselves without your of them and enjoy it while I can-that's what Pa says."

"Yes," said Miss Leigh acquiescingly,

"but I'm not sure that it's right."

"You've been reading that man's artifather," said Eleanor. cles," declared Miss McSheen. "I know-I have too—everybody has—all the girls. I am a socialist-aren't they terribly striking! He's so good-looking. Pa says he's a Jew and an anarchist, and ought to be in jail." "Are you speaking of Mr. Wolffert?"

"Yes, of course. Now you need not make out you don't know him; because

they say-

"Yes, I know him very well," said Miss Leigh, so stiffly that her guest paused and

changed her tone.

"Well, anyhow, my dear, you are just on time. We are going to have the biggest thing we've ever had in this town. I've almost died laughing over it already."

"What is it?"

"Wait. I'm going to tell you all about it. You know it was all my idea. Harriet Minturn claims the whole credit for it now that I've made it go-says she first suggested it, and I assure you, my dear, she never opened her head about it till I had all the girls wild about it, and had arranged for the costumes and had gotten the Count to promise-"

"What is it?" interrupted her hostess

again, laughing.

"Wait, my dear, I'm going to tell you all about it. The Count's a socialist too. He says he is-but you mustn't tell that; he told me in the strictest confidence. Well, the Count's to go as courtier of the court of -what's the name of that old king or emperor, or whatever he was, that conquered that country-you know what I mean-"

"No, indeed, I do not-and I haven't the least idea what you are talking about."

"Oh! pshaw! I know perfectly well, and you do too. The Count bet me I'd forget it and I bet him a gold cigar-holder I wouldn't—what is his name? Won't the Count look handsome with lace ruffles and gold braid all over his chest and coat-tails, and a cocked hat. He's been showing me the way they dance in his country. I Lightfoot wears in the 'Star of the Harem' almost died laughing over it—only it makes me so dizzy, they never reverse—just whirl her to let me copy it—exactly."

they'll get along, somehow-and if they pay and whirl and whirl. You know he's a real count? Yes, my father's taken the doing it. My way is to make all I can out trouble to hunt that up. He said he wasn't 'going to let a d-d dago come around me without anybody knowing who or what he is.' Ain't that like Pa?"

"I-I-don't think I ever met your

"Oh! that's a fact. Well, 'tis-'tis just exactly like him. As soon as the Count began to come around our house-a good deal-I mean, really, quite a good deal -you understand?" said the girl, tossing her blonde head, "what must Pa do but go to work and hunt him up."

"What did he find out?" inquired Miss

Leigh, "and how did he do it?"

"Why, he just ran him down," explained the girl easily, "just as he does anybody he wants to know about-put a man cn him, you know."

"Oh! I see." Miss Leigh froze up a little; but the other girl did not notice it.

"Only this one was somebody on the other side, of course, and he found out that he's all right. He's a real count. He's the third son of Count Puchkin, who was —let me see—a counsellor of his emperor, the Emperor of Sweden."

"I didn't know they had an emperor in

Sweden. He's a new one."

"Haven't they? Oh! well, maybe it was the King of Sweden, or the Emperor of Russia-I don't know-they are all alike to me. I never could keep them apart, even at Miss de Pense's. I only know he's a real count, and I won a hundred dollars from Pa on a bet that he was. And he hated to pay it! He bet that he was a cook or a barber. And I bet he wasn't. And, oh! you know it's an awfully good joke on him-for he was a waiter in New York for a while."

"A what?"

"A waiter-oh, just for a little while after he came over-before his remittances arrived. But I made Pa pay up, because he said cook or barber. I put it in this hat, see, ain't it a wonder?" She turned herself around before a mirror and admired her hat which was, indeed, as Miss Leigh was forced to admit, "a wonder."

"You know it's just like the hat Gabrielle when she comes in in the balloon. I got

"You did? How did you manage that?"

"Why, you see, Jimmy Canter knows her, and he asked Harriet and me to supper to meet her, and I declare she nearly real sweet girl-Jimmy says she-

"Who chaperoned you?" asked Miss Leigh, as she began to put on her gloves.

"Chaperon? My dear, that's where the fun came in—we didn't have any chaperon. I pretended that Harriet and the Count were married and called her Countess, and she was so flattered at being given the title that she was pleased to death—though you know, she's really dead in love with Jimmy Canter and he hardly looks at her.'

"I'm afraid I have to go now," said Miss Leigh, "my father expects me to come for him," she glanced at a jewelled watch. She had stiffened up slightly.

"Well, of course, you'll come?"

"To what?"

"To our ball-that's what it is, you know, though it's for a charity and we make others pay for it. Why shouldn't they? I haven't decided yet what charity. Harriet wants it to be for a home for cats. You'd know she'd want that now, wouldn't you? She'll be in there herself some day. But I'm not going to let it go for anything she wants. She's claiming now that she got it up, and I'm just going to show her who did. I'm thinking of giving it to that young preacher you met in the country two years ago and got so interested in 't you got Dr. Capon to bring him here as his assistant."

"You couldn't give it to a better cause," said Miss Leigh. "I wonder how he is

coming on?"

"I guess you know all right. But Pa says," pursued Miss McSheen without heeding further the interruption, "we are ruining the poor and the reason they won't work is that we are always giving them money. You know they're striking on our lines—some of them? I haven't decided yet what to give it to."

"I'll tell you what!" said Miss Leigh suddenly, "I'll come if you'll give the proceeds to Mr. Marvel for his poor people." park.

"Done! See there! what did I tell you! I thought you weren't so pious for nothing all on a sudden-

"Milly, you're a goose," said Miss Leigh, picking up her sunshade.

"I'm a wise one, though-what was it our teacher used to tell us about the geese giving the alarm somewhere? But I don't care. I'm the treasurer and pay the bills. made me die laughing-you know she's a Pa says the man that holds the bag gets the swag. Bring your father. We'll get something grand out of him. He always gives to everything. I'll call him up and tell him to be sure and come. You know they've landed the deal. Pa says every one of them has made a pile. Your father might have made it too if he'd come in, but I think he was fighting them or something, I don't quite understand it—anyhow it's all done now, and I'm going to hold Pa up for the pearl necklace he promised to give me. There's a perfect beauty at Setter & Stoneberg's, only seventeen thousand, and I believe they'll take ten if it's planked down in cold cash. Pa says the way to get a man is to put down the cold cash before him and let him fasten his eye on it. If he's a Jew he says he'll never let it go. I tell him by the same token he must be a Jew himself; because he holds on to all the money he ever lays his eye on."

"Can I take you downtown anywhere?" inquired Miss Leigh, in a rather neutral

"No, my dear, just let me fix my hat. I have to go the other way. In fact, I told the Count that I was going up to the park for a little spin, and he asked if he couldn't come along. I didn't want him, of course -men are so in the way in the morning, don't you think so? Is that quite right?" She gave her head a toss to test the steadiness of her hat.

"Ouite," said Miss Leigh.

"Well, good-by. I'll count on you then. Oh! I tell you-among the entertainments, the Count is going to perform some wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks with cards. My dear, he's a magician! He can do anything with cards. Heavens! it's after one. The Count-good-by-good-

And as Miss Leigh entered her victoria the young lady rushed off, up the street, straining her eyes in the direction of the

That night "the ball," as Miss McSheen called it, came off and was a huge success, as was duly chronicled in all the morning papers next day with an elaboration of description of millinery in exact proportion

in the particular circle in which the editor the press generally was denouncing. or his reporter moved or aspired to move. velvet, priceless lace," of the sort that reporters of the female sex deem dearest, and "diamonds and rubies" that would have staggered Sinbad, the sailor. Miss Mc-Sheen ran her a close second, in "rosecolored satin, and sapphires," spoken of as "priceless heirlooms." Miss Leigh shone in "chiffon, lace, and pearls of great price." So they went columns-full, all priceless, all beautiful, all superlative, till superlatives were exhausted, and the imagination of the reporters ran riot in an excess of tawdry color and English.

Among the men especially lauded were first, a certain Mr. James Canter, son and partner of "the famous Mr. Canter, the capitalist and financier," who gave promise of rivalling his father in his "notorious ability," and, secondly, a Count Pushkin, the "distinguished scion of a noble house of international reputation who was honoring the city with his distinguished presence, and was generally credited with having led captive the heart of one of the city's fairest and wealthiest daughters." So ran the record. And having nothing to do, I read that morning the account and dwelt on the only name I recognized, the young lady of the white chiffon and pearls and wondered who the men were whose names stood next to hers.

XI

ELEANOR LEIGH

Miss Leigh also read the papers that morning and with much amusement till in one of them—the most sensational of all the morning journals-she came on an article which first made her heart stop beating and then set it to racing with sheer anger. To think that such a slander could be uttered! She would have liked to make mince-meat of that editor. He was always attacking her father.

A little later she began to think of the rest of the article! What was the truth? Did they have the right to stop the train and hold it back? This was what a writer

to the degree of prominence of the wearer among the poor, had sent her and which

She had for some time been reading Mrs. Argand stood first in "Wine-colored these papers that had been appearing in the press from time to time, signed by a person who was generally spoken of as "a Jew," but who wrote with a pen which had the point of a rapier, and whose sentences ate into the steely plate of artificial convention like an acid. One of the things he had said had stuck in her memory. "As the remains of animalculæ of past ages furnish, when compressed in almost infinite numbers, the lime-food on which the bone and muscle of the present race of cattle in limestone regions are built up, so the present big-boned race of the wealthy class live on the multitudinous class of the poor.

> The summer before she had met the writer of these articles and he had made an impression on her which had not been effaced. She had not analyzed her feelings to ascertain how far this impression was due to his classical face, his deep, luminous eyes, and his impassioned manners, yet certain it is that all of these had struck her.

Perhaps I should give just here a little more of Miss Eleanor Leigh's history as I came to know of it later on. How I came to know of it may or may not be divulged later. But, at least, I learned it. She was the daughter of a gentleman who, until she came and began to tyrannize over him, gave up all of his time and talents to amassing a fortune. He had showed abilities and ambition at college "back East," where he came from, and when he first started out in life, it was in a region and amid surroundings which were just becoming of more than local importance as they a little later grew under the guidance of men of action like himself, to be of more than sectional importance. Flinging himself into the current which was just beginning to take on force, he soon became one of the pilots of the development which, changing a vast region where roamed Indians and buffalo into a region of cities and railways, shortly made its mark on the Nation and, indeed, on the world, and he was before long swept quite away by it, leaving behind all the intellectual ambitions and dreams he had ever cherished and giving himself up soul and body to the pleasure he got out of his denied in a series of papers which a friend success as an organizer and administrator of hers, a young clergyman who worked of large enterprises. Wealth at first was

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important to him, then it became, if not life in its most exacting form with ununimportant, at least of secondary importance to the power he possessed. Then it became of importance again—indeed of supreme importance; for the power he wielded was now dependent on wealth and great wealth. His associates were all men of large interests, and only one with similar

interests could lead them.

As he looked back on it later it seemed a feverish dream through which he had passed. Its rewards were undeniable: luxury, reputation and power beyond anything he had ever conceived of. Yet what had he not sacrificed for them! Everything that he had once held up before his mind as a noble ambition; study, reading, association with the great and noble of all time; art and love of art; appreciation of all except wealth that men have striven for through the ages; friendship—domestic joy—everything except riches and the power they bring. For as he thought over his past in his growing loneliness he found himself compelled to admit that he had sacrificed all the rest. He had married a woman he loved and admired. He had given her wealth and luxury instead of himself and she had pined and died before he awakened to the tragic fact. He had grieved for her, but he could not conceal from himself the brutal fact that she had ceased years before to be to him as necessary as his business. She had left him one child. Two others had died in infancy, and he had mourned for them and sympathized with her; but he never knew for years, and until too late, how stricken she had been over their loss. The child she had left him had in some way taken hold on him and had held it even against himself. She had so much of himself in her that he himself could see the resemblance; his natural kindness, his good impulses, his wilfulness, his resolution and ambition to lead and to succeed in all he undertook.

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In appearance she was like her mother, only he thought her fairer-as fair as he had thought her mother in the days of his first devotion; and her deeper eyes and firmer features were an added beauty; the well-rounded chin was his own. Her eyes, deep with unfathomable depths, and mouth, firm even with its delicate beauty, had come from some ancestor or ancestress with an aim, -he was glad it was not a mis-

daunted resolution and haply, had faced death with equal calm for some belief that now would scarcely have given an hour's questioning. So, when she grew each year, developing new powers and charm and constancy, he began to find a new interest in life, and to make her more his companion and confidante than he had ever made her mother. He left his business oftener to see her than he had left it to see her mother; he took her oftener with him on his trips, and took more trips, that he might have her company. She sat at the head of his table, and filled her place with an ability that was at once his astonishment and his pride.

At one time, as she changed from a mere child to a young girl, he had thought of marrying again, rather with a view to giving her a guide and counsellor than for any other purpose. Her storminess, however, at the mere suggestion, and much more, her real grief, had led him to defer the plan from time to time, until now she was a young lady, and he could see for himself that she needed neither chaperon nor counsellor. He sometimes smiled to think what the consequences would have been had he taken to wife the soft, kindly, rather commonplace lady whom he had once thought of as his daughter's guardian. A dove in the clutches of a young eagle would have

had an easier time.

One phase alone in her development had puzzled and baffled him. She had gone off one spring to a country neighborhood in another State, where she had some old relative on her mother's side. Mr. Leigh had been called to Europe on business, and she had remained there until well into the summer. When she returned she was not the same. Some change had taken place in her. She had gone away a rollicking, gay, pleasureloving, and rather selfish young girl-he was obliged to admit that she was both wilful and self-indulgent. Even his affection for her could not blind his eyes to this, and at times it had given him much concern, for at times there was a clash in which, if he came off victor, he felt it was at a perilous price-that, possibly, of a strain on her obedience. She returned a full-grown woman, thoughtful and self-sacrificing and who, in some generation past, had faced sion-and as her aim was to be useful, and

she began with him, he accepted it with in this rural community was a young clercontentment. She talked freely of her visit; spoke warmly, and indeed, enthusiastically, of those she had met there. Among these were a young country preacher and a friend of his, a young Jew. But, though she spoke of both with respect, the praise she accorded them was so equal that he dismissed from his mind the possibility that she could have been seriously taken with either of them. Possibly the Jew was the one she was most enthusiastic over, but she spoke of him too openly to cause her father disquietude. Besides, he was a Jew.

The preacher she plainly respected most highly, yet her account of his appearance was too humorous to admit a serious feeling for him, even though she had gotten him called to be one of Dr. Capon's assistants.

What had happened was that the girl, who had only "lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life," had suddenly been dropped in an out-of-the-way corner in a country neighborhood in an old State, where there were neither lilies nor roses of the metaphorical kind, though a sufficiency of the real and natural kind, with which nature in compensatory mood atones to those who have of the metaphorical sort but thistles and brambles and flinty soil.

When she first landed there, after the very first excitement of being thrown into a wholly new situation, among strangers whom she had always regarded much as she had regarded geographical places in distant lands, was over, she found herself, as it were, at a loss for occupation. Everything was so quiet and calm. She felt lost and somewhat bored. But after a little time she found occupation in small things, as on looking closely she discovered beauties in Nature which her first glance had failed to catch. The people appeared so strange, so simple, so wholly different from all whom she had known: the excitements and amusements and interests of her life in the city, or at summer watering-places, or in travelling, were not only unknown to them-as unknown as if they were in another planet, but were matters of absolute indifference. Their interest was in their neighbors, in the small happenings about them; and occurrences an hundred miles away were as distant to them as though they had taken place in another era. Among the few notabilities

gyman whom she always heard spoken of with respect—as much respect, indeed, as if he had been a bishop. What "Mr. Marvel thought" and what he said was referred to, or was quoted as something to be considered—so much so that she had insensibly formed a picture in her own mind of a quite remarkable looking and impressive person. When, at last, she met John Marvel what was her amusement to discover in place of her young Antinous, a stout, strapping young fellow, with rather bristly hair, very near-sighted and awkward, and exceedingly shy, a person as far from a man of the world as a stout. country-bred cart-horse would be from a sleek trick-pony. His timidity in her presence caused her endless amusement, and for lack of some better diversion she set herself to tease him in every way that her

fertile brain could devise.

Visiting the young clergyman at the time was a friend who came much nearer being in appearance what Eleanor had imagined John Marvel to be: a dark, slender young man with a classical face, but that its lines were stronger and more deeply graven, and unforgettable eyes. He had just come to visit Mr. Marvel and to get a needed rest. John Marvel said. He had been a worker among the poor, and his views were so different from any that Eleanor Leigh had ever heard as to appear to be almost shocking. He was an educated man, yet he had lived and worked as an artisan. He was a gentleman, yet he denounced vehemently the conditions which produced the upper class. But an even greater surprise awaited her, when he announced that he was a Jew. While, at first, the broad-shouldered young clergyman fled from her presence with a precipitation which was laughable, it was not long before he appeared to have steeled himself sufficiently against her shafts of goodnatured ridicule to be able to tolerate her presence, and before a great while had passed her friends began to tease her on the fact that wherever she went Mr. Marvel was pretty sure to appear. One of her old cousins, half-rallyingly and half-warningly, cautioned her against going too far with the young man, saying, "Mr. Marvel, my dear, is too good a man for you to amuse yourself with, and then fling away. What is simply the diversion of an hour

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Wa W gravity with him. He is already deeply interested in you and unless you are interested in him-

"Why, I am interested in him," declared the girl, laughing. "Why, he tells me of all the old sick women and cats in the parish and I have an engagement to go around with him and see some old women to-morrow. You ought to see some that we went to see the other day!"

"I know, my dear, but you must not make fun of his work. He is happy in it and is accomplishing a great deal of good, and if you should get him dissatisfied --- "

"Oh, no, indeed, I gave him some money last week for a poor family to get some clothes so that they could come to church. They were named Banyan. They live near the mines. The whole family were to be christened next Sunday, and what do you suppose they did? As soon as they got the clothes they went last Sunday to a big baptizing and were all immersed! I was teasing him about that when you heard me laughing at him."

"The wretches!" exclaimed her cousin. "To think of their deceiving him so!"

"I know," said the girl. "But I think he minded the deception much more than the other. Though I charged him with being disappointed at not getting them into his fold, really, I don't think he minded it a bit. At least, he said he would much rather they had gone where they would be

"Now, Mr. Marvel's friend, Mr. Wolffert, is a different matter. He appears quite able to take care of himself."

"Quite," said Miss Leigh dryly.

"But, my dear," said her cousin, lowering her voice, "they say he is a Jew."

"He is," said Eleanor.

"You know it?"

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"Yes, Mr. Marvel told me, and he told me so himself."

"Told you himself! Why, I thought-! How did he come to tell you?"

"Why, I don't know. We were talking and I said something foolish about the Jews -about some one being 'as rich and stingy as a Jew,' and he smiled and said, 'Are all Jews rich-and stingy?' And I said, 'If they have a chance,' and he said, 'Not always. I am a Jew and I am not rich.' Well, I thought he was fooling, just teasing

for you, may become a matter of deep me-so I went on, and do you know he is not only a Iew, but Mr. Marvel says he is rich, only he does not claim his money because he is a Socialist-Mr. Marvel says he could go home to-morrow and his father would take him and lavish money on him; but he works-works all the time among the poor."

"Well, I must say I always liked him," said her cousin.

"But he isn't such good fun to tease as Mr. Marvel-he is too intense. Mr. Marvel does get so red and unhappy-looking when he is teased."

"Well, you have no right to tease him. He is a clergyman and should be treated with respect. You wouldn't care to tease your rector in town—the great Dr. what is his name?"

"Oh! wouldn't I? Dr. Bartholomew Capon. Why, he is one of the greatest beaux in town. He's always running around to see some girl-ogling them with his big blue eyes."

"Eleanor!" exclaimed her cousin re-

provingly.

"Why, he'd marry any one of the Canter girls who would have him, or-

"Eleanor, don't be profane."

The old lady looked so shocked that the girl ran over and kissed her, with a laugh. "Why, I've told him so."

"Told him? You haven't!"

"Yes, I have. I told him so when he tried to marry me."

"What! Eleanor, you are incorrigible. You really are. But do tell me about it. Did he really court you? Why, he's old enough to be your-

"Grandfather," interrupted the girl. "That's what I told him, substantially."

"Served him right, too. But he must be a fine preacher from what my old friend, Pansy Tibbs, once wrote me. Did you ever meet Pansy Tibbs? She and her sister live in your city. They went there years ago to press a claim they had to a large fortune left them by their father, Colonel Tibbs, who used to be a very rich man, but left his affairs somewhat complicated I gather from what Pansy writes me, or did write, for she does not write very often now. I wish you'd go and see them when you go

"I will," said Eleanor. "Where do they live?"

tion, and mislaid Pansy's letter a year or more ago, but you will have no difficulty in finding it. It must be in the fashionable quarter and I should think any one could tell you where she lives."

"I will find her," said Eleanor, laughing.

When, a little later, a scourge of diphtheria broke out in a little mining camp not far from the home of Miss Leigh's relatives and she learned that John Marvel spent all his time nursing the sick and relieving their necessities as far as possible, she awakened to a realization of the truth of what her cousin had said, that under his awkward exterior lay a mine of true gold.

Day by day reports came of the spread of the deadly pestilence, making inroads in every family, baffling the skill and outstripping the utmost efforts of the local physician; day by day, the rumor came that wherever illness appeared there was John

Marvel.

One afternoon Miss Leigh, who had ridden over in the direction of the mining village to try and get some information about the young clergyman, who, a rumor said, had been stricken himself the day before, came on him suddenly in a by-path among the hills. At sight of her he stopped and held up his hand in warning, and at the warning she reined in her horse.

"Don't come nearer," he called to her. "What is the matter?" she asked. "How are you?" For even at that distance-perhaps, some fifty paces-she could see that he looked wretchedly worn

and wan.

"Oh, I'm doing very well," he replied. "How are you? You must not come this

way! Turn back!"

She began to rein her horse around and then on a sudden, as his arm fell to his side, and, stepping a little out of the path, he leant against a tree, the whole situation struck her. Wheeling her horse back, she rode straight up to him, though he stiffened up and waved her back.

"You are ill," she said.

"Oh, no. I am not ill, I am only a bit tired; that is all. You must not come this way-go back!"

"But why?" she persisted, sitting now

close above him.

"Because-because-there is sickness

"At a Mrs. Kale's—she keeps a board- here. The Banyan family are all ill." He ing-house-I don't know the exact loca- nodded back toward the curve around which he had just come. "A family there is down, and I am just going for help."

"I will go-I, at least, can do that. What help? What do you want?"

She had tightened the rein on her horse

and turned his head back.

"Everything. The mother and three children are all down; the father died a few days ago. Send the doctor and anything that you can find-food-clothingmedicine-some one to nurse them-if you can find her. It is the only chance."

"I will." She hesitated a moment and looked down at him, as if about to speak, but he waved her off. "Go, you must not

stay longer."

He had moved around so that the wind, instead of blowing from him toward her,

blew from the other side of her.

A moment later Eleanor Leigh was galloping for life down the steep bridle-path. It was a break-neck gait, and the path was rough enough to be perilous, but she did not heed it. It was the first time in all her life that she had been conscious that she could be of real use. She felt that she was galloping in a new world. From house to house she rode, but though all were sympathetic, there was no one to go. Those who might have gone, were elsewhere-or were dead. The doctor was away from home attending at other bedsides and, by the account given, had been working night and day until he could scarcely stand. Riding to the nearest telegraph station, the girl sent a despatch to a doctor whom she knew in the city where she lived, begging him to come or to send some one on the first train and saying that he would be met and that she would meet all his expenses. Then she sat down and wrote a note to her cousin. And two hours later, just as the dusk was falling, she rode up to the door of a country cabin back among the hills. As she softly pushed open the door, with her arm full of bundles, a form rose from the side of a bed and stood before her in the dusk of the

"My God! you must not come in here. Why have you come here?"

"To help you," said the girl.

"But you must not come in. Go out. You must," said John Marvel.

"No, I have come to stay. I could not

live if I did not stay now." She pushed her have paid to it. But of late she had begun way in. "Here are some things I have brought. I have telegraphed for a doctor."

It was long before she could satisfy John Marvel, but she staid, and all that night she worked with him over the sick and the dying. All that night they two strove to hold Death at bay, across those wretched beds. Once, indeed, he had struck past their guard and snatched a life; but they had driven him back and saved the other. Ere morning came one of the children had passed away; but the mother and the other children survived; and Eleanor Leigh knew that John Marvel, now on his knees, now leaning over the bed administering stimulants, had saved them.

As Eleanor Leigh stepped out into the morning light, she looked on a new earth, as fair as if it had just been created, and it was a new Eleanor Leigh who gazed upon it. The tinsel of frivolity had shrivelled and perished in the fire of that night. Sham had laid bare its shallow face and fled away. Life had taken on reality. She had seen a man, and thenceforth only a

man could command her.

The physician came duly, sent up by the one she had telegraphed to; rode over to the Banyan house, and later to the village, where he pronounced the disease diphtheria and the cause probably defective drainage and consequent impregnation of the water supply; wrote a prescription; commended the country doctor, returned home and duly charged nearly half as much as the country doctor got in a year, which Miss Leigh duly paid with thoughts of John Marvel. This was what made the change in the girl which her father had noted.

The day after her arrival her father paid her the unusual honor of leaving his office to come to lunch with her.

Her mind was full of the subject of the paper she had read in the press that morning, giving a lurid picture of the inconvenience and distress entailed on the passengers and scoring the management of the company for permitting what was claimed to be "so gross a breach of the rights of the

public."

Ordinarily, she would have passed it over with indifference-a shrug of her white shoulders and a stamp of her little foot would have been all the tribute she would

to think.

It had never before been brought so clearly to the notice of the girl how her own pleasures-not the natural, but the created pleasures—of which she was quite as fond as other healthy girls of her age and class, were almost exclusively at the expense of the class she had been accustomed to regard with a general sort of vague sympathy as "the Poor."

The attack on her father and herself enraged her; but as she cooled down, a feeling deeper than mere anger at an injustice

took possession of her mind.

To find that she herself had in a way. been the occasion of the distress to women and children, startled her and left in her mind a feeling of uneasiness to which she had hitherto been a stranger.

"Father," she began, "did you see that dreadful article in the Clarion this morn-

Mr. Leigh, without looking up, adopted the natural line of special pleading, although he knew perfectly well instantly the article to which she referred.

"What article?" he asked.

"That story about our having delayed the passenger train with women and children on it, and then having side-tracked them without breakfast, in order to give our car the right-of-way."

"Oh! yes. I believe I saw that. I see so many ridiculous things in the newspapers, I pay no attention to them."

"But, father, that was a terrible arraign-

ment," said the girl.

"Of whom?" asked Mr. Leigh, with a little twinkle in his eye.

"Why, of you; of Aunt Sophia, of-"

"Of me!"

"Yes, and of me-of everybody connected with the road."

"Not of you, my dear," said Mr. Leigh, with the light of affection warming up his rather cold face. "Surely no one, even the anarchistic writers of the anarchistic press, could imagine anything to say against you."

"Yes, of me, too, though not by name, perhaps; but I was there and I was in a way the cause of the trouble, because you sent the car after me and Aunt Sophia, and I feel terribly guilty about it."

"Guilty of what, my dear?" smiled her

father. "Of simply using your own property in a way satisfactory to you?" my own hand. He's the worst young man I know. Why, if I could tell you half—yes.

"That is just it, father; that is the point which the writer raises. Is it our own

property?"

"It certainly is, my love. Property that I have paid for—my associates and I, and which I control in conjunction with the other owners and propose to control to suit myself and them so long as we have the controlling interest, every socialistic writer, speaker and striker to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"Well," said the girl, "that sounds all right. It looks as if you ought to be able to do what you like with your own; but, do you know, father, I am not sure that it is our own. That is just the point—he

savs---

"Oh! nonsense!" said her father lightly. "Don't let this Jew go and fill your clear little head with such foolishness as that. Enjoy life while you can. Make your mind easy, and get all the use you can out of what I have amassed for you. I only hope you may have as much pleasure in using it as I have had in providing it."

The banker gazed over at his daughter half-quizzically, half-seriously, took out a cigar and began to clip the end leisurely. The girl laughed. She knew that he had

something on his mind.

"Well, what is it?" she asked smiling.

He gave a laugh.

"Did that foreigner go down there while you were there?"

"The Count?"
"The No-Count."

"No, of course not. Where did you get such an idea?"

He lighted his cigar with a look of relief, put it in his mouth, and sat back in his

"Don't let your Aunt Sophia go and make a fool of you. She is a very good business woman, but you know she is not exactly—Solomon, and she is stark mad about titles. When you marry, marry a man."

"Mr. Canter, for example?" laughed the girl. "He is Aunt Sophia's second choice. She is always talking about his

money."

"She is always talking about somebody's the market's rising and you can money, generally her own. But before I'd But it's a dangerous game, especialet that fellow have you I'd kill him with tries to recoup at the faro table."

my own hand. He's the worst young man I know. Why, if I could tell you half—yes, one-tenth, of the things I have heard about him— But I can't tell you—only don't go and let anybody pull the wool over your eyes."

"No fear of that," said the girl.

"No, I don't know that there is. I think you've got a pretty clear little head on your shoulders. But when any one gets—gets—why, gets her feelings enlisted you can't just count on her, you know. And with your Aunt Sophy ding-donging at you and flinging her sleek Count and her gilded fools at you, it takes a good head to resist her."

The girl reassured him with a smile of

appreciation.

'I don't know where she got that from," continued her father. "It must have been that outside strain, the Prenders. Your mother did not have a trace of it in her. I never saw two half-sisters so different. She'd have married anybody on earth she cared for-and when she married me I had nothing in the world except what my father chose to give me and no very great expectations. She had a rich fellow from the South tagging after her—a big plantation and lots of slaves and all that, and your Aunt Sophy was all for her marrying him—a good chap, too-a gentleman and all that; but she turned him down and took me. And I made my own way. What I have I made afterward-by hard work till I got a good start, and then it came easy enough. The trouble since has been to keep others from stealing it from me-and that's more trouble than to make it, I can tell you-what between strikers, gamblers, councilmen, and other knaves, I have a hard time to hold on to what I have."

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"I know you have to work very hard," said the girl, her eyes on him full of affection. "Why, this is the first time I've had you up to lunch with me in months. I felt as much honored as if it had been the King

of England."

"That's it—I have to stay down there to keep the robbers from running off with my pile. That young fellow thought he'd get a little swipe at it, but I taught him a thing or two. He's a plunger. His only idea is to make good by doubling up—all right if the market's rising and you can double. But it's a dangerous game, especially if one tries to recoup at the faro table."

"Does he play faro?" asked the girl.

"He plays everything, mainly Merry H—l. I beg your pardon—I didn't mean to say that before you, but he does. And if his father didn't come to his rescue and plank up every time he goes broke, he'd have been in the bankrupt court—or jail—and that's where he'll wind up yet if he don't look out."

"I don't believe you like him," laughed

the girl.

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"Oh! yes, I do. I like him well enough—he's the main conduit through which I extract money from old Prender's coffers. He never spends anything unless you pay him two gold dollars down for one paper one on the spot. But I want him to keep away from you, that's all; I suppose I've got to lose you some time, but I'll be hanged if I want to give you up to a blackguard—a gambler—a rou—a lib—a d——d blackguard like that."

"Well, you will never have that to do,"

said the girl, "I promise you that."

"How is the strike coming on?" asked his daughter. "When I went away it was just threatening, and I read in the papers that the negotiations failed and the men were ordered out; but I haven't seen much about it in the papers since, though I have looked."

"Oh! Yes—it's going on, over on the other lines across town, in a desultory sort of way," said her father wearily—"the fools! They won't listen to any reason."

"Poor people!" sighed the girl. "What

did they go out for?"

"Poor fools!" said Mr. Leigh warmly; "they walked out for nothing."

"I saw that they had some cause; what

was it?"
"Oh! they've always some cause. If
they didn't have one they'd make it. Now
they are talking of extending it over our
lines."

"Our lines! Why?"

"Heaven knows. We've done everything they demanded—in reason. They talk about a sympathetic strike. Poor fools!"

The girl gave him a smile of affection as he pushed back his chair. And leaning over her as he walked toward the door, he gave her a kiss of mingled pride and affection. But when he had left the room she sat still for some moments, looking

straight ahead of her, her brow slightly puckered with thought which evidently was not wholly pleasant, and then with a sweeping motion of her hand she pushed her chair back, and, as she rose from the table, said: "I wish I knew what is right!" That moment a new resolution entered her mind, and ringing the bell for the servant, she ordered her carriage.

XII

MISS LEIGH SEEKS WORK

SHE drove first to Dr. Capon's church, and going around walked in at the side door near the east end, where the robing rooms and the rector's study were. She remembered to have seen on a door somewhere there a sign on which was painted in gilded letters the fact that the rector's office hours were from 12 to 1 on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, and this was Thursday. The hour, however, was now nearly three, and she had called only on a chance of catching him, a chance which a stout and gloomy looking verger, who appeared from somewhere at her foot-fall, told her at first was lost; but when he recognized her, he changed his air, grew quite interested and said he would see if the Doctor was in. He had been there he knew after lunch, but he might have left. He entered and closed the door softly behind him, leaving the girl in the gloom, but a moment later he returned and showed her in. The Doctor, with a smile of unfeigned pleasure on his face was standing just beside a handsome mahogany writing desk, near a window, awaiting her entry, and he greeted her with cordiality.

"Oh! my dear young lady, come in. I was just about going off, and I'm glad I happened to have lingered a little—getting ready to launch a new year-book." He laid his fingers on a batch of printer's proof lying on the desk, beside a stock bulletin. "I was just thinking what a bore it is and lo! it turned into a blessing like Balaam's curse. What can I do for you?"

curse. What can I do for you?"
"Well, I don't know," said the girl

doubtfully.

gave her a kiss of mingled pride and affection. But when he had left the room whatever it was last night. It must have she sat still for some moments, looking been a great success. It was the first

aunt had returned." His voice had a tone such persons as yourself, of your class, the

of faint reproach in it.

"Yes, we returned yesterday. I wish the papers would leave me alone," she added.

"Ah! my dear young lady, there are many who would give a great deal to be chronicled by the pubic prints as you are. The morning and evening star is always mentioned while the little asteroids go unnoticed."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the girl, "but I do wish the papers would let me alone-and my father too."

"Oh! yes, to be sure. I did not know what you were referring to. That was an outrageous attack. So utterly unfounded, too, absolutely untrue. Such scurrilous attacks deserve the reprobation of all thinking men."

The trouble is that the attack was untrue; but the story was not unfounded."

"What! What do you mean?" The clergyman's face wore a puzzled expression. "That our car was hitched on to the

train-

"And why shouldn't it be, my dear young lady? Doesn't the road belong to your father, at least, to your family—and those whom they represent?"

"I don't know that it does, and that is one reason why I have come to see you."

"Of course, it does. You will have to go to a lawyer to ascertain the exact status of the title; but I have always understood it does. Why, your aunt, Mrs. Argand, owns thousands of shares, doesn't she, and your father?" A grave suspicion suddenly flitted across his mind relative to a rumor he had heard of heavy losses by Mr. Leigh and large gains by Mr. Canter, the president of the road and his associates who, according to this rumor, were hostile to Mr. Leigh.

"I don't know, but even if they do, I am not sure that that makes them owners.

Did you read that article?"

"No-well, not all of it-I glanced over them up." a part of it, enough to see that it was very scurrilous, that's all. The head-lines were simply atrocious. The article itself was not so wickedly-

"I should like to do some work among the poor," said the girl irrelevantly.

"Why, certainly—just what we need—

knowledge I had that you and your dear the earnest interest and assistance of just good, earnest, representatives of the upper class. If we had all like you there would be no cry from Macedonia."

"Well, how can I go about it?" demanded the girl rather cutting in on the

rector's voluble reply.

"Why, you can teach in the Sundayschool—we have a class of nice girls, ladies, you know-and I could make my superintendent arrange for Miss-for the lady who now has them to take another class-one of the orphan classes."

"No, I don't mean that kind of thing. If I taught at all I should like to try my hand at the orphan class myself."

"Well, that could be easily-" began the rector; but his visitor kept on without

heeding him.

"Only I should want to give them all different hats and dresses. I can't bear to see all those poor little things dressed exactly in the same way-sad, drab or gray frocks, all cut by the same pattern—and the same hats, year in and year out."

"Why, they have new hats every year,"

expostulated the rector.

"I mean the same kind of hat. Tall and short; stout and thin; slim or pudgy; they all wear the same horrible, round hats -I can't bear to look at them. I vow I'd give them all a different hat for Christmas."

"Oh! my dear, you can't do that-you would spoil them, and it's against the regulations. You must remember that these

children are orphans!"

"Being orphans is bad enough," declared the girl, "but those hats are worse. Well, I can't teach them, but I might try

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some other poor class?"

"Why, let me see. The fact is that we haven't any-" he was speaking slowly, casting his mind over his field-"very poor people in this church. There used to be a number; but they don't come any more. They must have moved out of the neighborhood. I must make my assistant look

"You have no poor, then?"

"Not in this congregation. The fact is this church is not very well suited to them. They don't mix with our people. You see our class of people-of course, we are doing a great work among the poor, our chapels we have three, one of them, indeed, is a

church and larger than many independent turned into one of the broader streets, two churches. Another has given me some anxiety, but the third is doing quite a remarkable work among the working people out in the east end-it is under my assistant, the young man you interested yourself so much in last year."

"Yes, I know-Mr. Marvel. I will go

out there."

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"Oh! my dear, you couldn't go out there!"

"Why not? I want to see him."

"Why, it is away out on the edge of the city—what you might call the jumping-off place among manufactories and railroad shops."

"Yes, I know. I have been out there." "You have-why, it is away out."

"It is on-I don't recall the name of the street. It's away out, you see. I know it's near the street-car terminus that your family own. It's a very pretty chapel, indeed. Don't you think so? Your aunt, Mrs. Argand, helped us to build it. She gave the largest contribution toward it."

"Yes, I know. How is Mr. Marvel

coming on?"

"Oh, very well-rather an ungainly fellow and very slow, but doing a very good work for our parish. I have been wanting to get the Bishop to go there all this year as there are a number of candidates for me to present; but he has been so busy and I

have been so busy-

"I will go there," said Miss Leigh, rising. "I don't think you will like it," urged the rector. "It is a very bad part of the town -almost dangerous, indeed-filled with working people and others of that sort, and I don't suppose a carriage ever—"

"I will go in the street cars," said the

"The street cars! Yes, you could go that way, but why not come here and let me assign you a class?"

"I wish to work among the poor."

"The happy poor!" said the rector, smiling-"Which way are you going? That is just my way. May I have the pleasure of driving up with you? I must go and see your aunt and welcome her back. One moment." He had shown the young lady out of the door. He now turned back and folding up the stock bulletin placed it carefully in his pocket.

As the carriage with its smart team quarter been needed it might have been

young men were standing in a window of a large building highly decorated, looking idly out on the street.

"Hello! What's old Bart after?" ob-

served one.

"Shekels," said the other and yawned.

"After her-he's taking notice."

"Oh! no; he's wedded to the tapegoes into the Grand five times a day and reads the tape."

"Bet you, he courts her."

"How 'll you prove it?"

"Ask her."

"Bet you you daren't ask her."

"How much?"

"What you like."

"I don't want to win your money."

"Don't you? Then hand me back that little fifteen hundred you picked up from me last week."

"That was square, but this is a cer-

tainty."

"I'd chance it—bet you a thousand, Jim, you daren't ask her to her face if old Bart isn't courting her and hasn't asked her to marry him."

"Oh! that's different. You want to make me put up and then make my bet for me. I tell you what I'll bet-that she's the only girl I know I wouldn't ask that."

"That may be. Now, I tell you what I'll bet—that you want a drink—ring the

"That's a certainty, too," laughed his friend, and they turned and sank wearily in deep chairs till a drink should give them energy to start a fresh discussion.

Having put down the Rev. Bartholomew at the door of her aunt's imposing mansion, Eleanor Leigh, after a moment of indecision, directed her coachman to drive to a certain street in the section known as "downtown," and there she stopped at a pleasant looking old house, and jumping out of the carriage, ran up the stone steps and rang the bell. It was a street that had once been fashionable, as the ample, wellbuilt houses and the good doors and windows testified. But that fickle jade, Fashion, had long since taken her flight to other and more pretentious sections and shops and small grocers' markets had long engulfed the mansions of the last generation. Had any gauge of the decadence of the stout coachman as he sat on his box. He looked unutterably disgusted, and his chin was almost as high as the chins of his

tightly reined-up horses.

Miss Leigh asked of the rather slatternly girl who came to the door, if the Miss Tippses were in, and if so, would they see her. When the maid went to see if they were at home, she was shown into a large and very dark room with chairs of many patterns, all old, placed about in it, a horsehair sofa on one side, a marble-topped table in the centre; an upright piano on the other side, and on a small table a large piece of white coral under a glass cover. Where the fireplace had once been, a large register now stood grating off the heat that might try in vain to escape through it.

Presently the maid returned.

Pansy" was in, and would the lady please walk up. It was in the third story-back at the top of the stairs. Miss Leigh ran up and tapped on the door, waited and tapped again. Then, as there was no answer, she opened the door cautiously and peeped in. It was a small hall-room, bare of furniture except two chairs, a sewing-machine, a table on which was an ironing-board at which at the moment stood a little old lady with a forehead so high as to be almost bald. She was clad in a rusty black skirt, a loose morning sacque of blue cotton, and she wore loose bedroom-slippers. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her arms were thin and skinny. She held a flat-iron in her hand, with which she had evidently been ironing a white under-garment which lay on the board, and another one was on a little gasstove which stood near a stationary washstand. As Miss Leigh opened the door, the old lady gave a little exclamation of dismay and her hand went involuntarily to her throat.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said the girl, starting to retire and close the door, "I thought the servant told me-"

By this time the other had recovered her-

self.

"Oh! come in, won't you?" she said, with a smile and in a voice singularly soft and refined. "My sister will be ready to receive you in a moment. I was only a little startled. The fact is," she said laughing, "I thought the door was bolted; but sometimes the bolt does not go quite in. My sis- as I used to do."

found in the scornful air of Miss Leigh's ter- Won't you take a chair? Let me remove those things." She took up the pile of under-garments that was on one chair and placed it on top of a pile of dishes and other things on the other.

> "Oh! I am so sorry," protested the girl, who observed that she was concealing the dishes, "I was sure the girl told me it was the door at the head of the stairs."

> "She is the stupidest creature—that girl. I must really get my sister to speak to Mrs. Kale about her. I would, except that I am afraid the poor thing might lose her place. There is another door just off the little passage that she probably meant."

"Yes-probably. It was I that was

stupid."

"Oh! no, not at all. You must excuse the disorder you find. The fact is, this is our work-room, and we were just-I was just doing a little ironing to get these things finished. When your card was brought up -well, we both were-and as my sister is so much quicker, she ran to get ready and I thought I would just finish this when I was at it, and you would excuse me."

"Oh! I am so sorry. I wouldn't for anything have interrupted you," repeated the girl, observing how all the time she was trying unobtrusively to arrange her poor attire, rolling down her sleeves and smoothing her darned skirt, all the while with a furtive glance of her eye toward the door.

"Oh! my dear, I wouldn't have had you turned away for anything in the world. My sister would be désolée. We have a better room than this, where we usually receive our visitors. You will see what a nice room it is. We can't very well afford to have two rooms; but this is too small for us to live in comfortably and we have to keep it because it has a stationary wash-stand with hot water, which enables us to do our laundering."

"Yes, I see," murmured Miss Leigh

softly.

"You see, we earn our living by making under-clothes for-for a firm-

"I see, and what nice work you do." She was handling a garment softly.

"Yes, my sister does beautiful work; and I used to do pretty well, too; but I am troubled a little with my eyes lately. The light isn't very good at night—and the gas is so expensive. I don't see quite as well

visitor, who had been making a mental poverty, or the other in her poor "best," calculation.

"Why, I- It is hard to tell. I do the coarser work and my sister does the finishing; then she usually launders and I iron when I am able. I suffer with rheumatism so that I can't help her very much."

"I hope you make them pay you well for

it," blurted out the girl.
"Why, we used to get a very good price. We got till recently seven cents apiece, but now it has been cut down-that was for everything, laundering and ironing, too. We are glad to get that."

"How on earth do you manage to live

on it?"

"Oh! we live very well-very well, indeed," said the little lady cheerfully. "Mrs. Kale is very good to us. She lets us have the rooms cheaper than she would any one else. You see she used to know us when we lived back in the East. Her father was a clerk in our father's office, and her mother went to school with us. Then when we lost everything and were turned out, we found we had to make our own living and we came here to see about our case, and she found we were here-and that's the way we came to be here. But don't you let my sister know I told you about the sewing," she said, dropping her voice, as a brisk step was heard outside the door. "Ah! here she is now!" as at the moment the door opened and a brisk little old lady, almost the counterpart of her sister, except that she might have been ten years her junior, that is, sixty instead of seventy years of age, tripped into the room.

"Oh! my dear Miss Leigh, how good of you to come all the way out here to call on us! Sister, what in the world are you doing? Why will you do this? I can't keep her from amusing herself! (This with a shake of the head and a comical appeal for sympathy from her visitor.) Won't you walk into our sitting-room? Now, sister, do go and make yourself presentable. You know she will slave over all sorts of queer things. She really loves sewing and ironing. I'm quite ashamed to have you come into this pig-sty. Walk in, won't you?" And she led the way into a larger room adjoining the work-room, leaving Miss Leigh in doubt which was the more pathetic, the little old lady still delving over the ironing- it gaped a little in a new place.

"How much can you do?" asked her board, making no pretence to conceal their trying to conceal the straits in which they were fallen.

> Eleanor had observed that the older sister's gaze had constantly rested on the rose she wore, and as they were going out, the latter called her sister's attention to it. She said, she thought it possibly the most beautiful rose she had ever seen.

"Won't you have it?" said Eleanor, and

unpinned it.

"Oh! no, indeed, I wouldn't deprive you of it for anything. It is just where it ought

Eleanor persisted, and finally overcame both her reluctance and her sister's objec-

She was struck with the caressing way in which she took and held it, pressing it against her withered cheek.

"Sister, don't you remember the Giantof-Battles we used to have in our garden at Rosebank? This reminds me of it so-its

fragrance is just the same."

"Yes. We used to have a great many roses," explained the younger sister, as she led the way into the next room as if she were asking Eleanor into a palace, though this room was almost as bare of furniture as the other, the chief difference being an upright case which was manifestly a foldingbed, and a table on which were a score of books, and a few old daguerreotypes.

"Your friend, Mr. Marvel, was here the other day. What a nice young man

he is."

"Yes," said Eleanor. "I am going out to see him. Where has he moved to?" Miss Pansy said she did not know the street; but her sister had the address. She would go and see. When she came back, she went over and opened the old Bible ly-ing on the table. "Here is where we keep the addresses of those we especially value, she said, smiling. "Oh! here it is. When he was here the other day, he brought us a treat; a whole half-dozen oranges; won't you let me prepare you one? They are so delicious."

Eleanor, who had been holding a banknote clutched in her hand, thanked her with a smile, but said she must go. She walked across the room, and took up the Bible casually, and when she laid it down adventure," said Miss Pansy.

"An adventure? Tell me about it."

"Why, you must know there is a young man here I am sure must be some one in disguise. He is so-well, not exactly handsome, but really distinguished looking, and he knows all about railroads and things like that."

"You'd better look out for him," said

Miss Leigh.

"Oh, do you think so? My sister and I were thinking of consulting him about our affairs—our railroad case, you know."

"Oh! Well, what do you know about

him?"

"Nothing yet. You see, he has just come; but he joined us on the street this morning when we were going out-just shoppingand offered to take our bundles-just two little bundles we had in our hands, and was so polite. My dear, he has quite the grand air!"

"Oh, I see. Well, that does not necessarily make him a safe adviser. Why not let me ask my father about your matter. He is a railroad man, and could tell you in

a minute all about it.'

"Oh, could you? That would be so kind in you."

"But you must tell me the name of the

road in which you had the stock."

"Oh, my dear. I don't know that I can do that. I only know that it was the Transcontinental and something and something else. I know that much, because it was only about sixty miles long, and we used to say that the name was longer than the road. My father used to say that it would some day be a link in a transcontinental chain—that's where it got its name, you know."

"Well, look out for your prince in disguise," said the girl, smiling as she rose to

take her leave.

That evening at dinner, after Eleanor had given her father an account of her day, with which she always beguiled him, including a description of her visit to the two old ladies, she suddenly asked, "Father, what railroad was it that used to be known as the 'Transcontinental Something and Something?""

"The what?"

"The 'Transcontinental Something and more lit up with amusement. Something Else?' It was about sixty

"Oh, you know we have had quite an miles long, and was bought up by some bigger road and reorganized."

> "I suppose you mean the 'Transcontinental, Northwestern and Great Iron Range Road.' That about meets the condition you mention. What do you know about it?"

"Was it reorganized?"

"Yes; about twenty years ago, and again about ten years ago. I never quite understood the last reorganization. Mr. Argand had it done-and bought up most of the stock."

"Was any one squeezed out?"

"Sure-always are in such cases. That is the object of a reorganization-partly. Why are you so interested in it?" Mr. Leigh's countenance wore an amused look.

"I have two friends-old ladies-who lost everything they had in it."

"I guess it wasn't much. What is their

name?" "It was all they had. They are named

Tipps."

Mr. Leigh's expression changed from amusement to seriousness. Tipps?" he repeated reminiscently. "Bassett Tipps? I wonder if they were connected with Bassett Tipps?"

"They were his daughters-that was their father's name. I remember now,

Miss Pansy told me once.'

"You don't say so! Why, I used to know Colonel Tipps when he was the big man of this region. He commanded this department before I came out here to live, and the old settlers thought he was as great a man as General Washington. He gave old Argand his start. He built that road -was, in fact, a man of remarkable foresight, and if he had not been killed-Argand was his agent and general factotum— They didn't come into the reorganization, I guess?"

"That's it-they did not-and now they

want to get their interest back."

"Well, tell them to save their money," said Mr. Leigh. "It's gone-they can't get it back."

"They want you to get it back for them." "Me!" exclaimed Mr. Leigh. "They want me to get it back! Oh, ho-ho!"

"Yes; I told them you would."

"You did?" Mr. Leigh's eyes once

"Yes: you see they were robbed of



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"But you must not come in."-Page 324.

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every cent they had in the world, and they have not a cent left."

"Oh! no, they were not robbed. Everything was properly done and absolutely regular, as I remember. It must have been. I think there was some sort of claim presented afterward by the Tipps Estate which was turned down. Let me see; McSheen had the claim, and he gave it up -that was when? Let me see. He became counsel for your Uncle Argand inmust have been eighteen years ago."

"That was nineteen years ago, sir. I am now twenty," said his daughter, sitting up with a very grand air.

The father's eyes lit up with pride and affection as he gazed at the trim, straight figure and the glowing face.

"You were just a little baby—so big—" He measured a space of about two span with his hands. "That was your size then, for I know I thought your Uncle Argand might have made me counsel instead of McSheen. But he didn't. And that was McSheen's start."

"He sold out," said the girl with decision. "Oh, no-I don't think he would do that. He is a lawyer."

"Yes, he would. He's a horrid old diswhat year was it-you were a baby-it reputable rascal. I've always thought it, and now I know it. And I want you to get my old ladies' interest back for them.'

> "I can't do that. I'm a Director. No one can. It's too long ago. If they ever had a claim it's all barred, long ago.'

> "It oughtn't to be-if it was stolen," persisted his daughter, "and it was."

(To be continued.)

THE THIRD GENERATION

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



what impertinent.

"I get eight dollars a day for knowing my business,

madam. I've told you twice that the next train to Dalton goes at one."

Mrs. Braddock stared at him, angrily. "I shall report you."

"You can if you want to," laughed the

"Your time-table said-" Mrs. Braddock was interrupted by the impatient nudge of a boy's elbow.

"Let him go, mother. You can't do anything, anyhow. And here comes Uncle Curtin."

"I don't care. He'll find out if I can't do anything. To have to wait here a whole hour!"

"Next!" called the imperturbable man. Another woman crowded Mrs. Braddock

"Aren't you going to speak to Uncle train went at twelve o'clock?"

HE man who presided over Curtin?" asked the boy. He was tall and the Information Bureau in awkward and spectacled, and the hand the North Station was some- which closed about the books on his arm was neither gloved nor well cared for. Beside his elaborately dressed mother he looked like a servant.

For a moment Mrs. Braddock hesitated. Then, as if determining to make the best of an unpleasant situation, she walked briskly across the waiting-room. She even succeeded in forcing a smile to her lips. When she reached the other side of the station, the tall man, whom she had been following, had gone. Egbert came up lazily.

"He went out toward the train-shed," he said. "There he is."

They saw him again, as he stood, cane in hand, watching the immigrants in their pen at one end of the great shed, then, before they could reach him, he had walked out into the street.

"I guess he found out he was too early," said Egbert. "Did you write him that the



"A little louder," she said faintly. "Perhaps he is-asleep."-Page 338.

"Yes. It won't hurt him to wait. He Farms or Pride's Crossing. The boy was has nothing to do."

The boy selected a seat in the waitingroom, and his mother sank down beside him with a great rustle of silk. She clasped her hands tightly in her lap, and frowned. as though she were a masseuse. Then the frown went into her handsome eves. She seemed deeply preoccupied, she saw noth- they don't like him. I wasn't coming out ing of the shifting crowd, the farmers from "down East," the gayly clad immigrants, the aristocrats on their way to Beverley

disturbed by the multitudinous noises, the roar of trains, the shrill cries of children, the laughter, the talking.

"I don't know what you had to bring me for," he said, impatiently. "Why couldn't Presently she began to smooth her forehead you have brought one of the girls? They are older than I."

"Your grandfather doesn't like them and alone to see those two men. Not to such a house."

"Suppose grandfather won't do it?"

Mrs. Braddock laughed.

"Won't do it! He'll jump at it. I know him."

When Curtin Braddock finally joined them, they were seated in the train. Mrs. Braddock flushed when she saw him coming. Even if she had not hated him because he always opposed her in family councils, she would have been uncomfortable in his presence. He was so superbly good-looking, and apparently so exquisitely well-bred. When, thirty years before, she had married his brother Rollin, she had felt his disapproval. She had been angrily certain that his brilliant story, "The Mesalliance," had been a covert sneer at her. She had seen almost nothing of him for ten vears. She heard of him in Boston, or the papers said that he had gone abroad, or that he had written another clever book. They had come faster of late years, since he had lost the money which his father had settled upon him when he came of age. It was because she knew that he was poor that his sister-in-law relied so confidently upon his aid in the errand upon which she had come. He would call her crazy at first, but afterward he would realize that she was the only one in the family who was really clear-sighted and wise.

He looked down at Egbert after he had spoken to Mrs. Braddock. The boy sat awkwardly, his hand-clasp was limp, he did not take off his hat. Mrs. Braddock flushed again. She knew the boy was loutish; that was the way he was made. She had been too busy trying to make fifty dollars do the work of a hundred, and to make the girls attractive, to spend much time on Egbert. Nevertheless, she resented Curtin's glance.

"Let your Uncle Curtin sit down here, Egbert, and you sit in front of us," she commanded.

Egbert obeyed, dropping his books, and almost losing his balance as he gathered them up. His mother looked out the window, until Curtin sat down beside her.

"I suppose you wonder why I want to see you and your father," she began.

"Yes," answered Curtin. He was a man of few words. His father, in moments of anger, often accused him of being too lazy to speak.

"You can't imagine any reason why we, as a family, should want to get together?"

"No.

"I never heard of such people," Mrs. Braddock said, passionately. "You don't seem to care, you don't watch over your own affairs, you don't have any regard for my children, you let thousands of dollars go to waste, you——"

Egbert turned to look at his mother. "The whole car will hear you," he said,

"I don't care who hears me," answered Mrs. Braddock. But she lowered her voice.

"But, my dear Emma!" said Curtin.
"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you know that we might have five hundred thousand dollars for the asking? Five hundred thousand dollars that other people are enjoying. It belongs to you and your father and my children, and you won't take it."

Curtin folded his hands over his cane.
"You must be mad," he said, forgetting
for once his fine manners.

"I am not mad." Mrs. Braddock spoke more slowly, as though she were afraid he might rise and go away. "It is all perfectly true. Your great-grandfather left five hundred thousand dollars to Braddock College—""

"Oh, nonsense, Emma! We could no more—"

"Listen to me! They were to forfeit it, and it was to revert to the estate, if they didn't do certain things."

"What things?"
"Their president was to be an ordained minister, that was one. And they were to require Hebrew of every student, and—oh, I can't remember what they are, but I have it down in writing. I have a copy of the will, and a copy of their catalogue. They've had the money so long they've grown care-

Curtin smiled scornfully. "How did you find it out?"

less, thev-

"I was up there last summer. It made me sick to see all those fine buildings when we're so poor."

"But what put you on the track of this?"
He almost said, "of this madness."

"I thought there might be some way to get it back."

A dull flush came into Curtin's cheek.
"It's too late," he said. "It's been sixty
years."



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"It won't do you any good to talk, not if you talk a hundred years."—Page 341.

"No, it isn't too late. I don't know whether your great-grandfather said this in his will, or whether it's only the law in such cases, but we can get it back in your father's lifetime."

"How do you know?"

Mrs. Braddock stammered in her excitement. It was the name of her lawyer which made the thing so blessedly certain.

"I went to Lorado Gray," she said. "He says there isn't any question about it. All that needs to be done is for your father to apply. Their own catalogue proves our case. They've—they've thrown the money away, back to us where it belongs."

Curtin turned to look at her. For the first time in their acquaintance they saw

each other with friendly eves.

"Did you discover all this—suddenly?"
"No," she confessed, frankly. "I worked
for weeks till I found it all. And then I
couldn't believe it till I went to Lorado
Gray. He says there can't be any defense,
that it is ours, ours, ours."

It was a long time before Curtin spoke again. He stared past the unkempt head of his nephew, while the snow-covered New England landscape glided slowly by. He was oblivious to the discomfort of the jolting stops, he did not hear the angry screaming of a child in the car.

"Are you really poor, Emma?" he asked

finally.

"Oh, we get along. But the girls should marry, and I can't take them out as I ought. Think of having five hundred thousand dollars to divide among us!"

"It would be-heaven!" answered Cur-

tin.

In an hour the train stopped, jerkingly, at Dalton. Egbert scrambled down first, without the least thought of helping his mother, and Curtin, who was behind her, could not save her from stepping almost knee-deep into the snow. The people on the station platform eyed them curiously as they started up the street. It was unusual now, since almost all the Braddock family had died or had gone away, to see three such prosperous-looking persons.

It was bitterly cold, but in their enchantment they were conscious of no discomfort, until they came opposite to the house itself, standing far back beneath its pine-trees, through whose thick shade the sun never penetrated. The house, once white, was dingy, the shutters were closed. It was the epitome of desolation and neglect.

"I haven't been here for five years," said

Mrs. Braddock, shivering.

"Nor I," answered Curtin. "I—I was abroad, you know, that is, most of the time." "Oh, you needn't apologize," laughed his sister-in-law, grimly. "It hasn't been

an especially pleasant place to come to."

She went through the broken gate, lifting her skirts carefully above the snow.

"We'll have to go round to the diningroom," she said. "I don't suppose there's anybody here to open the door."

Curtin knocked, first with his hand, then with his cane. There was no answer. What if the old man should be dead? Lorado Gray had said that only he could apply to the courts. Panic-stricken, Mrs. Braddock turned to her brother-in-law, and their eyes met in frightened understanding.

"A little louder," she said faintly. "Per-

haps he is-asleep."

The "Come in" which answered Curtin's pounding was so shrill, that Mrs. Braddock clutched his arm, in a mixture of fright and relief. Once inside the door, they stood for a moment, silently. Curtin's eyes saw first of all the well-remembered grandeur of the room, its splendid proportions, its fine old fireplace, and the noble portrait of his great-grandfather, the most famous man of his day. Then the indescribable slovenliness of the place struck more than one of his senses. He was conscious of both impressions before he saw his father, who stood beyond the great dining-table. He was grandeur and slovenliness combined, the fine head and face of the portrait masked by a week's growth of white beard, and almost brutalized by drink and dissipation. There was none of the joviality of the confirmed drinker about him, his supply of liquor was now too poor in quality and quantity to keep him cheerful. Curtin could foresee the passionate delight with which he would receive their story. He almost wished they had written to him instead of coming.

osperous-looking persons.

The old man bade them sit down. Curlit was bitterly cold, but in their enchantgraph they are supported to the first than the state of the first than the state of the sta

them for once.

"What did you come for?" he asked.

"Because—" Curtin went across the

standing far back beneath its pine-trees, "Because—" Curtin went across the through whose thick shade the sun never room and took him by the hand. "Because penetrated. The house, once white, was we have some good news for you, father."



Dration by F. C. Yohn.

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He stood beneath the picture, his face twitching. -Page 341.

"Humph!" said the old man. He looked sharply at them, as though he expected to see the good news in their hands.

It was Mrs. Braddock who told the

story.

"I was up in Braddock last summer, father, and I saw all the fine college buildings they have bought with the income of your grandfather's money, and it seemed so terrible for him to have given it away from his own children, and—"

"He gave his children a lot," said the old man, shrilly. "He was the only Braddock who was ever worth his salt. His college will be there when we are dead."

"But, listen, father. I thought—I thought it wasn't fair for them to have it when we

are so poor----"

"Poor!" cried the old man. "You are not poor with your fine house and your fine

clothes. I am poor!"

"I know," said Mrs. Braddock. "I know you are poor. But it is nonsense for you to be poor. Listen, father. I got his will, and he said if they didn't do certain things, the money would come back to us. And—"

"Not to you." His old dislike for her flared up. "Not to you. To me."

"Yes, father, to you." Her eyes blazed, but her voice was quiet. "To you and to Curtin and to Rollin's children. They were to do certain things, and they haven't done them."

"What things?"

"Their president was to be a minister, and all the students were to study Hebrew. And there are other things. They——"

"Bosh!" said the old man. "What does a minister know about a college? What does a boy want with Hebrew? Does your

boy know Hebrew?"

"But listen, father. You don't see the point. If they didn't do those things the money was to be taken away. I went to Lorado Gray, and he says we can have it back."

The sound of that mighty name seemed finally to make the old man understand. He sat down, heavily.

"He said we could take it away from 'em?"

"Yes, we can take it away from them. Five hundred thousand dollars."

Curtin turned to her once more.

"Are you sure, Emma?"

"Sure, sure, sure," she answered, jubiantly.

The old man propped his head against his clasped hands.

"Did Lorado Gray say anything else about taking the money away from 'em?" he asked.

Mrs. Braddock flushed.

"He said it was legal," she answered, sharply. "Isn't that enough?"

"And you want me to apply for it?" The old man's mind seemed to be quickening.

"Yes. Mr. Gray will come out to see you. You won't have any trouble, father, but only comfort, luxury, everything you want."

The old man looked at her, grimly.

"What do you want with money? You've held on to enough."

reid on to enough.

"Enough? One never has enough. My girls must have dowers; they must have, oh, a thousand things. They have a name to live up to."

"A name! Bosh! Fifty years ago we had a name." He turned suddenly toward young Egbert. "What do you want money

for?"

"Oh, lots of things," answered the boy vaguely. He had been looking first of all about the room, then up to his great-grandfather's portrait, then down upon his grandfather, and the sight seemed to frighten him.

"And you, Curtin?"

"I? What do I not want money for? What do you want money for, father?"

"I don't want it," the old man shouted.

"Not that way."

"Not that way!" repeated Mrs. Braddock. "It's perfectly legal and right. They oughtn't to have it. They haven't obeyed him. It ought to be taken away from them as a punishment, they——"

The old man threw back his head and

laughed.

"Punishment! We punish anybody! Because they've dropped Hebrew? Ye gods! Who is to punish us if we get it?"

"Why should we be punished?"

"Do you think he would give it to me, or to you? To squander? Where's the rest of his money gone?"

"Do you mean to say you won't apply

for it?" she faltered.

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean." He lifted himself out of his chair, and stood

looking down upon them. trembled.

"Father," began Curtin.

"It won't do you any good to talk, not if you talk a hundred years."

Mrs. Braddock began to speak once more. "You might just as well have some of it while you live," she said, cunningly.

"Do you mean that you will get it after I am dead? Did Gray tell you that?"

"Yes." Her eyes commanded Curtin to be still. They seemed to say that a lie or two did not matter.

"Then Gray doesn't know what he's talking about. I know a little about law. I don't believe he said anything of the kind. And I won't do it." His voice rose to a shrill cry, as though he were an old, old woman. "I won't do it."

A stick of wood in the fireplace fell from the andirons and lay blazing upon the hearth. Then the old clock struck one, two, three, four. Their train left at five, and they had a long walk to the station. Mrs. Braddock crossed the room with her delicate rustle of silk against silk, and laid he would curse the day he was born." her hand on the old man's arm.

"Listen, father, it would mean comfort for you again, and horses and drink," her eyes met Curtin's and dropped before them, "and perhaps Ellen Tavish would come back to keep house for you, and-

Young Egbert's lips opened in a question.

"Who is Ellen Tavish?"

His uncle Curtin sprang to his feet.

"Emma! Have you no mercy? And no sense?"

But Mrs. Braddock's voice went smoothly on, recalling to the old man the sins of his youth, the evil consolations which he had allowed himself in his loneliness after his wife's death.

"-and you could forget all this poverty and misery, father. If you will only

apply!"

The old man's face was hidden in his hands. His was the proverbial third gen-eration from honor. It was scarcely likely that in his feebleness and age he could resist face in his hands, sobbing.

His mouth the temptations before which he had fallen in his youth. He lifted his head. His face was altogether evil. There had been but one thing left in which he could take pride. the college which his grandfather had established. That still held the Braddock name above the dishonor with which he and his sons had surrounded it. Why not let that go also? Since Lorado Gray was willing to take the case, it was already won. It was true that money had ruined them. It had made of his name a byword, it had sent Rollin to a drunkard's grave, it had-Horror of the past overcame him. But if money had ruined them, it should serve them now till they died, him, who was so desperately poor, Curtin whom he despised. Emma whom he hated, and this boy who would some day go like the rest. Let Ellen Tavish come back!

He looked at them all, one after the other, and then at the portrait above the fireplace. Suddenly he turned upon them.

"Get out of my house!" he shouted. "Go and never come back. If he knew you,

Curtin turned to watch his sister-in-law. What would she do now? Then he saw that young Egbert had moved. He stood beneath the picture, his face twitching. He looked like his grandfather in his wretchedness before him, and his great-great-grandfather, statesman, soldier, philanthropist, above his head. Curtin afterward tried to put the whole thing into a story, all his father's misery and Emma's commonness. Against them, he set the sudden, leaping pride and ambition in young Egbert's eyes. He said it was as though a torch had passed visibly from the dead hand in the picture to the young, living hand beneath. The boy was crying, his voice choked, he could hardly speak.

"Don't say that, grandfather! I am going to study and work and try! Don't,

grandfather!"

Then, when the birth-pang of his soul grew too intolerable for speech, he hid his



ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

SPORT



notice the omission of a men. chapter on sport. A few

a certain amount; upon the students' in Germany; upon big-game shooting in some parts of Russia, and upon bull-fighting in Spain, would suffice to give an idea of the relative importance of sport in those countries.

It is very different in England. The first thing to attract my attention on this my latest visit to England, was the announcement on all the newspaper bulletins: England's Big Task. I happened to know that the Prime Minister was seriously ill, that there was fierce debating in the House of Commons upon the new estimates for the Navy, and upon the new licensing bill just brought in by Mr. Asquith, and that there was fighting upon the frontier of India, with a certain tribe of natives. But England's big task had nothing to do with these trivial matters. An English cricket eleven was playing in Australia. The Australian eleven in their second innings had made an unexpectedly big score, and England's big task was to beat that

Though England may be fighting some-Unless the war is a very important one, and take them. Simplicity easily beats out

one were writing of France, there is more interest taken in the playing of Germany, of Italy, of Rus- than in the fighting. They are verily a nasia, of Spain, no one would tion of game-players and outdoor sports-

If we could know just what circumpages upon hunting and stances, and what environment our children shooting in France, of which there is still would be born to, and what tasks they would be set to do, we could in time do as duelling, and the hunting of the wild boar well with them as with horses and dogs. The trouble lies not in heredity, but in the haphazard of what awaits them. A horse is bred to run, or to trot, or to draw heavy loads, and we know exactly what we expect of him twenty years before he is born. With ourselves it is different. Few parents know what a son will be called upon to face at the age of twenty-one. Whether there will be a war and he must serve his country in arms; whether family fortunes will be on the ebb and he must make money; whether a friend will offer him a start in anything, from a machine-shop to a newspaper office. It is impossible even to train him for a pursuit, or a profession, that is still in the hazy distance. Civilization is the great disintegrator. As we become rich we dissipate our energies, we think of our dinners, our horses, our dogs, our friends, our books, our clubs, our travelling. A little strength and power goes to each. The peasant, the poor man, must perforce direct all his powers to one end, and often he becomes master there, while the rich become weak and small in scattered interwhere in her vast dominions all the time, ests. So families cannot keep their places, she is also playing somewhere all the time. The rough and poor and strong come in

of wealth and power. Until we can overcome this ever-present obstacle to the sucit would seem, is an unnecessary philosophy. Nature beats socialism hollow at her own game.

The English common-sense comes to the fore again in an attempt to solve this problem. She is old enough to know from experience that the world is still ruled by men, and in all probability will be for a long time to come. She breeds men therefore as strong and simple as she can. In these islands sport is not a dissipation for idlers, it is a philosophy of life. They believe in it as a bulwark against effeminacy and decay.

A congregational minister makes a speech in which he confesses to "a feeling of bitter humiliation" when he reads that the Prime Minister is the owner of a Derby winner, and stands to win or lose thousands of pounds on the race. Lord Roseberry's attention having been called to this speech by a political opponent, he replies as follows: "Sir, I am desired by Lord Roseberry to thank you for your letter and its enclosure. He will offer no opinion on the latter, for these matters should be dealt with according to the good taste, Christian charity, and knowledge of facts possessed by each person who touches on them." The letter is signed by the Prime Minister's secretary. Lord Roseberry is one of the most accomplished Englishmen of the day. He considers it lacking in Christian charity, to abuse him for owning and breeding a great race horse. So do probably more than eight out of ten of his countrymen. From top to bottom of English society, from the Prime Minister to the Yorkshire foot-baller, sport is almost as much a part of national existence, as eating and drinking.

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Harvard University, not many years ago, conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts, upon a young Englishman, who devotes a good deal of his time to studying and furthering the interest in wholesome sport. It was Mr. Lehman, a graduate of Cambridge University, England, who received this distinguished mark of his acceptability to the powers that be at Harvard, and this in spite of the fact that the crews he coached were woefully beaten by that justifies the expenditure.

complexity and dissipation in a few gener- Yale. He was recognized as typical of one ations. Hence the constant redistribution very prominent feature of British civilization. And so he was.

An accepted authority upon all matters cessful breeding of human beings, socialism of sport in England has compiled some figures as to the investments and expenditures upon sport, by the forty odd millions of inhabitants of Great Britain. His estimates, when they have been criticised, have been criticised mainly because they were too low.

His estimates are as follows:

		Invested	Spent annually
Fox-hunting		\$78,035,000	\$43,190,000
Shooting .		20,335,000	40,640,000
Fishing		2,750,000	2,945,000
Racing		41,610,000	52,965,000
Yachting .		28,000,000	15,160,000

But even these sums are not the whole of the budget, for he adds:

or the bu	ug	,	101	ne adds.	Spent
				Invested	annually
Coursing				\$2,600,000	\$1,587,000
Coaching				1,451,250	1,188,975
Polo				435,000	552,500

Golf (there are some seven hundred and fifty Golf Links in Great Britain) counts for \$2,625,000 invested in laying out of links, building club-houses, purchase of clubs, bags, etc., etc., and \$3,627,750 annual expenditures for labor, up-keep of club-houses, and for caddies, professionals, and other necessary expenses, including travelling.

travening.			Spent
		Invested	annually
Rowing		\$1,420,000	\$2,871,500
Football and		E2 81 E 000	E8 E60 000

These figures have not been seriously questioned, except to add to their totals, so that we may conclude that some \$233,066,250 are invested permanently, and \$223,887,-725 spent annually for sport. There is, in short, an investment in sport of some five dollars and twenty-five cents for each man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, and a slightly smaller sum spent each year for sport. When aggregate investments and expenditures, reach such figures as these, we may be sure that the people who tax themselves thus heavily have, or believe they have, satisfied themselves that there is a valuable equivalent of some kind, report an analysis of the athletic games played during the past twelvemonth in parks and open spaces of London. The following table is of interest:

Games					laces	Grounds provided	Games played
Bowls .					15	74	24,749
Cricket		٠			35	452	28,904
Croquet	0				22	31	1,535
Foot-ball					35	231	16,228
Hockey					23	39	2,246
Lacrosse					5	7	120
Lawn Ter	nni	S			40	476	102,649
Quoits .			٠	٠	20	36	2,063

Travel by train or motor anywhere in England and you see games being playedparticularly if it be a Saturday—from one end of the country to the other. The open spaces of England seem to be given over to men and some women batting, kicking, or hitting a ball. The attendance at games on a Saturday is very large. Even in these days of distress in the ship-building and cotton industries, when the problem of the unemployed is a serious one, there is no lack of sixpences and shillings to gain entry to the foot-ball games. Even at the beginning of the foot-ball season the gate receipts show an attendance of more than 200,000 people. When the big and final games take place I have calculated that out of the male adult population of England and Wales on a great foot-ball Saturday one in every twenty-seven is in attendance at a game of some sort, and this leans to the error of being too few, rather than too many.

The domestic exports of the United Kingdom in 1905 were slightly over thirtyeight dollars per head, while the expenditure and investment for sport is about ten dollars per head, or a little more than onefourth as much. Excluding troops and expenditure on troops serving outside the United Kingdom, England only spent the paltry sum of \$75,000,000 on her army in 1907, and the cost of her naval armament in the same year was only \$167,500,000, both together considerably less than was spent for sport. The capital value of diversion. The lad at his rowing, his licenses to kill game bring in a revenue the training.

The London County Council give in their to the State of something over \$925,000 per annum.

> In a territory of some 19,000,000 acres in Scotland, 3,481,000 acres are preserved and devoted to deer forests alone.

> It is not to be wondered at then, that England has been described by one of her more irascible sons, who was probably not interested in sport, as: "the paradise of the rich, the purgatory of the poor, and the hell of the wise."

> We are not convinced that the writer of this description is right. The bookish man is probably disheartened by the size of the sport budget of his country, and by the enormous amount of time and energy thus expended. On the other hand, when we examine the results, and gather together the threads of what Englishmen have accomplished all over the world, nobody but a blind man can conceal from himself, that certain virile qualities of character have, thus far in the world's progress, dominated the more intellectual and philosophical traits.

> Not only are muscles and sinews strengthened and hardened, but the temper and the will are trained as well. The man who learns to spar, for example, not only schools his eye and his hands and his feet to respond quickly when called upon, but he learns also, and what is far more important, to keep his temper under control, and to take a pounding cheerfully; and if a man can translate these lessons to serve in the larger affairs of life, where temper is often tempted, and where poundings are meted out to all of us with even impartiality, he has learned a valuable lesson. As Stevenson puts it: "our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

Every sport has the valuable effect of diverting both mind and body. A sharp gallop, a round of golf, a week's yachting, a day's shooting or fishing, changes the current of one's thoughts, and rests the mind as well as the body. All the benefits to be had from sport group themselves under these two heads, of training and the sporting rents advertised by a single foot-ball, his cricket, or his tennis, needs firm of land agents one season not long the training more than the diversion; while ago, reckoning the letting value at four his father, riding, shooting, golfing, or per cent., amounted to \$43,750,000. The yachting, needs the diversion more than

the inhabitants thereof, until very recently, needed no sports for their training or their diversion. Building roads, and bridges, and houses, and railroads, and canals, and defending the same from their savage neighbors were enough. Civilization in those rough years was hard training enough, and every citizen was obliged to play the game whether he liked it or not. But increased prosperity, and above all, steam and electricity, not only in America but in Europe, have done away with the necessity for constant physical exercise, or for daily deeds of daring. The best of mankind, however, know intuitively that luxury is the most insidious of all foes. If we are no longer obliged to ride, or to walk, in order to see our friends or to attend to our business, then we turn to and make a business of riding, walking, shooting, fishing, climbing mountains and hunting wild game, in order to keep alive in us the hardier virtues, which, in the beginning, made our forefathers capable of winning a place for us in the world. As the necessity for self-defence and great exertion to provide food lessen, field sports become more popular.

It is often said as an objection to this argument, that a man can learn self-control and show high courage just as well by doing his duty, whatever and wherever it happens to be. It is not necessary that we should have wars, or rough games, like foot-ball or polo to steady the nerves of men, to give them courage, and to teach them to take care of themselves. The controversies and temptations and hard tasks of daily life are enough. This is true in a way. Taking care of a peevish child who is ill, is a tremendous test of patience and gentleness. Bearing the frowns of fortune with cheerfulness and in silence, shows courage. Keeping oneself well in hand through the various worries of daily life, in business, profession, or in the home, is a constant schooling of the nerves. Riding a horse over a five-barred gate, or across a water-jump, is a test of horsemanship, but before these can be successfully negotiated it is necessary to have some training at simpler feats of riding. It is the same, with these other matters. He who has learned self-control, fair-play, and good temper at his games, finds it easier to exercise

The first settlers in America, indeed all e inhabitants thereof, until very recently, seded no sports for their training or their version. Building roads, and bridges, and railroads, and canals, and fending the same from their savage ighbors were enough. Civilization in ose rough years was hard training ough, and every citizen was obliged to at increased prosperity, and above all, eam and electricity, not only in America at in Europe, have done away with the

Perhaps there is no severer test of a man's all-round abilities than his power to govern wisely; at any rate the governing races of to-day are races of sportsmen. The peoples who are inheriting the earth to-day are the peoples who play games, perhaps because their contests make them meek! France with her violent attempts in the last hundred years to reduce all life to a philosophical system, has a decreasing birth-rate, and has become of second-rate importance as a world power. In fact, every fresh compilation of statistics helps to show that this declining birth-rate is not a passing phase. The latest figures available for Paris, those for 1007, show that an actual shrinkage of the population is a fact. In spite of the fact that the marriage rate has been on an ascending scale for the last twenty-five years, and that the death-rate has had, on the whole, a tendency to lower, the population does not increase. Last year there were 50,811 births against 50,400 deaths, a margin of only 312 to the good. But even this is not accurate, since some 30 per cent. of babies born in Paris are sent away to the country to be nursed. Their births appear in the Paris registers, but if they die in infancy, their deaths are recorded in the provincial commune where the death takes place. Thus Paris escapes having to record nearly one-third of the infant mortality which might reasonably be expected in the City's death roll. Whether it be the lack of the sporting instinct or not, there is no gainsaying this proof of lack of breeding power. And when it is added that only recently France was obliged to dismiss her Secretary of Foreign Affairs at the demand of the German Emperor, her situation as a world power becomes pathetically inferior.

The traveller in Spain has seen that the

country than an enormous cheese to preare the more dangerous accordingly. In- name. deed, it is an open question whether Engfish alliance with these varnished savages has not done more to menace Saxon civilization, both in Europe and in America, than any diplomatic step that has been taken for centuries.

We have seen something of the origins of the English race in another chapter, and we have seen, too, something of their almost universal desire to be let alone, and to be governed only up to that point where individual freedom is least interfered with. Their love of the land, and their outdoor life, have prevailed through all the centuries since they became possessed of what is now

Great Britain.

There is a rational philosophy back of this interest in sport. Only a race of strong men, fighting men, can keep themselves free from enemies abroad and enemies at home, as they have done, and conquer the world to boot. Sport is merely artificial work, artificial adventure, artificial colonizing, artificial war. It is shooting at a mark because there are no enemies to shoot at; it is keeping the muscles hard and the nerves steady, and the head, heart and body under control, by a subterfuge, now that the real necessity has passed. And though there are, perhaps, higher and better tests of patience and self control and courage than are required at foot-ball, hunting, or golf, there is certainly no better preparation to bear those tests, than the schooling one gets by playing these games.

There is, of course, another side to this question, that no one can afford to overlook. There is a marked difference between a game played for training or diversion, and a game played as a business and

salient characteristics of the race are over- business, and there is nothing more degradweening personal pride, untrustworthing than to give all one's time and energy ness and cruelty. The sordid stealing on to the lighter, or to the physical side of life. all sides by Russians during the war with That is not training nor diversion, but Japan needs no repetition here. The Chi-merely a debauchery of brutality. Society nese despise unnecessary physical exercise, is good, sport is good, novel reading is good and can scarcely be driven to fight, and as a diversion or a rest from more serious they are no more capable of defending their matters, but any one of them taken up as a business, as a vocation, makes but a sad vent itself being eaten. On the other hand, return to its devotee. Sport as a profession, Japan is a nation of athletes whose prowess I quite agree, breeds more bullies, boasthas only lately been discovered, and they ers and tricksters, than anything else I can

Sport, too, even in the hands of amateurs land's hypocritical and short-sightedly sel- may produce these same vulgar qualities. England has suffered severely along these lines, because here sport has so many more participants. The gentleman sharpers, welshers, and blacklegs, at racing, pigeon shooting, and cards, are too largely recruited from the English. Only within the last few years a turf scandal involving two gentlemen of high rank and another of no rank, either socially or morally, disclosed a degree of infamous chicanery unworthy of a Chinese gambling hell. Race horses have been poisoned, pigeon shots have sold themselves to the book-makers and so on. This indeed is the grave danger to sport among a people whose tastes are predominantly physical. An hundred years ago you might have seen in a certain English village, the village idiot taken out on fair days, and chained to a stake on the village green, that he might have an airing, there, in all probability, to be teased by the local loafers. A subscription for Tom Sayers, the prize-fighter, was headed by Lord Palmerston, and subscribed to by most of the members of the House of Commons of the day. Prize-fighting, cock-fighting, bull- and bear-baiting, rat-hunting, dog-fighting, fights between men and dogs, and the like, were favorite pastimes not only of the masses, but also of the gentry, not an hundred years ago.

The great Prime Minister of the early days of Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne, remarked that he liked the Order of the Garter, because "there is no damned merit

connected with it!"

There are people in the world who are of a very coarse-grained moral fibre, of a very animal make-up, people who do not realize that it was not the absence of costume, but for a salary. That is no longer sport but the presence of innocence, which made the

happiness of the garden of Eden. A disproportionate number of these people are inhabitants of the British Isles. There are many fortunate results due to their predominating animal characteristics, but there are also disagreeable features of that same temperament, that even the most friendly critic may not overlook. The intense love of sport is founded upon this virile temperament, which must, of course, have its bad side. Fortunately for them they have been the nation who have undertaken, and, be it said, accomplished, some of the greatest feats of conquering and governing, that the world has known. These adventures over-seas, and their untiring devotion to sport at home, have subdued and kept within bounds the animal side of them, though it has, and does still, crop out at times in evil practices.

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A people of this type, somewhat indifferent to intellectual interests of any kind, are almost driven to exercise in some form, and their climate is a still further incentive.

Possibly the greatest foe to an orderly and useful life is monotony. The human mind, and the human body, wear out easily if they are subjected day in and day out, to a steady repetition of the same thing. The brain worker must change from his mathematics to a novel, or from history to the study of a new language, or he finds his mind getting rusty. The man who goes from house to office and back again, seeing the same faces, doing the same duties, conning over the same figures; or the teacher going over and over again the same tasks; or the judge hearing every day the same round of quarrels, definitions and criticisms, grow restless and tired. No one of these may recognize that monotony is at the bottom of his troubles, but the drip, drip, drip, wears the stone away. Drink, dissipation, wickedness of various kinds are put down to various causes-to disappointment, to failure, to lack of self-control—but in reality, back of all these is monotony. These failures and shipwrecks could not stand the deadly strain of such a life, and did not realize that change was the medicine they needed. For the great mass of men, to go away, to travel, to change the whole environment of life, is impossible. Just here is where sport comes in in our artificial civilization to help us out. In Great Britain, for example, there are some thirty thou-

sand cricket and foot-ball clubs alone, the members of which come from all classes of society. Hands from the factories, clerks in small shops, tradespeople, and the lesser professional men, all take a hand. All through the English provinces there are no distinctions of class at their games.

This rather heavy, muscular people keep their health, and their heads, and their happiness, by this almost universal participation in some form of sport. It is their way of letting off steam, which every individual and every nation must have for safety's sake, in some form or other. If one computed the amount of wealth and territory brought to acknowledge the British flag by travellers, explorers, sportsmen, by adventurous botanists, fishermen and the like, the two hundred odd millions spent for sport annually would seem a small sum indeed.

Newspapers of the most conservative bias devote columns every morning to the doings of the sportsmen. Cricket, foot-ball, racing, hunting, in all their details, are chronicled and discussed, and advertised, with the same seriousness, as are speeches in parliament, dispatches from the seat of war, and international diplomatic affairs. The classic races, such as the Derby, the Oaks, the Grand National, are the theme of long newspaper articles months and months before they take place; and the betting odds against this and that horse are published each morning six months or more before he is to run, as regularly as the stock-market quotations.

If the King's horse, or the Prime Minister's horse wins the Derby, or any one of the great classic races, the owner, as he leads the horse back to the paddock, is received with tumultuous cheering. This is true of any owner fortunate enough to win such a race, but for the King, or a popular statesman, the ovation is almost frenzied. There, at any rate, the whole population is unanimous to a man; a good sportsman is universally popular.

Prowess at any sport is counted upon as a telling factor in the availability of a candidate for office. A candidate for parliamentary honors, lets it be known as widely as possible, that he is an old "Blue," of either Oxford or Cambridge; or that he has played for England at cricket or foot-ball, or won honors in some one or other of their many games, or been an adventurous

traveller, or a great hunter or fisherman. These things help his candidacy, if not more, quite as much as any qualities of intellect, unless he be a statesman who has

already won his spurs.

The stranger, whether American or other foreigner, is at a loss to understand much of the workings of the political, and social life of England until he has become thoroughly imbued with the idea, that sport is a much more serious, and much more widely distributed interest here, than anywhere else in the world. In England, some form of sport is either the reminiscence or the avocation of practically every man who has been, or is physically capable of playing a game, or taking part in some form of field sports.

It is the only country in the world which supports not only a number of weekly and monthly periodicals devoted to sport, but also two, if not more, daily journals exclusively given over to the chronicling of racing and game playing. The Sportsman is a recognized and well-edited daily paper, to be found at every club and in many houses. The betting odds, present and prospective, the official starting prices, appear daily, as well as columns of news dealing with the exercise from day to day and the comparative merits of all horses in

training.

The King breeds and races horses, and is the conspicuous and, be it said, a long way the most popular, person present at all the great race meetings. The Prince of Wales is one of the half-dozen best shots in England, and I am not far wrong in saying that his prowess as a shot does more to endear him to Englishmen than any other ability he may have. The Speaker of the House of Commons fences, and shoots, and rides to hounds. Lord Brassey is a yachtsman of reputation, who has devoted himself to the service of the Navy as an editor, and has ruled a distant colony with distinction. Lord Onslow is an authority on harness horses, and a big game shooter of long experience, as well as a valuable servant of the state; and so one might go on with an interminable list of distinguished Englishmen who are as well known for their prowess at some form of sport as for their ability, uprightness and self-sacrifice as political servants of their country.

The very speech of the Englishman savours of sport. "He did it off his own bat." "He put his money on the wrong horse." "This is a painful game." "Let us," or "we had better change the bowling." "I don't think he can go the distance." "It is an odds on chance," or about anything the Englishman is apt to express his feelings in the words of the bookmaker and say: "Oh, I should call it a three to one," or "a five to one," or "a six to four chance." "It isn't cricket," or "it isn't playing the game" refers to any underhand or not quite straight conduct. These and countless other expressions serve to express distinctions and differences even of a subtle kind. If you have hunted in Ireland for a winter you come away convinced that most of the stock phrases in conversation are invented by the horses. The universal use of "fit" to express one's condition, and of "feed" for eat, are constant reminders of that habitation, dearest of all to the hearts of so many Englishmen, the Stable.

I have never forgotten the slovenly grooms, the staring coats of the horses, the bad smells, and the generally unkempt appearance of the stables of the King of Spain in Madrid. They spoil their children in the Latin countries and neglect their horses; while in England the stables are in many cases better and more comfortably furnished than the nurseries. As a result, both the English children and the English horses are superior! There is a kindness which is cruel and a harshness which is kind. This nation of sportsmen make this subtle distinction unerringly. Why, one asks. They are not philosophers, No. They think little of the intricacies and niceties of living, and discuss such matters even less. It is God's air, and life on the land, and wholesome bodies which guide them aright in such matters. It is only of late, when the population is shifting from the land to the towns, that they seem to be losing the sterling qualities that are their heritage. They are the last race of all to be fuddled and disturbed by new religions, new theories of government, new solutions of the problem of existence; in short, that effervesence of semi-education which is posing as the interpreter of God and man all over the democratic world. We in America are so much older, so much more weary than they are, and it is with

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some regret that one sees nowadays that ball and foot-ball teams and varsity eights, as they were. The greatest Englishman of letters now living, Rudyard Kipling, writes of:

"The flannelled fools at the wickets. "The muddied oafs at the goals."

He is much too sure an interpreter of all things English to mean that quite as it stands. His writing is the incarnation in words of ever youthful England. Like other wise men, he is incensed sometimes that his countrymen play so much. If I were an Englishman I should pray God that my countrymen might never play less so long as they played the game. It is the men in the closets, not the men in the fields and on the seas, who breed sorrow, suspicion and envy; and the Englishman is not so dull as it might appear when he pins his faith to the outdoor man. He is not far wrong in his belief that: Ceux qui manquent de probité dans les plaisirs n'en ont qu'une feinte dans les affaires.

Englishmen look upon sport as a part of character, as well as a physical developing factor in civilization; while the interest of the majority of Americans is confined to the excitement expected from a contest. Many Americans look upon the international yachting and other contests, almost as though they were serious battles, and are elated or depressed accordingly; while the English take these matters much more calmly, and, while eager to win, welcome these contests as being good for the sports and games themselves, and bear always in mind that the genuine sportsman:

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Sets his heart upon the goal Not upon the prize.

Let me put it even more clearly, by saying that the proportion of the spectators at Lord's on the days of the University or Public School cricket matches, who have themselves played the game, is very much larger than the proportion of spectators present at a base-ball, or foot-ball game between Harvard and Yale. Or again, out of the Eton and Harrow "elevens," the fathers of twenty, and possibly the grandfathers of fifteen, of the boy players, have themselves been cricketers,—some of them even of suf-Of the last year's Harvard and Yale base- eral professionals, and what is most im-

England and the English are not as boyish not one of the players had a father and grandfather, who had both distinguished themselves along those lines, and there were, with two noticeable exceptions that I recall, almost none whose fathers, even, had been experts at these games.

Though we Americans believe, or pretend to believe, with Cicero, that every man begins his own ancestry, one is forced to admit that a game with a long ancestry of tradition, will differ in all probability from a game with little or none. It must be admitted, too, that a boy whose father and grandfather, whose uncles and brothers, all play some game, or take an interest in some form of sport, will grow up to look at the question very differently, from one whose relatives take little or no serious interest in any game. Englishmen practically never realize that sport lacks entirely this atmosphere of almost sacred tradition in America, while on the other hand, few Americans understand the very serious and unassailable position of sport in England.

It is only two centuries and a half ago that the settlers of New England ran away from sport in England, to found a commonwealth, where one of the names for the devil was diversion, and another amusement. It was said of these people, the Puritans, that they believed hell to be a place where every one must mind his own business. At a time when English parsons and school-masters were some of them playing cricket on Sunday afternoons, and others of them hunting two or three days a week in the season, their representatives in America, who should have attempted to imitate such enjoyments, would have been ridden out of their parishes on rails, or confined in a mad-house. In America to-day it would be difficult to find a clergyman over sixty years of age who had been a distinguished athlete in his college days; in England even the stranger can count such by the score.

This ancestry of sport marks the difference in the way we Americans look at sport, and it also marks the very great difference in the auspices under which we practise it. In America boys play with boys almost exclusively; even a professional coach for the crew, or the ball nine, is a source of much discussion and dissenficient prowess to be on their school eleven. sion. English schools have not one, but sevold University men play the youngsters; had the pleasure to play against a team, at a certain country house, where the host of English sport, accounts for the wide difference in the way in which sport is regarded and the way in which games are played. Where boys and youths are accustomed to play their games, cricket more particularly, with grown men, it introduces an element of sobriety, courtesy and reticence ing to some extent among boys and youths who play exclusively among themselves. Games played in such auspicious surroundings assume their relative place and receive their proper value, for men do not feel defeat so keenly, nor do they look upon such victories as the greatest of all achievements. Men play for the game's sake, while boys are apt to play exclusively to win. In England games and sports receive their status and character from men; in America it is the boys who give our games their status and character.

In England, as a result of this, there is a very large and mature public, thoroughly conversant with the rules, precedents, and traditions of their games and sports; and the English press following this lead, differs from the American press in its comments, criticisms, and descriptions in much the same degree that the English players differ from the American players; that is, in their sobriety, courtesy and reticence.

All good Americans were at one in condemning the blatant and puerile excuses and accusations of a portion—happily, a small and easily recognized portion—of the American press, in regard to the defeat of

portant of all, English boys play their demnation became disgust. Americans games, a good part of the time at least, could not help feeling, about these underwith men. Old Carthusians, old Etonians, bred and unsportsmanlike people, as one old Wykehamists, go back to play their would feel should his own son go to visit school eleven, or their school foot-ball team; at a friend's house, and behave like a vicious stable-boy, and thus throw discredit country gentlemen have house parties of upon his home. Here was a most unhappy cricketers and polo players; and the writer example of the result of leaving the whole domain of sports and pastimes quite too much in the hands of professionals and unfifty kept wicket, and captained an eleven, developed boys. On the other hand, the no member of which was under thirty-five; visit of a Harvard crew to England two and it is with mingled feelings of pleasure years ago, to row against Cambridge, made and pain that he recalls that they won. This every American proud that he was so well fact alone, of the participation of the adult represented, and marked the great stride and middle-aged element so generally in that the genuine sportsmen has made in America. They were good sportsmen, good fellows, and gentlemen, and it was worth while to have them come three thousand miles and suffer defeat, if only to show the Britisher, something first rate of our own breeding.

It is true that to some extent in these latin their play and behavior, which are lack- ter days, the college contests and their arrangements have had the great advantage, of the superintendence of an advisory board of college officials, and college graduates, but even then one must realize the difference between advice from the outside, and the more forcible influence of example by actual participation in the games themselves, by older men. It is just therein that the English games and players have an advantage over our own. The masters at the public schools in England play with the boys every day; during their holidays, these same boys play with their elder brothers, with their fathers and their fathers' friends, and I recall one instance of a grandfather who plays cricket with his sons and grandsons, and no doubt there are many more. Only the other day a certain family composed of grandfather, father, sons, and one daughter, challenged their local golf club to a match of eight a side, and won. In America, with the exception of a few of our boys' boarding-schools, modelled somewhat upon the lines of the English public schools, there is almost no active participation in the boys' games by older men.

The results of this difference between the the Cornell crew at Henley a few years ago. English and American method are many And when there was added to this, letters and manifold. Seldom a year passes with to the newspapers from trainer, and par- us, but there is friction, discussion and even ents, and the boys themselves, the con- displays of puerile bad temper about the ta

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arrangements for, and the carrying out of, our intercollegiate games. Harvard will not play Yale at foot-ball; or Princeton declines to play Harvard at base-ball; the smaller colleges grumble at the arrangements made by the larger colleges, and they quarrel among themselves to boot. What men can fairly represent the college, and what men cannot; whether this man or that, has been bribed by having his expenses paid at this or the other college, merely that he may be eligible to play on the base-ball or foot-ball team, or row on the crew; which teams shall play on a given date, when most gate-money is expected; these and many other matters of a most unsportsmanlike character come up for acrimonious discussion, which ought not to arise between gentlemen at all.

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The games themselves are played during the exciting and decisive moments, amid a yelling, howling, and cheering, backed up by a brass band, that would do credit to an Omaha dance among Sioux Indians. Worst of all, this pandemonium is methodically let loose under the direction of certain leaders, at a time when it is intended that it shall seriously disconcert opponents. Decisions of the umpire, if they are in the least doubtful, are received with jeers and howls, and the players themselves express their dissatisfaction, by grimaces and gesticulation, which would be unbecoming and punishable in infants deprived of their toys. It is true that it was some score of years ago, and possibly would not happen now, but the writer playing foot-ball against one of our prominent universities, on their own ground, was with the rest of the team hooted at, jeered, and almost interfered with during the game by the members of the university whose present supremacy at the game in question makes such behavior unnecessary.

One may say that such behavior is never, certainly rarely, seen among amateurs in England. Fathers would be ashamed of their sons; schools and universities would lose not only caste, but revenue and reputation, if such things happened, and the head-masters and masters would root out such evils at any cost. If the playing of games resulted in this veritable delirium of excitement, they would no more permit it than they would countenance the taking of dangerous stimulants by the boys. They

would consider the two on the same plane of harmfulness.

One must add, in this connection, that games as played in America are not more difficult, nor are the points to be decided nicer than in English games. An illustration of how we in America try to obviate all possible causes for dispute, is found in the fact that the batter is not out now, if he is caught off the bat by the catcher, at our game of base-ball. It was difficult to decide whether it was the snap of the catcher's gloves, or some like-sounding noise, or the actual contact of the swift ball and the bat; hence the change. But at cricket there is even a more subtle point still left to the judgment of the umpire. Indeed, this latter is worthy of emphasis because it stands quite alone, I believe, as being the only question, not of fact but of hypothesis, left to the decision of an umpire in any game now played. The point in question is known to cricketers as "legbefore-wicket." Here the umpire is called upon to decide whether a ball pitched at a certain spot would have hit the wicket, if the batsman's leg had not been in front of the wicket at the time. It is a very nice question of eye and judgment at the best of times. In scores of games of cricket at which the writer has been either spectator or participant, he has seen many men given out "leg-before," men from all classes of society, from the member of his university eleven down to the butcher's boy on his village eleven; but in no single case has he seen the player make a gesture or open his lips to question the decision of the umpire, or to make a comment. Granted that one is even prejudicedly American, one may well question whether so very delicate a decision as this would pass unchallenged, by both players and spectators, in a match between two American colleges, upon which great hopes were placed,—and probably some dollars.

It is fair to say in this connection that our spectators are largely at fault in this matter. To the uninitiated the prime, not to say the sole, interest of a game is, who wins. Our spectators are despondent, or elated, according as their favorites win or lose. All the accessories and fine features of a well-contested game are swamped for the majority by this one all-embracing interest. They appreciate little else, because they

understand little else, and they therefore running inside of second and third base. put the emphasis much too strongly on the one feature of winning. An English audience is not only much less excitable, and much more experienced, but a technically educated audience, and the spectators get their enjoyment from a multitude of nice details, and therefore do not have the same

baleful influence upon the players.

In this matter of the influence of the spectators I must repeat, even at the risk of saying the same thing over and over again in these pages, that neither the English nor the Americans appreciate how much more democratic in these matters as well as in many others, is England than America. Englishmen who only know America at the long range of theory cannot understand what seems like a contradiction; and Americans who are mostly but birds of passage in England, do not recognize the truth of it. There cannot be the slightest doubt in the mind of the man who knows both countries, and who has played the games of both countries, that the Englishman is a far more democratic sportsman than the American. I mean by that, definitely, that all classes come far oftener in contact with one another, especially in the provinces, than with us, and are on more friendly and less awkward terms of good fellowship. Trades-people, school-boys, the squire, the parson and the noble play together, interest themselves together, and get on together in the most wholesome fellowship at cricket, boating, hunting and the like. Almost more than anything else this has made England so homogeneous a nation.

This custom is an advantage, in that thus a very large number of both players and spectators, of whatever class, have not only seen, but have participated in games, with players playing for the love of the game, and with a respect for, and a courteous obedience to, its best traditions. The butcher and the ironmonger would be as quick to see and reprehend such a trick, let us say, as knocking a man's bails off when he accidentally steps out of his ground, as the young gentleman from Eton. The rule is, that a man may be thus put out for stepping out of his ground, but unless he persists in stealing ground, there is a higher, though unformulated law, which says'this advantage shall not be taken. In America, at base-ball, on the contrary, the habit of thus shortening materially the ground covered by the runner, became so frequent that now two umpires are employed, when, if the players could be trusted, only one is neces-

The large proportion of the general public in America who interest themselves in the playing of games, labor under the overwhelming disadvantage of seeing only our game of base-ball, and that played by paid professionals who are managed by stock companies, whose sole desire is to make money out of an exhibition of ball-playing. Nothing could be worse. These players are not, as the stranger might gather from the names of the clubs, as the Chicago, the New York, the Boston, the Washington Club, men from those particular cities. On the contrary, there is a regular traffic in players by the managers of the clubs, without the least attention to what part of the country they hail from. They play purely and simply for their salaries, with no more sectional loyalty than a race horse which runs to-day for one owner, and to-morrow for another. As their living depends upon their success at the game, one can readily understand their attitude toward the umpire, toward one another, and toward the game. They care no more for the best traditions of the game, nor for a sportsmanlike attitude in their play, than a terrier hunting rats. Nothing could be more debilitating to the morals of sport than the state of things as above described. It is true that cricket in England includes many professionals, but no county eleven is without its contingent of gentlemen players, one of whom is always the captain, and the standard of behavior demanded of, and acquiesced in, by both players and spectators, is very high. A row on a base-ball field is not uncommon, and a graduated scale of fines, to be inflicted upon players by the umpire, is a necessary weapon of defence in his hands, against insult and even assault; while a disturbance at a cricket match is practically unheard of. Foot-ball in England, played by professionals and attended by vast crowds, suffers much as our baseball, and rows and assaults are not uncommon.

I have gone at some length into this matter because the American in the west, south-west, and south, indeed the American,

the influential portions of these and practically all communities, except in Massachusetts and the neighborhood of New York, where the college graduate is beginning to make his influence felt, cannot, from any similar experience of their own, in the least realize what a predominating factor sport is, and has been, in this English civilization. The Duke of Wellington's dictum about Eton's effect upon Waterloo sounds in American ears like an exaggerated flattery of sport. As a matter of fact, it is a commonplace. There is not the smallest doubt but that the education, moral and physical, of these Englishmen through sport, is one of the most saliently distinct features of their civilization. You can see it in their 'bus and cab-drivers in the management of their horses, and from thence all the way up to their management of the large variety of races they control in their colonies. What you see at Lord's, you can see in Egypt and in India. They play more than they pray, and they spend more upon sport every year than upon either education or religion. There is no false shame about it. On the contrary, there is enthusiastic and unabashed interest in all forms of sport, by practically the whole population from highest to lowest. It is looked upon, in short, as part of the curriculum of education. One might search a long time to find an English Cabinet, one or more of whose members was not an authority at racing, or fishing, or hunting, or cricket, or rowing, and the like. The few who do not take an actual part, live surrounded by, and steeped in, this atmosphere.

As we have seen, they are not by origin or by temperament a pugnacious race. Their fighting is done generally to preserve the peace, to keep themselves and their land in quiet, however selfish their aim may

It is a far cry, perhaps, from playing to painting, but I never stroll through an English art gallery without noting the quiet, the homeliness, the innocence of the scenes their native artists choose for their studies. Fred. Walker, Dicksee, J. C. Hook, Luke Fildes, Wyllie, Constable, Poynter, Farguharson, Orchardson, Millais, Holl, Frith, Watts, Linnell, and many others; go look at their work, whether a landscape or a study of a situation, like Fildes's pathetic door-loving people will continue to hold

generally, has little interest in sport; and painting "The Doctor," for example, and see how simple, how quiet, how pathetic are the scenes that appeal to them. It was to these people first that landscape appealed. There is no enthusiasm for mere land and sky, in Greek, or Roman, or Renascent art. It was born here, that particular love of the land, lifted into poetry and painting, through the brush and pen of Englishmen. The animal virility, which will out, and which finds its vent elsewhere in political excitement, in pornographic literature, and suggestive art, which unsteadies and excites, and culminates here in Napoleon, there in Zola, or here in a revolution, and there in a morbid philosophy, seems to be dissipated and calmed in this moist island, and to lose its feverishness among these hard-playing islanders.

The bulk of their art leans to the mild type, as does their literature, and their statesmanship. The effervescent politician or demagogue, whose denunciations are suspicions, whose promises are dreams, and whose actual achievements are mere rhetorical promises to pay, seldom makes much headway here, and rarely lasts long. The turbulent and spectacular journalism, common elsewhere, pecks at the heart of public interest here largely in vain. Men of whatever class cannot be coached to believe that noise and fury, personal attacks and impudence, are to be trusted, or that bombastic oratory means real business

and level-headed leadership.

The reader has quite mistaken the meaning of this chapter, however, if on reading it he concludes that the writer intended a eulogy of sport and game-playing, and in particular of English sports and games and nothing else. This is not at all the object of the chapter. The intention is to emphasize, strongly, the very large, one might even say the disproportionately large, place they occupy in English life, and to show also that what good they do, and the comparatively little harm they do, are due entirely to the fact that they give in some sort a training for life, because as a rule they are conducted on sounder lines of fair play, sanity, and uprightness than anywhere else in the world.

It is not the business of this chapter to discuss the question as to whether a harddrinking, hard-riding, game-playing, out-

honest, sport-loving John Bull away from his habits of centuries, to compete with his virile body against the nervous intelligence of a scientific age. His game of settlement on the land, there to raise his crops, there to play, there to live in peace, there to expand himself till he occupies his present large proportion of it, he has played to perfection. But the nations are playing a new game now, and some of them seem to play it more brilliantly and more successfully than he does. Though one may praise, and praise honestly, the game he has played, and the manly way, upon the whole, he has played it, this need not interfere in the least with the conviction that he is being caught up with-which means, of course, ere long left behind-in the far more scientific game that Germany, Japan, and America are now playing.

That pleasant physical fatigue which lulls the nerves to sleep, and which is one of the most beneficent effects of physical exercise, may be at work in this case, leav- Alas, there are many indications just now ing Mr. Bull as confident as ever, and that though this is a brave and comfortable

their own against such rivals as America, ger. That this worship of, and training of, Germany, and Japan. Personally, I believe the body by playing games seriously and we stand at the parting of the ways, and taking sport seriously has provided them that the student of England and the Eng- with a calmness, steadiness, and fearlessness lish is looking on to-day at the first indica- of character all their own, no one can doubt. tions of the decay of, in many respects, the That these characteristics have made them greatest Empire the world has ever seen. ideal governors of inferior races, no one but The sun that never sets is setting. Noth- perhaps a jealous German will deny; nor ing but a tremendous, almost miraculous, can it be denied, either, that it has kept the wrench can turn our stout, red-cheeked, peace at home, leaving them unharmed and practically untouched by the class wars and modern political philosophies, which have caused grave unrest among the masses of the people all over the world.

England, at any rate, has kept in view the laudable ambition to bring up her rich with the hardness and resourcefulness of the poor, while we in America have dropped into the vulgarity of bringing up our poor to be rich. Not a few of our social sorrows in America are being fostered by a widely advertised, though fortunately small class who, having been recently poor, are trying to appear anciently rich. At least there is no such thinly veiled hypocrisy, no such self-conscious social awkwardness in England. That, at any rate, is not their weakness. On the other hand, the easy unconsciousness born of great physical vigor and great national success is apparently consoling them with a blind belief that theirs is the only type of manhood, theirs the only road to national health and prosperity. pleasantly unconscious of his own dan- creed, it is not comprehensive enough.

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MAN'S PRAYER

By Grace S. H. Tytus

HER shifting creeds had robbed me of my own, My very name she changed to mask a spite, Faithful to no one but herself alone, She stood between my conscience and the light.

Year upon year I fought for my ideal Of her, as seen athwart my own love's screen, Cherished a picture, knowing it not real, Because I needed what she might have been.

This in the past. But now a little child, Tearing the veil aside, clings to my knee, And as I must have looked at her and smiled Long years ago, smiles and looks up at me.

Grant, Lord, that from the spaces she left bare May spring my teaching, and, old stings forgot, I for my own child a new smile may wear. Help me to be-all things which she was not.

Grant me my child's respect as sole reward, And then, before I draw the veil anew, Just for the old delusion's sake, O Lord, Show me one trust to which she was half true.

PASCAL ROCHETTE'S PENANCE

By Elizabeth Shaw Oliver

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER H. EVERETT



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> ment. On this eleventh Sunday after Trinity he had

preached a great sermon; a sermon on temperance. His text from the Ephesians: "Drunkenness, revelling-they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven," had rolled sonorously from the high pulpit to every corner of the crowded parish church. At the plainness of the stateattention had not wandered; without quiv- swept along on the tide of his own elo-

HE Curé of St. Fidèle laid ering an eyelid, without moving a muscle, aside his vestments in the they had sat spellbound in the uncushioned sombre sacristy and re- wooden pews. The Curé, himself, had not viewed his morning achieve- been insensible to the power of his appeal; even now, as he moved mechanically about the sacristy, he was tasting in retrospect the joys of the orator, looking once more on that sea of upturned faces, feeling again men, women and children vibrate at his lightest touch. None of his parishioners, he remembered, had borne so strongly the impress of fear and repentance as Pascal Rochette, the owner of the village saloon. He ment men had straightened themselves, wo- could not forget the man's big head, with its men had nodded emphatically, and little red-gold beard, its shaggy, unkempt hair, its children had opened their eyes. He had light-blue eyes, which had stood out so preached for fully an hour, but his people's strongly from its fellows that, in the end,

quence, it had seemed that the parish church severe, so eloquent, that the parishioners of held but two beings: himself and the burly publican. As in flaming sentences he had pictured the terrors that await those who ignore the apostle's warning, he had seen Pascal's great face work with emotion, and finally, when he had ended his sermon by a denunciation of all those who, in the pride of their hearts, are a stumbling block to their brothers, he had heard the big man weep

St. Fidèle had nestled for years among the green encircling hills untroubled by the sorrows of intemperance. Guided gently, but firmly, by Monsieur le Ferrière and upheld by the people, Mayor and Council had voted persistently against license, until, with the building of the new saw-mill and the subsequent influx of foreign labor, a party had arisen which scoffed at such conservatism, and declared open war on the time-honored policy. As the mill interest grew, the radical party gained in power, and at the last election, in spite of the Curé and his trusted lieutenants, swept all before it. Philippe Coutourière, a mayor shorn of office and glory, was forced to give his undivided attention to shop-keeping, and Pete Tremblay, the boss of the mill, reigned in his

The first official act of the new government had been a reversion of St. Fidèle's temperance attitude; the village was declared in favor of license, and Pascal Rochette, an overgrown farmer with a pirate's beard and a rabbit's brain, opened his saloon between the blacksmith's and the shoemaker's. Here for the last month Pascal had ingeniously plied his trade; his whiskey blanc, though bad, was cheap. At all times of day, at all times of night, a half-dozen or more of the villagers could be seen lolling over the long, wooden counter, sipping their petits verres. The old priest, bent on the duties of his office, often passed the rough, unpainted building, but never without a sigh, for, little by little, he saw the best of his people drawn into the meshes of Pascal's net. Drunkenness became an every-day occurrence, moral standards lowered rapidly. The Curé was forced to realize that the hour of secret protest and pleading was over. Harassed but undaunted, he decided to preach a sermon, not an ordinary Sunday discourse-a gentle exposition of the daily duties of Christian life-but a denunciation so

St. Fidèle should tremble, and turn them from their evil ways. All through the months of June and July the Curé, his soutane caught high with safety-pins, his hands behind his back, had paced his garden walk, casting and recasting his sentences, planning and replanning his climaxes. He was a man who battled seldom, but when once engaged gave no quarter.

'C'était terriblement beau your sermon, Monsieur le Curé," said François Lavoie. as he placed the priest's simple midday meal on the bare table in the back room of the presbytère. "St. Fidèle talks of nothing

else!"

The Curé smiled. "What will they do?" he said.

"Dame, Monsieur!" returned François, shrugging his shoulders, "that is quite another affair!"

The old priest meekly bent his head. Still he could not forget Pascal's face. He felt confident that to one, at least, he had not preached in vain. Would it be wise, he mused, to follow up his seeming victory, strike while the iron was hot, or to allow the weight of his words to sink unaided into the man's soul. Eating his boiled meat, he considered the matter; but over and above his solicitude for this erring member of his flock floated the assurance that, whatever the results, Jean le Ferrière had preached a great sermon. Before he went to bed he looked out on the stars shining low above the murmuring river and thought once more of his morning's triumph. Perhaps, after all, his eloquence was wasted in this little hill town; he must speak to his Bishop; perhaps he had' been created to preach to the wise rather than to the foolish.

The Curé was in the midst of that first sound sleep which is the luxury of rich and poor alike when a group of men, all more or less under the influence of whiskey blanc, staggered out of Pascal Rochette's bar and made their zigzag way in the direction of

the presbytère.

"That was a sermon of first-class, never have I had so much drink for so little," hiccoughed Joseph Desbiens, as he pressed old Hector Dufour's homespun-clad arm. "Monsieur le Curé is a man of talent, we should stop chez lui and tell him of our admiration.

Dufour, the bent shoemaker, nodded his



Drawn by Walter H. Everett.

In flaming sentences he had pictured the terrors that await those who ignore the apostle's warning.—Page 356.

nill lt ot 1e 1e 1e nis k eat ed ris is n; 1e se st nd re nd of

er,"

n. ve dis gray head approvingly; then, with a touch

nade," he said; "C'est fin ça."

The idea thus fathered received an enthusiastic allegiance, it grew, it prospered. Each member of the noisy group, eager to do his part, went his way with drunken gravity, to return a few minutes later a stone's throw from the house of the slumbering priest. Hector Dufour and Joseph Desbiens had brought their fiddles, rude, unvarnished instruments with wire strings and mangy bows. Ulysse Otis willingly exposed his Quebec accordion to the damp night air, while Dosité Girard and Pamphile Maltais were armed with battered mouth organs. The remainder of the serenaders trusted to their voices. The old shoemaker, by right of seniority and superior intelligence, constituted himself the leader.

"My children," he said pompously, if a little unsteadily, "we will play together an air which is familiar to all of you, 'Mal-, his hand, but St. Fidèle was never destined brouck se va-t-en guerre'; those who do not play shall sing, and when we have finished the fifth couplet Pamphile Maltais, who is a gars du talent, shall make a parlement. He shall tell Monsieur le Curé that the Saint Père could preach no better, that he has the love of his thirsty people, and that we are

much obliged to him.'

A titter burst forth from the huddled homespun group, but Hector quelled it with an imperious stamp of his botte sauvage.

"Silence," he commanded, "and when I

say one, two, three, commence."

The men stood at attention, and at the given signal, accentuated by a rapping of old Dufour's bow on the back of his fiddle, broke forth into discord and confusion. No instrument was tuned like another, no voice struck the same note.

Monsieur le Ferrière, awakened thus rudely, sprang indignant and puzzled from his bed to catch, amid the din of drunken voices, the remnants of the well-known

chanson:

Malbrouck se va-t-en guerre, li ri too ra la, li ri too ra la

Malbrouck se va-t-en guerre ne sait quand il

Là bas

Courrez, Courrez, courrez petites filles jeunes et gentiles

Courrez, courrez venez ce soir wous amuser.

He rushed to the window, he flung it wide of genius, "we will give him a little sere- open. Standing in the glimmering moonlight, his white-haired head thrown indignantly back, his eyes flashing, he looked like an avenging spirit of some other world, but the men below were too far gone in whiskey to take fright at danger signals.

The singers clapped their hands, the players cheered. "There he is," they said,

"one sees he finds us ben fins."

Conscientiously, discordantly, they played through their five couplets; then, at the sight of old Hector's upraised bow, the music ceased and Pamphile the orator

stepped forward.

By this time the village was awake, lights began to gleam through unshuttered windows, dim figures moved to and fro in the moonlight, and François Lavoie, his face scarlet with anger, hung out of a lower window and shook his fist at the serenaders.

"Monsieur le Curé, Messieurs and Dames," began Pamphile, with a wave of

to hear his parlement.

"Pamphile Maltais," said the priest, knitting his white evebrows and leaning out of his window, "thou art mad with whiskey; all thy companions are drunk. Where didst thou get thy liquor?"

"At Pascal Rochette, of course," shouted the unabashed Pamphile, "thank you, Monsieur le Curé," and he took off his battered straw hat and waved it enthusiastically tow-

ard the indignant priest.

The Curé's lined face flushed. He squared his shoulders. "Go to your homes," he said, sternly; he spoke like a man accustomed to obedience; "you have brought disgrace upon the village. Never in the history of St. Fidèle have her people so forgotten themselves. I am ashamed for you, my children, ashamed for St. Fidèle. Go, and to-morrow think of what you have done!"

Though the men hardly grasped the meaning of the angry priest's words, a lifelong subordination to the church swayed their bewildered brains. With one accord, heads hanging and with uncertain footsteps, they disappeared from the moonlit road like a flock of frightened sheep.

The Curé was alone by the open window. Little by little the village quieted down, lights were extinguished, voices ceased, but

still the Curé did not move.



Drawn by Walter II. Everett.

The men broke forth into discord and confusion,-Page 358.

"Pamphile said they bought the liquor 'chez Pascal Rochette,'" he said at last, with a shiver. "Alas, my sermon, my sermon!"

The next morning dawned fair, first the steel-blue sky with the morning star swinging clear over the great river, then the trembling, uncertain light of new-born day, and finally the red shoulder of the sun, pushed slowly above the low-lying South shore. The Curé was early astir; all night he had tossed sleepless on his bed, tormented by remembrances of the evening's scandal; slowly but surely anger had given place to selfrecrimination. Was he not, after all, responsible for the men's behavior? This was the question he asked over and over again, and over and over again his sensitive conscience answered yes. He was getting old, unfit for his position, he had not sufficiently fought the growing power of Pete Tremblay and his party, he had dilly-dallied with the evils of Pascal's bar, and finally, in his unwarranted satisfaction with his Sunday sermon, he had been guilty of the sin of pride. The old man, as he fastened the last button of his soutane, hung his head.

"Mea culpa," he murmured, "mea

culpa."

He was deaf to the white-throat's morning song, he was blind to the nodding orange lilies beneath the presbytère windows, and he said his mass mechanically, if reverently.

At breakfast François Lavoie noticed his master's depression, but, though he guessed its source, he tactfully omitted any reference

to last night's scandal.

"Come, Monsieur le Curé," he said, as one might speak to an ailing child, "take a little food. To eat, Monsieur, is the will of God as well as a temptation of the devil."

But the old priest silently shook his head, for, slowly but surely, he had arrived at a painful conclusion which sapped his appetite and depressed his spirits. That he himto deny, and perhaps, on the whole, it would be wiser and better to give up his parish; nevertheless, before taking such a step, and for the good of his flock, he must make an example of Pascal Rochette, the man who had flaunted a disregard for his brothers' welfare and a depraved sense of his own in-

disapprovai. Much as the Curé shrank from such measures, he felt he must not falter. He would make one more effort to reclaim Pascal, and if that failed he would launch against the sinner the dreaded thunder of excommunication.

Immediately after breakfast the Curé went to his room. He took off his rusty, weekly soutane and replaced it by his newer Sunday garment. He put his best hat on his head, his buckled shoes on his feet. The Curé, like his far-off ancestors of France, was going forth to do battle dressed in his

François Lavoie, with open mouth, watched the old priest pick his way across the muddy road and walk in the direction of the newly built saloon.

"Seigneur," he exclaimed, rubbing his knotted hands together, "Monsieur le Curé has his clothes of Sunday. Pascal Rochette

is in danger!"

There was no visible life before the rude, unpainted building which was, at one and the same time, Pascal Rochette's house and place of business. Slowly but firmly the Curé mounted the rough steps and, lifting the latch, stepped into the low-raftered, empty bar. Here there was ample evidence of the night's orgy; broken bottles, some empty, some half full, covered the unplaned floor and counter, window panes were shattered, chairs legless. The old man's brows drew sharply together and his mouth closed convulsively. Probably both Pascal and his wife were sleeping off the effects of their ex-Disgusted and angry, he strode cesses. across the room and flung open the door leading to the Rochettes' living apartments.

"Thank God, they have no children," he

murmured.

The Rochettes' kitchen was no more sordid than those of their neighbors, the faded rag carpet no dirtier, the glowing stove no more dilapidated, but to the Curé's highly wrought nerves its lack of order seemed this morning a many-tongued testimony to the self was the most guilty he did not attempt degradation of the liquor trade. It therefore surprised him to get a glimpse of Madame Rochette in the adjoining shed, standing thus early before her wash-tub, skirts pinned carefully behind, soapsuds to the elbow. She was so intent on her work that at first she did not see him.

"Good day, my child," he said, taking off dependence in the very face of the church's his hat, and little Madame Rochette, with a vain, embarrassed effort to wipe the soaprumpled hair.

"Good day, Monsieur le Curé," she gasped; she entered the kitchen and hurriedly placed a yellow wooden chair by the

stove. "It will be a fine day."

The old priest faltered, but finally seated himself. There was no doubt in his mind on one subject: whatever little Madame Rochette's share in the past scandal, she was at present quite her unoriginal self.

"I wish to speak with thy husband," he said at last, rather awkwardly. "Where is

he?"

"In an instant," replied the little woman, winking her near-sighted brown eyes. "I will call him for Monsieur; he washes his planche at the stable," and she whisked her-

self out of the kitchen.

In St. Fidèle, Pascal Rochette's planche was not noted for its cleanliness; this excess of neatness was, therefore, somewhat puzzling to the Curé. Was this Pascal's new form of intoxication, he mused, as he sat upright in the wooden chair, his feet close together, his hands on his knees, waiting patiently.

Before many minutes had passed there was a murmur of voices, a scuffle of feet, and the huge form of Pascal Rochette filled the doorway. The big, red-bearded fellow pulled at his forelock in embarrassed silence, and the old priest, with growing wonder in his eyes, examined him slowly from head to foot. Pascal, contrary to his usual custom, was as sober as the priest himself.

"You wish to see me, Monsieur le Curé," he murmured, turning his great head from Pascal Rochette. Mon gars, I say to my-

side to side like a bashful child.

The Curé cleared his throat. He had come prepared to meet a half drunken and rebellious publican, and the man's sober, if awkward, docility troubled him.

"Yes, my son," he said. "I wish to speak with thee, to tell thee-" and then he paused, uncertain of his ground.

"Ah, Monsieur le Curé," said Pascal, stepping within the threshold and flushing with pleasure, "it is, I see, as Claudia says, you come to tell us you are content with what we did last night, to give us your blessing."

The priest's jaw dropped.

Pascal, his former embarrassment dis-

scream of surprise, raised her head, made a pelled, continued breathlessly: "Ah, Monsieur, that was a great sermon, a sermon of suds from her hands and to straighten her first-class. At first I say what is it of which Monsieur le Curé and the good St. Paul talk; they know nothing of such matters; for a curé or a saint it is not convenable to be en boisson, but for the rest of the world from time to time it is the custom. And then, Monsieur, little by little, I begin to listen; what you say has the air to be of good sense, and I see, too, that the good St. Paul is a man of certain talent. I remember Ernest Dufour, who is drowned at the logging camp because he go to the drive when he is en fête; he leave, I know, five little children and a sick wife. I remember Napoleon Gagné, whose horse run away from him, when he is un peu exalté, and throw him from his planche with a broken leg. Dame, I say to myself, Monsieur le Ferrière has reason, too much whiskey blanc is not good, and I promise to myself that I will only take quelques petits coups from time to time. Monsieur le Curé, then you say it is not good that a man should tempt his brother. Eh bien, what is that to me? I think my brothers are all at Lac St. Jean; but you contend that all the village is my brother. Seigneur, I say that is a big family that Monsieur le Ferrière gives. I listen not to such words, they are bad for the business. Then, Monsieur le Curé, you talk, you talk so long, so well, that I begin to find the seat hard; I look around, I like to get out of the church, but every one looks at me, and I have fear to go. You, Monsieur le Curé, your eyes they grow big, you shake your hand at me; when a hare feels the noose round his neck and kicks with his legs he feels not worse than I: self, at the last day of judgment le bon Dieu will speak like that, then it will be too late. All at once, Monsieur, my heart grow big, the tears come to my eyes. Monsieur, it is with difficulty that I sit still. I wish to get up and tell you that I have shame.

"When mass is over I speak to no one. I go straight to my house and then I tell my wife how I feel. She, too, has the heavy heart. 'What shall I do?' I say, 'to show Monsieur le Curé and the bon Dieu that we

repent?

"Claudia has the head, Monsieur, that I have always said. Monsieur le Curé is right, she tell me, and Pete Tremblay is one big rascal when he makes thee take the liThou must sell no more whiskey blanc, thou must become temperance, and we will go back to the farm. 'But,' says my wife, 'thou hast done much wrong and to make peace with Monsieur le Curé and the bon gained this month, thou shalt rend them to Monsieur le Curé, and the whiskey in the house thou shalt ask nothing for it, thou shalt give it away.""

Here Pascal, assured of admiration, paused and looked proudly at Monsieur le Ferrière, but the Curé, his hand before his twitching lips, turned abruptly to an open window and became absorbed in contemplation of the disordered barnvard.

Pascal, with a sigh of disappointment, continued his narrative. "At first, Monsieur, I say no. I have earned the two hundred dollars and there remains much whiskey, for at least fifty dollars, Monsieur. It is enough that I give up the license, become nothing the remainder of the whiskey blanc. They are good fellow in the village, Monsieur, they say Claudia is right, that she has good ideas. They all shake me by the hand and promise to help me. So when I come to my house Claudia and I open the door of the bar, we leave the bottles on the counter, he who comes helps himself. My wife and I go early to bed, but, I assure Monsieur, not to sleep. The noise those fellows made was une affaire terrible. I wish to send them away; but Claudia, she say 'No, it is part of the penance.""

The Curé, still studying the barnyard, lifted his shoulders ever so slightly, but Pascal, intent on the fulfilment of his promises, was unsuspicious. He plunged a huge hand into a sagging vest-pocket and drew out a roll of dirty bills. "Here are the two hundred dollars, Monsieur," he said. His tone of voice, though regretful, was firm.

"H'm," murmured the Curé, with an as-

cense; it is dangerous for thee to keep it, intently at Pascal, "h'm," and he passed a long, slim hand across his lined brow. He was humorously convinced that the Rochettes knew nothing of the last night's serenade.

"Pascal, my son," he said finally, drop-Dieu, this penance has come into my head: ping his eyes and motioning the money the two hundred dollars that thou hast away from him, "wilt thou not need the two hundred dollars for the farm?" The possibility of excommunication had melted into thin air.

> The man's heavy face lighted with pleas-"Ah, Monsieur le Curé," he said, quickly pocketing the bills, "what goodness. You think, then, that the bon Dieu will be satisfied with less?"

> The Curé's lips quivered as he rose to his feet, but he nodded his head reassuringly. He smoothed down his soutane, he put on

his hat.

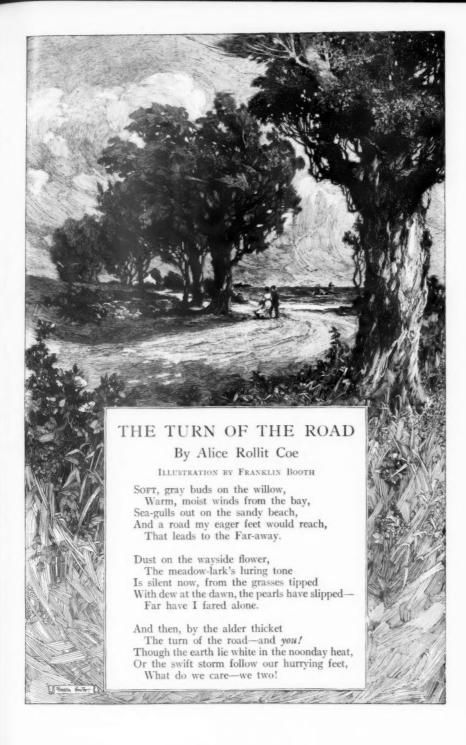
"Tell Claudia," he said finally, forming his words with slow precision, "that I am very happy. As thou sayest: she has the head, she is a good wife to thee, Pascal. It temperance and go back to the farm. But is well that thou shouldst go back to the Claudia is obstinate like a pig. A penance, farm; it is well that thou shouldst give up she says, is not a penance if it costs nothing. the license, but perhaps another time it What would you, Monsieur," pleaded Pas- would be wiser to come to me. I would not cal, shrugging his shoulders, "those who are interfere with Claudia, but a priest of my married know it is better to agree with one's age has, after all, a certain experience in wife. I go to the village in the afternoon and penances." The Curé's face was set in tell everybody that I have done wrong, that grave lines and his broad-brimmed hat hid I give up the license, that I give away for his eyes. "Au revoir, my son," he said, as he pushed open the door of the bar. He threaded his way through the broken bottles and stepped out into the village street.

"My children, my children," he murmured, "and I dreamed of leaving you." The clear sunshine was dazzling, the sky cloudless, and the narrow, lonely road lay white and straight between the hip-roofed houses. In the shed behind the kitchen Madame Rochette stood like a priestess

before her wash-tub.

"Ah, Pascal," she said, plunging her hands in the soapsuds, "what did I say? Didst thou no see Monsieur le Curé's face? it shone like the moon of August; he and the bon Dieu are full of admiration."

Pascal, submissive and convinced, bowed his head to the marital voke and only the swaving green willow before Pascal's door, as it stooped low to shelter the priest from the blazing sun, knew that, though there were tears of relief and tenderness in his sumed gravity, as he faced about and looked faded eyes, Monsieur le Curé was laughing.



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AN AMERICAN CONCERT OF THE POWERS

By Theodore S. Woolsey



must be let alone in the exercise of those rights-then truly our lines would be cast in pleasant places for the millennium would have arrived.

Let us illustrate the difference between theory and practice in the working out of this doctrine of state equality in certain

of its aspects.

which are not. The former pay their interests, such as the value of tranquillity; in short, are powers. The latter are outno combinations; they play the political game single-handed; they fish in troubled waters and, it may be, trouble the waters in order to fish; through ignorance or shiftlessness or policy they misgovern their subjects; they owe more than they can pay; they lack credit, stability, character, but they do not lack astuteness. Now if the equality of states were a fact, if independence or the right to be let alone were complete, such states would hind in civilization uncontrolled.

This is not always permitted them, however. They feel the power of combinations of states of the former class exercised to keep them in the straight and narrow way and duly resent the press-

HE Equality of States; ure. Their one idea of statecraft is to rather a dull, repellent, break up such combinations by playing not to say commonplace, upon mutual jealousies, by playing off topic is this, one says to one state against another. And so we himself. True, but so are have a picture of modern Europe. Amidst the Ten Commandments. the greater themes runs ever this minor It is the breach of them that lends inter- chord in the European concert. The Conest to them. If every state in the family cert of the Powers constraining Turkey of nations recognized and respected the and Greece and the Danubian peoples to central fact upon which political society be good and quiet, and calling their action is founded—that every other state is its "police power," is a familiar spectacle. own equal in the possession of rights, and Who gave them this power over their equals? They took it, and said it was in self-defence.

It may be here remarked that the very ancient principle of the balance of power, that is, the principle that if one of a group of states grows so strong as to endanger another all the rest shall combine to reduce the first to harmlessness, was also a For two generations the states of the denial of state equality and based on the European continent have been divisible same need of self-defence. The balance into two general classes: those which are of power principle in one shape or anrespectable members of society and those other survived until the decade 1860-1870. That period saw Germany growdebts or at least the interest on them; are ing united and strong and finally prestrong enough to command respect; are dominant, but with no combination stable enough to encourage development; against her. And since then there seems are wise enough to recognize common to have sprung up in place of the balance of power principle a system of alliances to hold the big states in check, and the side of this charmed circle. They are in police power idea to restrain the little

To avoid the appearance of vagueness let us take a single illustration of this police power and its application. Greece was a victim of Turkey's misrule. With the aid of the Powers she got her independence and passed under their tutelage. Many vicissitudes she met with, but in process of time at the Berlin Congress, like other states, fattened a little at the expense of Turkey. Unfortunately be allowed to misgovern and to lag be- the increase of territory proved a mere paper promise. So in 1897, to call attention to her wrongs and her claims, following time-honored usage, Greece began to agitate. She aided the Christian insurgents in Crete and raided over the border in Epirus and Macedonia. Nat-

urally war with Turkey resulted, and the progress. Still, progress there has been Thessaly. At the outset Salisbury, as the mouthpiece of the Concert, had plainly said, "The Powers being firmly resolved to Turkey was whipped off, and Greece, in person must judge for himself. a chastened spirit after her thrashing, Nevertheless there is of my garden. plenty of reason to believe that the excuse for this abnormal exercise of control, namely, that it is done in behalf of the peace of Europe, is a good excuse and a the back of all these interests is fear-

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Turn now to our own hemisphere. it may be that the Latin-American states and Venezuela; Great Britain in Nicalook alike. those who have sympathetically studied Spain in Peru and Chile, are cases in our neighbors. As in Europe, there are good states and bad states. There are little, justifiable and hard to justify, suc-Mexico and Brazil, Chile, Peru and the cessful and failures, are many. Certainly Argentine, as well as Venezuela, Cuba, if the application of an international police Santo-Domingo, Hayti and Salvador. It power in Europe is lawful, its proper use is true that popular opinion and the peo- on other continents must be equally lawful. ple's will do not always find as free ex- Here belongs what is called in modern pression as one could wish. The benefi- political phrase, the policy of the "big cent despot rather than the constitutional stick" as if it were a policeman's trunexecutive has been the instrument of cheon. To meet this growing readiness

warlike Ottomans speedily mastered by whatever standard you test it: by Then the Powers interfered. stability, by credit, by growth in wealth, by institutional development, even by constitutional control.

Yet alongside of this brighter picture maintain the general peace, have decided is a long, dark vista of dictatorships and not to permit the aggressor in any case revolutions, of broken contracts and reto reap the least advantage from such pudiation, of life and property insecure. aggression." He added further, "It is In one particular the American differs impossible that Europe should allow from the European situation, for here Christian communities to fall under the there is no such danger of a general em-Sultan's government. But it must not be broilment. The police power, if applied supposed, because this doctrine throws at all to the ill-behaved states, must be its ægis over Greece, that therefore she justified by the needs of civilization, not is to be free from all penalties attaching of self-defence. Whether such interferto unwise or unrighteous action." Thus ence in the affairs of another state, based when the moment for intervention came, upon such a motive, is justifiable, each President Roosevelt believes in it seems was set going again with but trivial loss evident from his message to Congress as the result of her adventure. There of December 6, 1904. "Any country was no more real equality between these whose people conduct themselves well states than there is between the three can count upon our hearty friendship. If actors in a barnyard drama when I set a nation shows decency and efficiency in my dog on my cow to drive her out social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States. Chronic wrong-doing, as an influence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may real reason. It is to be borne constantly in America as elsewhere ultimately rein mind, however, that this police power quire intervention by some civilized nais wielded by all the leading powers of tion, and, in the Western Hemisphere, the European continent, with the sole the adherence of the United States, howexception of Turkey, not necessarily ever reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such bound by treaty but acting unitedly be- wrong-doing or impotence to the exercause their interests are identical, and at cise of an international police power." And I would point out that both Eurofear lest a spark not stamped promptly pean powers and the United States have out may lead to a general conflagration. repeatedly assumed this right. France in Mexico, Peru and Buenos Ayres; the To the casual and prejudiced observer United States in Cuba, Santo-Domingo, This is not the opinion of ragua, Venezuela and Buenos Ayres; point. Examples of this action, big and

country as due its citizens by another. Russia. This was considered and agreed to by

interference is approved.

lice power is another claim which the for instance. United States alone asserts, to concern full punishment of their wrong-doing. President Castro is well aware of it. This is the Monroe Doctrine in its mod-Curiously enough the United States bases of other powers, even of ourselves. such action so far as it is aimed at Eurocontinent." Thus upon this Western con- next day's papers: tinent are a variety of states with whose suspect the integrity of our motives. This see that it is redressed." is true if the "big stick" is brandished; it is true if the Monroe Doctrine is en-quences of his act, yet not to have con-

violently to interfere in their affairs on forced; it is true if we intervene in behalf pecuniary grounds, the South American of humanity or to advance the interests states have invented a contrary principle of civilization. Whatever we do single which they call from its sponsors the handed will be mistrusted. It is as if Calvo or (in a milder form) the Drago Great Britain should undertake to tran-Doctrine, forbidding the collection by quilize South-Eastern Europe without force of contract debts claimed by one consulting Austria and Germany and

There is another aspect of single-handthe Second Hague Conference. But the ed action: if the United States attempts prohibition does not hold if the debtor alone to control the destinies of the state refuses to submit the question of minor states on this continent. It prehability to arbitration or if after losing supposes a power which it does not posin arbitration it fails to pay the award. sess, as well as a responsibility which it Thus by implication the abstract right of cannot afford to assume. Even to redress our own wrongs, we cannot get at Somewhat akin to this exercise of po- Venezuela behind her mountain rampart,

To march an army and to supply it, itself with its fellow American states in over the route which leads from the sea their defence, for it assumes to prevent to Caracas is an impracticable thing and

Thus we assume, under the modern ern shape, the doctrine that though a broadly expanded Monroe Doctrine, to European state may punish an American forbid foreign aggressive action against state for misdemeanor, may declare war Venezuela to the extent of seizing terriupon it even, yet punishment must not tory, yet have no means of curbing Venresult in permanent seizure of its territory. ezuela in her aggression upon the rights

Exactly what degree of responsibility pean powers upon the right of self-de- can be attached to the United States for fence. President Cleveland, for instance, the misbehavior of a state like Venezuela in his Venezuela message of December it is difficult to say. Of course our own 17, 1895, says that his enforcement of this official attitude is to deny any responsi-Monroe Doctrine against Great Britain bility at all. And yet it is open to argu-"is important to our peace and safety as ment whether this assumption of power a nation and is essential to the integrity without corresponding responsibility is of our free institutions" . . . and earlier not inconsistent with the principles of in the same month he had told Congress reason, of justice and of law. In this conthat "the traditional and established pol- nection let me cite certain remarks of icy of this Government is firmly opposed Secretary Root before the New England to a forcible increase by any European Society in 1904, speaking on a corollary power of its territorial possessions on this of the Monroe Doctrine, as given in the

"And if we are to maintain this docpolitical fortunes our own are in this trine which is vital to our national life way linked and with whose commercial and safety, at the same time when we say development we desire to be identified. to the other powers of the world: You But such altruism is not always appreci-shall not push your remedies for wrongs ated. For, owing to similarity of race, against these republics to the point of speech and situation, when we interfere occupying their territory, we are bound -as in behalf of Cuba-all the other to say that whenever the wrong cannot Latin-American communities incline to be otherwise redressed we ourselves will

To protect another from the conse-

ment guaranty of bank deposits. But task. the motive is not altruistic but selfish,

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to his European friends; "because it safety and to the integrity of my institu- shows, is dislike, not gratitude. tions.

reply: "If you will not permit us to redress our own wrongs, then we shall look better plan that these lines are written. to you as the 'best friend' of the wrongdoer for compensation." Can one avoid powers, working unitedly to keep the of justice in such complaint and in such foster our trade, to protect, to regulate, demand? Is it not at least true that it is even to punish, be translated to these peculiarly to our interest to have well- Western shores-an American police our neighbors?

There are two ways of dealing with an isphere? offender: You may try to prevent his act, or you may punish his act. If the United idea. One is the formation of the Inter-States has any degree of responsibility for national Union of American Republics as the conduct of its fellow states in this hemisphere; if, at least, it is peculiarly interested in that conduct, and if it cannot readily punish it without assuming an intolerable burden, the alternative treatment—prevention—suggests itself.

To prevent a wrong you must know that such wrong is imminent and moreover you must have power. To prevent of contract, repudiation of debt, perver-reminder. sion of the form of justice, you must hold an aggressive executive in check ordinarily. less trustworthy American capitals must Janeiro. become the centre of a web of intrigue. ding positively or negatively, to take acresort he must be ready to meet aggres- way for the policy here advocated. sion with revolution. I do not think

trol over that act, is to put such per- The opera bouffe of the novelist might son in a very favored position. It is as well become the reality of the statesif a guardian allowed his ward to con- man. And little argument is needed to tract debts yet refused to permit their show that our straightforward type of collection. It is the flaw in a govern- diplomacy would be unequal to such a

In what has been said hitherto we and the alleged reason does not impress have contemplated action taken by our country as a single and separate state. "You shall not have a free hand with If the argument advanced carries conmy weaker brethren," says Uncle Sam viction it shows that such action is impracticable, hard to justify, embarrassing, would be dangerous to my peace and unwise. Its harvest, as our experience And is this not natural, for it is a consciousness What wonder that European statesmen of superiority that dictates it? But there is an alternative. It is to suggest this Why cannot the idea of a concert of the conviction that there is an element peace, to advance our civilization, to behaved rather than ill-behaved states as power in the hands of all the stable, responsible and orderly states of this hem-

Several facts are leading up to this a result of the Pan-American Congress of 1889, to emphasize and foster the solidarity of American interests. Reciprocal arbitration agreements have been entered into, mutual knowledge has been gained, the first step has been taken toward the habit of acting together. Of this the Bureau of American Republics at Washington, with its machinery for getting Venezuela, for example, from violation and diffusing information, is a constant

Another influence tending strongly in have an astute observer on the spot and the same direction is that memorable such control of party government as will journey to the South American capitals by Secretary Root two years ago, at the But see what this involves: time of the third international conference The agent of the United States at the of the American republics in Rio de

His statesmanlike grasp of the possi-With money and influence he must build bilities of the situation, his sympathetic up a party in each which will do his bid- understanding of the Latin-American character, his tactful speech and friendly tion or to prevent action. As a last manner have done much to pave the

In the joint action by the United this rather shocking picture is overdrawn. States and Mexico in 1906 to induce three Central American states, Honduras, San Salvador and Guatemala, to keep the peace, resulting in what has been called ship served as neutral ground for deliberation, we see the actual introduction of that means isolation. the principal under discussion, a union of American powers to apply restraint ally unites itself with the other "good" (i. e., the police power) to certain of their fellows.

This joint action was followed the next year by Mr. Root's visit to Mexico, thus completing his informative journeys

to our neighbor states.

recalled, is it too much to say that a Concert of Powers in America is actually in process of formation; that its influence in keeping the peace has already been exercised and that the machinery for its

working already exists?

Do not cherish the belief that such a concert will introduce the millenium. Within its membership as well as outside eral conflict. would be more generally practicable and the game alone?

peaceable than the single-handed action of one State no matter how powerful:

1. If many states unite to curb one, it the Peace of Marblehead, because that means peace. One state cannot afford to fight or to flout all its neighbors, for

2. If the strongest American state loystates, the members of this concert, at least, will have mutual respect and goodwill, which can be translated into terms

of mutual and profitable trade.

Unity of action too strong to be opposed; peace as a result instead of revo-In the light of the various facts here lution and war; the dictator at a discount, since no one will recognize him; political friendship and commercial sympathy instead of suspicion and jealousy; a premium set on stability and solvency, since to be in the concert rather than outside of it would mean so much to the minor states, would be so well worth while; a trade mutually profitable based on mutual good-will; an influence larger in world of it, will be suspicion and jealousies and policies than any one state could aspire disagreement, perhaps even war. It is to. Such results as these, even if not realways possible, as in Europe, that a gen- alized, are at least worth aiming at. Are eral agreement may give place to a gen- they not more profitable if the United But in two particulars it is States joins hands with its fellows on this reasonable to think that such joint action continent, than they could be if it plays

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AT PARTING

By C. A. Price

HAVE we not known most happy life? Thou sayest, my Very Dear. Vex not the end with useless strife. Alas! the end so near!

Hath not Love given us of his store? Yea, measure heaped, each day. Whom Love hath filled fears Death no more. My heart-I cannot say-

Lo, I am gone where Time is not, Being in Love's release; Find in thy heart that dateless spot, And it shall answer: Peace.

BABBLE OF OLD BEAUX

By Mary Heaton Vorse

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH



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OMETIMES when I sit looking at the fire of an evening, my mind travels back to those years when there was no Felicia. It is a strange thing, too, about that time;

it is all very well to say that the past does not alter, but it seems to me no more stable a quantity, no more to be depended upon, than is the present or the future. Its events are governed by its own shadowy lines of change, and a year of one's life in retrospect may seem noble or ignoble, or interesting or flat, or all of them one after another. In fact, the past, instead of remaining as steady as one would expect, shifts around, slavishly reflects one's moods, twists and distorts itself according to one's pleasure. It is as though memory were a fire, and one's memories the smoke of it, eddying upward, swift-changing, and unstable.

When Felicia and I were first married, for instance, there was a time when there was no staler country than that of my past, except those parts of it which had been graced by Felicia's dear presence. Its fair places were distasteful to me; its tender memories I turned my back upon-Felicia had no share in them. Indeed, I turned my back on all that country, some of whose places were so fair, as though it were all made up of those spots which the best of us have—things that we would like to forget. I washed out, as near as I might, all my life since I was grown up, except such small parts of it as Felicia wanted for playthings. I kept my childhood, for instance. Women are fond of the childhood of the men they love-this is because they always look on us as big children, and as one tells of the things one did when one was just breeched-how one kicked at the kitchen door three hours steadily because one wanted it opened for one instead of taking the trouble of turning the handle oneself-they nod their heads wisely and smile to themselves, and this little smile means, "He hasn't changed a bit since he was seven years old."

Yes, I was as false to my past as you were when you were married, though, besides the pleasant memories and besides the gay and pleasant visions which I so rudely slapped in the face, I had one memory to whom I never did violence. It was not my first love—you may be sure I locked her up in as black a place as I could find. She was a little girl who looked like apple blossoms—if apple blossoms can have a turned-up nose—and who talked slang; a pretty minx, but a brazen one. No, I would have nothing to do with her during my engagement and marriage.

The name of my memory was Rosalie Carlton, and I was never for a moment false to her. She had an existence that was different from all the other commonplace, workaday memories, and this I tried to express to Felicia, who asked, "Was she pretty?"

"No," I replied, "she wasn't exactly what you call pretty—she was better than pretty; she didn't need to be pretty."

"Ho," said Felicia rudely, "I know that

I ignored her. "Life," I said, "in the presence of Rosalie, played itself in a higher key. So much more seemed to happen in a day when she was with one. She gave a significance to little things. In her gay, high-spirited presence the small things of life had another meaning."

Even as I pronounced these words, they jangled at me with a guilty familiarity. I seemed to have heard myself saying them before.

"H-m-m," mused Felicia. "That was the first compliment you ever paid me which made me notice you."

There came to me an exact memory of the stealing of Rosalie's tribute for Felicia. I remembered all the circumstances of it.

"Well," I temporized basely, "you and Rosalie are somewhat alike; only you are —ah—very much more so."

After all, language is a poor thing, and the nature of man is still poorer, and as there are many fair women in the world, it you know more about your native tongue, it makes no difference how many times you write these things—they are always true. cannot understand.

I had other reasons for clinging to the memory of Rosalie. I had, after all, to have some one to oppose to the remi-

appears that there are not enough pretty niscences which Felicia constantly flaunted speeches to go around, so that each one before me. And here let me note the basic shall have a brand-new set all to herself. difference between men and women. You You must needs write to your Felicia things do not find a woman making her past into not unlike those that you wrote at sixteen a blank waste for the sake of her husband, to your first love. You spell better, and however new he is. She doesn't forget one of her old loves. They turn up in every but you tell them both that you die daily sylvan path; they slide past one in a without them, and that you have never canoe as one goes down the river. There loved any one else, nor will you ever. And is no moonlit night that is not haunted by the echo of their voices-not if you have married a girl like Felicia. Their impudent This is one of those subtleties that women letters are forever turning up when one does not want to see them. And far from being ashamed of this, Felicia seems actually proud of it. With many of them she keeps up a friendship-I have to have the creatures at dinner and be polite to them.



"H-m-m," mused Felicia. "That was the first compliment you ever paid me."-Page 369.

of myself for having interfered with the brilliant future which might have been hers. Then one of the Might-Have-Beens turns up, and I will say for myself that, so far as I yet have seen, poor as I am, I am far and away better than any of those popinjays who had the impudence to look upon Felicia; though she seems strangely lacking in a perception of their inferiority. In those moments I look upon myself in the light of Felicia's rescuer. But clever as she is, she seems to expect me to share her naïve delight in her own conquests, even though they were conquests of such poor things. She tells me long stories about them, and the incidents which she spares me her friends hasten to tell me. Sometimes I get almost to the point of saving:

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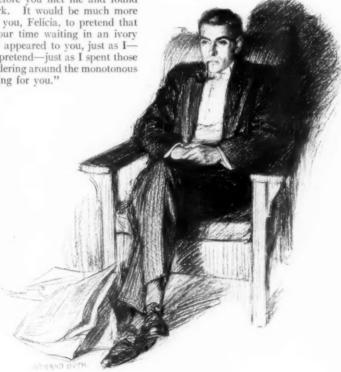
"Forbear, woman! Stop talking about these tiresome young men! Stop talking of the futile manner in which you spent your time before you met me and found your life-work. It would be much more becoming in you, Felicia, to pretend that you spent your time waiting in an ivory tower until I appeared to you, just as I—no, I do not pretend—just as I spent those years in wandering around the monotonous earth searching for you."

So it is small wonder that, to Felicia's babble of old beaux, I occasionally oppose some touching little incident connected with Rosalie.

"In the days before I met you, my dear," I confided to Felicia, "she was like a bright thread run through the homespun of my life." Again, I would tell how her gay, audacious presence had flickered in and out of my life like a will-o'-the-wisp. "The tides of life ran higher when Rosalie was there," said I to Felicia.

"Ho!" said Felicia.

But I would go on quite undisturbed: "I do not know what chance it was that separated us. I suppose it was ordained that you and I should meet, for I was still under Rosalie's spell, though some estrangement had come between us, when



"Well," I temporized basely, "you and Rosalie are somewhat alike."-Page 369.

I first saw you." But Felicia would receive my confidences with unsympathetic sniffs, which were highly unbecoming.

As I said before, the past is an unstable land, dull or droll or interesting quite apart from one's own volition. One fine day, while I was looking backward, I noted a little unwonted color glowing here and there in what had been for some time a colorless waste. A graceful form or two flitted about.

"What are you doing there?" said I. "I had forgotten all about you. And you, Country of the Past, so dun and so uninteresting, please remember that there is no

color in you."

It paid no attention to me. I would forget it for a time, and when next I chanced to look its way, it would have grown more alluring. Trees blossomed out and birds sang there. I was quite shocked with it for acting in this way, and annoved, too, for where, I ask you, was my superiority to Felicia, who had seemed so much less idealistic to me when she played about in her past with happy unconcern? But it would have its own way with me, and as the months slid along, and years, it lured me back to itself more and more.

I know, of course, what the cynical will think. But it is not true. I love Felicia as much as I ever did-more; and if of an evening I now and again stole back and revisited some of the pretty places of my youth, and if now and again this or that forgotten friend came to visit me, this was peat, and with emphasis, I love Felicia more every day, a great deal more than I kind endured, then indeed would the world become a waste; the reason it passes and changes into something decenter is that the business and pleasure of society may con-

That one gets over this acute stage, however, is no index of diminution of affection, as the very young in love seem to believe.

Secure in this knowledge, I played

around with my memories, and brought a few of them for Felicia's inspection. There was a set of young people I had belonged to. young men and maidens, whose doings seemed to me worthy of being remembered. I told Felicia about us, and how clever we all were.

"We were really intellectual," I told her. "say what you like. We may not have been as quick in the wits as your friends. but we had intellects of a solid kind, in those days." I would go on and tell her of our doings and sayings. But Felicia didn't seem interested. She perversely took a violent dislike to two of the girls, and told me flatly, moreover, that we sounded like a set of solemn owls.

"Was Rosalie Carlton one of them?"

she asked suspiciously.

"No," I said. "Rosalie was different. Rosalie was by herself. She had wits, if you like-the real thing. There was a certain mystery about her, too, a curious quality that one never got to the end of."

"What was the name of that other clever girl that you spoke about?"

"Catherine Katon," I told Felicia. "I've heard that name somewhere," she said. "I'm sure she's living in town now. I'll try and find out."

"Oh, will you?" I exclaimed.

"Indeed, yes," said Felicia, "I will. I'd love to meet her."

And though I have been married long enough so that I should suspect the Greeks even bearing gifts, I kissed Felicia for a

kind-hearted dear.

In a short time Felicia had brought it no treachery, I am sure, to Felicia. I re- about. Years had passed since I had seen Catherine Katon, or any of the pleasant circle of friends whose heart she was, and did in that time when I made myself odious I confess that my own beat a trifle. She to all the world but her. Men, when they had grown a little older, but not much. first fall in love-and women, too-think She was the same distinguished, graceful this odiousness a proof of affection, but it person whom I remembered—just the kind is not any more than the fakir's dust and of friend, in short, that one would pick out rags are a proof of holiness. If love of this of one's past to show one's wife, better than any one I could have thought of, except Rosalie; for Catherine Katon to Rosalie was, after all, what a good modern portrait is to one of those subtle, strange pictures by Luini.

"She's charming, isn't she?" I asked Felicia, at the end of our first interview.

"Delightful," Felicia cordially assented. "I have asked her to dinner with the Soand-Sos, and she is to go with us to The Society Thursday night."

We saw her often. The dinner came off, and the Society; after that followed an afternoon tea on both sides; and after that a dinner on both sides, for Catherine Katon's parents had come home from abroad to make their dwelling place New York; then there followed three or four more courtesies from one or the other of us. I do not know how many times during the next three weeks I saw Catherine Katon. It seems to me a hundred. For after the first pleasure of meeting her was over, an idea occurred to me which I strangled as soon as born. Mutely I challenged Felicia, to see if the idea had occurred to her, too. She was as placid as a bowl of milk.

But somehow the edge had gone out of life. Our little doings were no longer so amusing, and vet they should have been, for wherever I turned, there was the friend of my youth, a charming picture of a wellbred gentlewoman, disposed, moreover, to treat me with all kindness. What more could I want? Yet I did want something more. I wanted, hang it, I wanted to be amused when I went out-I didn't want to talk about my soul all the time.

Then, again, what loomed larger and larger to me as the days went on were the large number of subjects which couldn't be discussed with Miss Katon. Everywhere there were signs, "Path Barred!" The conversation flowed in one deep stream, with high dikes on every hand, and the stream of talk was composed of classic art, literature, and music-classic till one busted. Was it possible that as a vouth I had stood weeks and months of this? Was it possible that I should have her wicked little neck; talked it without batting an eve, and tried to continue the discussion after we got home. My heavens! can't a man sit down and get out his pipe and evening paper without his wife lugging a volume of Shakespeare under his nose, or asking him if he doesn't think if Schopenhauer had lived fifty years later his point of view would have changed? For those were the sort of questions with which my old friend's mind busied itself.

At the end of a month, when Felicia announced that she had asked Miss Katon to dinner for a certain night, "That's too bad," said I, "for I have a committee meeting directly after."

"I will ask her for the next night," said

Here my manhood asserted itself.

"You will not, Felicia," said I, "not the next night, nor the night after that, nor any night this side of a month. Miss Katon is one of the finest women I know, but-

"Oh," said Felicia, "I thought I had found out at last what sort of things you like."

"I do. I like her very much, but-Felicia gave a little sigh.

"Husbands are hard to please," she said plaintively.

I looked at her sternly.

"You know too much," said I, and I left the room abruptly. It is neither kind nor decent for a wife to know the things that Felicia does.

In that flash of intelligence that had passed between us I saw what she had been up to all the time. For the second time she had rendered a part of my past waste ground to me, only this time the ghosts could never flicker back again. She taught me over again that people as well as places can grow small when one sees them again after a lapse of years.

We see Miss Katon from time to time. She is a very nice girl indeed, and I am proud to number her among my friends, but she no longer is the guiding light she used to be, nor does she make me despise the intellects of certain other light-minded ladies of my acquaintance. No, I can no longer remember her as a guiding light, and it is Felicia's fault that this is so. And to spend weeks and months of it now; for as to my other companions, who circled Felicia talked classical music and the Age round Miss Katon, I turned hastily from of Shakespeare until I could have wrung them. I did not like to think of the highminded and sophomoric utterances that we exchanged. I do not like to think that I was ever interested by anything that ought by rights so to have bored me.

> Come, quick! Let us hurry away from this little garden which the guile of Felicia has so devastated. Even now, if I linger here, perhaps some broken stalk of a memory will fling at me a high-minded platitude. Come away!

However, I now had Felicia unmasked.

want me to have a past, no matter how innocent a one. The vain woman wanted it to be wiped out. She will loudly deny this, of course, and pretend that it is not so. But do not listen to her. It may even be that she was not aware of her own bad purpose, that it was instinct which sent her on her relentless warfare on poor Rosalie. But now I had the key. Many a small act of Felicia's that had no significance at the time now meant something to me; and it all meant the same thing, the undermining of Rosalie's influence.

The campaign against Miss Katon meant nothing else. Felicia had not cared a mistaken you were about Catherine Katon, who, though such a nice girl, is, Heaven knows, dull company enough; therefore your Rosalie-aren't her perfections the imagination of your inexperienced youth?"

To which I replied sternly: "No. Furthermore, you shall not rob me of my sweetest memory. You shall not rob me

of Rosalie."

happened if you had not quarrelled."

Felicia with suspicious haste.

"Besides that," Felicia went on, "you like the color of her hair best."

"I never said so!" I protested.

conversations were going on, our tongues Rosalie. There was a little piece of poetry would be blandly discussing where we that I had written to Rosalie in our early would go to the theatre, for these com- days, and in a moment of early married munications, so humiliating to both of us, folly, before I knew anything about the were held in that voiceless language known nature of women, I had confessed to to all married people.

would pursue, "but I hate to see you waste If I had it to do over again, I would say your time on that kind of a woman. It is that I had just written it to any one, or that not dignified. If she really were worth it had been just sitting in my mind, waiting while, now-but no one likes to see a man for Felicia to come along and take it. It

she cares for taken in."

At this, stung to the breaking point-"What about your old beaux?" said I.

I saw what she was up to. Felicia did not Out loud, you may be sure, I was always careful to call them fine fellows.

> "I don't sit mooning about them, looking into the grate," she retorted, as if that had anything at all to do with the case.

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It was natural, with all these underground messages snapping out at each other, that we should disagree with some asperity as to which theatre we wanted to go to that night. When a man first marries, he imagines that if he always speaks tactfully to his wife, it will be enough; but there is lots more in it than that. Just try thinking tactlessly for a while, and see

what happens to you.

I do not like to present myself as a supepicayune about Miss Katon. She marked rior person, but I cannot forbear contrast-her with the insulting ticket, "Not Dan-ing my conduct and Felicia's. Her old gerous," the very first second her eye beaux I let live-I did not notice them rested on her. This whole elaborate enough to try and kill off their memories. campaign had been a flank attack on If Felicia wanted to let her fancy play with Rosalie, although Rosalie's name had a lot of unlicked cubs who had once never, during these weeks, been mentioned wanted to marry her, and who had since between us. You see, it all meant, "How then married fat and disagreeable wives, I let her; I did not bother about them. But Felicia attacked poor Rosalie as remorselessly as an Indian. She would crawl through the brush for the sake of firing one poisoned arrow at her. She stalked her in my mind. She got so I couldn't have a comfortable ten minutes of sad might-have-been meditation on Rosalie without looking up guiltily to see if "I have caught you," Felicia would ac- Felicia had surprised us. I was driven by cuse me, "wondering what would have Felicia into the most underground methods. It is by such constant espionage that the "That is not true," I would assure innocent are often made guilty.

And what irritated me most was that outwardly Felicia was as calm as a picture of Peace consorting with Mercy. Not an eye did she bat while she was trying to And all the time, while these unseemly shrivel up in me the sweet memory of Felicia whose poem it was. She used this "It is not that I mind her," Felicia against me in a number of subtle ways.

began:

"Thy hair is like a forest dark, I enter in and lose my way.

room to quote it all here. It was a very

nice poem indeed.

O

Well, I do not need to describe all the engagements of my battle for: Résalie. It was fought out to the finish, each foot of ground disputed, and I won finally, in those shadowy places where our encounters took place. I kept the memory of Rosalie for myself, a battered little memory, it is conflict of which she had been the cause; but, nevertheless, I had won, and I thought to keep Rosalie for myself always, the more so as it seemed to me that Felicia had at last given up; for there came a time when she seemed at last to have realized my loyalty and the futility of attempting to undermine it.

But I misjudged Felicia. Many men have fought a similar battle, have tried to keep to themselves some early memory, some kind face, and have thought that they had won, and then have failed miserably, as I did, but not many fail in such a cruel way as I did; and before I go on to the end of this warning to young men about to be is: did Felicia arrange it all herself or was Fate unfair and one-sided enough to play

into her hands?

We have dined and counterdined with the Morris's all the years we have been married, without the name of Rosalie Carlton ever having come to the surface; so you cannot blame me for disloyal suspicion when I wonder if Felicia's fine Italian hand had not something to do with its coming up as it did. Before I knew where we were:

"Rosalie Carlton?" I had already exclaimed to Mrs. Morris. "Why, I didn't know you knew Rosalie Carlton."

"Know her! I should think I did. I suffered under Rosalie's caprices enough when I was in school. I was," she added gratuitously, "a little bit of a girl, and Rosalie was in the graduating class-let's see-why, Rosalie must be thirty-eight by

I had never mentioned to Felicia that Rosalie was a little bit older than myself.

"Are you sure we mean the same Rosalie?" I temporized; although the word

It went on better than that; I wish I had knew Rosalie's caprices myself. It was because of one of them that the final misunderstanding which had separated us had come about.

> ... 6h, we must mean the same girl," Mrs. Morris replied. "My Rosalie was a little, black, shiny girl-hard, like an ant, and with a face like a bad-tempered dachs-

My glance travelled involuntarily to true, and one who showed the marks of the my wife. She was listening, but her face gave me nothing; she was listening with that polite attention which one accords to the reminiscences of one's husband's old friends, whom one has never met. She merely murmured: "You never told me she looked like a dachshund."

I never had. I had never thought of it; but now that my attention was called to it,

she did rather.

"Is she married?" I asked.

"Good heavens, no!" replied Mrs. Morris. "Fools as men are, there's no man living so foolish as to marry Rosalie!"

"Bobby was a great beau of hers once,"

Felicia volunteered.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Morris, "to think married, I want to put you a question. It of Rosalie's ever having had a beau—and a nice one, too!"

"I wasn't the only one," I said stiffly. "She was a most clever and interesting

"Oh, Rosalie's no one's fool," Mrs. Morris agreed. "The ingenuity she showed in tormenting us younger girls! You never knew where to find her. She could obscure herself from view by her bad temper. I never knew any one who could retire so impenetrably into a mist of sulks."

Felicia looked at me. I knew what she was thinking was, "That was what you meant by her 'mysterious quality.'" And the humiliating part of it is, that that is exactly what I must have meant. I listened abstractedly as Mrs. Morris prattled on, and piled one anecdote on another of her school-days-stories of Rosalie's sulking tyranny; there was a verisimilitude in these pictures of Rosalie; someway, they fitted in only too well with the picture of Rosalie that I had. Mrs. Morris prattled on, as a woman will do when started on childhood reminiscences, every now and then saying tactlessly:

"To think, Bobby, of your having liked "caprices" rather clinched the matter. I Rosalie!" While Felicia ate nuts with an

absent-minded air, which tried to say that all this had nothing to do with her, nor was she very much interested in it.

At last I tried to lure my friend away

from the topic

"Does Resalie still live with her horrid stepmother?" I asked.

I had only touched another spring. "Horrid stepmother!" cried my treacherous friend-when you think that I have been talking all these years about how pretty Mrs. Morris is, she might have done better for me than this. "Horrid stepmother! It would be just like Rosalie to pretend that that angel of light was horrid. Why, Rosalie's stepmother was a perfect martyr to her; and the dance Rosalie led her! When she dies, 'Sulked to Death' will be put on that poor woman's tombstone. And usually, when one's got a difficult girl like that, one can hope to marry her off; but poor Mrs. Carltonthere was no hope for her getting rid of Rosalie that way from the first. Rosalie always quarrelled with every one. The first thing she'd have done, if she'd ever had the luck to get engaged to a man, would have been to quarrel with him, in that queer, sulky, impenetrable way of hers."

Indeed and indeed it was my Rosalie! Yes, this was the ugly warp on which was woven the mysterious and alluring web always called her "that little black beast," and I had thought him a fool.

"There was one moment of hope for poor Mrs. Carlton," my friend pursued. "Rosalie thought of being a teacher; and when Professor Northrep heard of that, "God help the school!" he said. But of course it came to nothing. And Rosalie is the kind of girl that gets worse as years go on. I saw her, only the other day, looking as pleasant as a fog bank; and her nose grows longer every year."

At this final touch, Felicia saw the indecency of pursuing Rosalie any further. Her downfall was complete enough, even for the most exacting rival, and Felicia showed her decency by changing the subject. You see, there wasn't one thing left. Poor Rosalie was shrivelled up entirely. After that I couldn't, could I, go on dreaming about her in the fire? And when you think that her nose was growing longer every year-! Especially since all these things sounded but too possible, even to my partial ears. I can only be grateful that they allowed she was clever and interesting. That is all that I salved out of the shipwreck of my memories of Rosalie.

But the question will always remain to me: was the exposure of Rosalie as a sulky termagant, with a nose which grew longer every year, a put-up job on Felicia's part? You may be sure I shall never learn this from her, though what makes me suspicious is that she has gloated so little. of Rosalie's intricate character. Other She has never teased me once since that memories crowded in on me. I remembered evening. Only, on the way home that how Any Miller used to take Mrs. Carl- night, I fancied I heard her quoting softly ton's part in Rosalie's quarrels. He had to herself. Perhaps it was my guilty imagination, but it sounded like,

"Thy hair is like a forest dark."



THE POINT OF VIEW.

moral. The moral is that it is perfectly practicable for an American, given "the amateur spirit" in himself, and possibly some modicum of private means, to lead a retired and gracious and beneficent life. This is quite inconceivable to a foreigner, perhaps dint of his proximity, is, in certain essential respects, so much more a foreigner than the Continental. To the foreigner in general and the Englishman in particular the notion of a which he refuses to entertain. The American who does not wriggle or strut toward the limelight, and mistake that progress for a struggling toward the light, the American who does not strive nor cry, is, to the gennature. Of course, he is a familiar, "The Amateur

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Spirit. phenomenon to us others, us natives. Unhappy he of us, even though himself engaged in what old Wiclif calls "parlous battle," who does not know at least one dear old man, or perhaps not so old, who occupies some "quiet seat above the thunder," "Like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle," who judges the current phenomena with an aloofness, who has no need to keep his ear to the ground or his nose to the ticker, and who is able to "shun the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour" and lead his own dignified and individual life.

"Ik Marvel," that this capability is noted with admiration and even with envy. The case is more compelling than that of Professor Norton, because of his senior's and survivor's early and unquestioned literary the merest avocations. "Julius Cæsar was successes. Professor Norton never made a consul; so was Napoleon Bonaparte; so such successes. It might be said with plausibility that his retiracy was as much enforced netian consulate by saying; and proceeds to as spontaneous. Indeed, that might be said show what a hollow mockery the consulate of Mr. Mitchell, too, though the enforcement was, Franklin Pierce consule. How admiin his case came from a valetudinary con- rable if it was willed, how enviable even if it dition. Certainly not from failure of any was imposed, that lifelong addiction after

OLLOWING so soon upon the death tertained. Perhaps nothing else ever seized of Charles Eliot Norton, the death of and held the attention of so many of the Donald G. Mitchell points the same candid youth of America as "Dream Life" and the "Reveries of a Bachelor." At any rate, the seizure and the holding were quite unmistakably attested. If it were really weak health alone that induced the winner of these successes to abdicate his victorious position instead of trying to repeat them, particularly to an Englishman, who, by very then one might find in the abdication an abundant consolation even for a valetudinary condition. To turn from failure to "do chores" and solace one's leisure with the Georgics and Columella is one thing: to turn retired or retiring American is an anomaly from signal success to the same vocations and avocations is quite another, and immensely more exemplary. And to have this turning away from "any of the objects of ordinary ambition" recognized as admirable and truly successful, as it has been ungrudgingly reeral European appreciation, a solecism in cognized in our more thoughtful quarters, is the attestation of what one may properly though not a familiar enough call a triumph of right living. There is a pathetic passage in one of the private letters of Donald G. Mitchell's contemporary, George William Curtis, cited in Mr. Edward Cary's "Life," which is illuminating as well as pathetic. "How much I prefer these quiet hills," he writes at some political crisis, "and how I am driven out on the stormy seas." Not that Curtis was at all blamable for being "out on the stormy seas," but that Mitchell was all the more enviable for being in the quiet nooks, "the still air of delightful studies." Enviable and also admirable, for he had shaped his life One rejoices to see, in the obituaries of according to his requirements, and remained far, yet not too far, from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, the master of his fate, the captain of his soul.

His own escapades into public life were was I"-as he begins his record of his Veliterary aspirations which he may have en- an initial success that would have turned most heads—that addiction to a course of life that "kept him out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum," and so incidentally gave rise to so much good reading as to tempt the reader to insist, quite in opposition to a recent contention, that all literary men should be amateurs. "What I wonder at," says Stevenson's practical man to Stevenson's artist, "is that you should

not want to do anything else."

For the fruit of this learned and gentlemanlike leisure is so much more to the purpose than the entire "life-work" of many literary exclusives. The "collective edition" which Ik Marvel had the honest pleasure of surveying during the last year of his long life, was a worthy and merited tribute to what may be called, without any real contradiction in terms, the Earnest Amateur. To a man who had never written for his living, as one may say, to have the fruit of his horæ subsecivæ set before him, sixty-one years, as he himself records, after he had begun to make that humane use of his spare hours, was a solatium senectutis such as few men have and few men earn. There stands "Edgewood" still, looking eastward over the fields where are the young Yale barbarians all at play. Until its late occupant is quite forgotten, it will stand to instil into certain of the young barbarians, looking westward up the hill, one of the most beneficent uses which a "liberal education" can conserve.

RIEND after friend departs, who has not lost a friend? Americanism after Americanism is replevined by our kin across the sea, and we Yankees stand by helpless and supplies. What have we left for our very own, if our indigenous vocabulary is proved to be only a collection of transplanted

An Adopted
Americanism seedlings? A senator of the United
States—and from Massachusetts!—

has delighted in a scholarly collecting of the Americanisms which he finds flourishing abundantly in the pages of Shakspeare. And before that traitorous deed was done, another Massachusetts man, the author of a group of satirical ballads called the "Biglow Papers," had gone out of his way to show that many of our most vigorous localisms of speech were mere survivals. Even rare in the sense of underdone is not our own, since it was once known to the British, who chose to allow it to fall into innocuous desuetude. Indeed, we need not be sur-

prised if some British witling some day ventures the suggestion that the author of "Every Man in His Humor" was called Rare Ben Jonson simply and solely because his plays were not well done.

And now another vocable which we had cherished as our own is to be ravished from us. Could there be a more characteristic Americanism than rough-rider? Is not this hyphenated term redolent of the ferocious and lanate Occident? Could any of us ever have the slightest doubt as to its origin? Yet even if we did invent it, we were anticipated by our cousins in that distant isle off the coast of France. An American may have devised rough-rider off-hand as the best term to describe a thing that needed a name. But the name itself was not novel; it can be foundhyphen and all-in a novel, or at least, in a work of fiction written in London in 1843 or thereabouts, by one George Barrow. The book is called "Lavengro"; it is a record of adventures and a gallery of human character. which has long been the joy of all who delight in a good fight sympathetically set forth. And in the thirteenth chapter of this veracious chronicle Lavengro is set astride of a fiery steed. He manages to stick on as best he can; and as he does not fall off, the groom sees fit to encourage him by crying out. "That's it, now abroad with you; I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you'll be a regular roughrider by the time you come back!" And there's an end to our paternal pride in the phrase. We did not beget it, at best we only adopted a bantling born to another sire.

THE female American has been of late "catching it" in the columns of a serious, if visionary, London journal. Her assailant, a Scotch-Canadian, has managed to infuriate her British sisters also by declaring that when he says the American woman he does not mean the general American woman, but only a type of womanhood which is highly developed in the United States, but of which the representatives abound in the United Kingdom. The type he assails upon the ground that it is like the lilies of the field in that it toils not, neither does it spin. Also it does not bear

children. It is given, above other women, to fads and fancies.

Undoubtedly this type has been developed so highly in this country that it is not unfair

The discussion stirred up by this Habakkuk ined adage that if America have no leisure class, it has a leisure sex, and the corollary unfolded by the good Watts about the kind of employment which is provided by abundant leisure. But, rather oddly, at the same time a cisatlantic discussion has arisen over the social defects of the male American. Nobody pretends that the defects appertaining to excessive idleness are his. On the contrary, the very complaint of him is that he is excessively given to business. Wherefore his womankind are, in the estimation of many rapid tourists and of some more mature observers, better educated than he, and more addicted to the things of the mind. According to Mr. Perry Robinson, he frequently has to ask his wife who painted the prides of his gallery, whereas the English wife has to resort to her husband for that class of information. But hence, so to speak, the cultured American girl, revolting from her uncultured though strenuous compatriot, finds herself more at her ease with the cultivated and unstrenuous stranger, and even the American matron, or pseudo-matron, it is more than suggested, finds satisfactions, of course within the limits of becoming social intercourse, with the leisured and cultured Briton, with the lively Gaul, with the omniscient and nullificent German, which she cannot derive from the companionship of her liege lord and countryman.

It is very odd, very "rum," her congenial Briton would say, how the American girl in particular is deceived. (As to the American matron, provided she keep herself out of the scope and purview of French fiction, it does not so much matter.) The American girl is apt to forget or ignore that the very thing that makes her eligible in the eyes of the foreigner is the very thing that she owes to the disparaged American male parent, whose limitations she finds irksome, the same limitations which in the comparison with the "cultured" and "leisured" foreigner discommend her cœval compatriot to her. For while it has been justly remarked that in affairs of the heart women are the more practical and men the more romantic, the remark is of a domestic significance and will not bear exportation. The Continental European frankly admits a mercenary

to designate America as its special habitat. The discussion stirred up by this Habakkuk Mucklewrath has brought out anew the spavined adage that if America have no leisure class, it has a leisure sex, and the corollary unfolded by the good Watts about the kind passim.

Yes, we arraign him; but he, the weary Titan, with deaf ears and labor-dimmed eyes, continues, in short and in his own locution, to "saw wood." Perhaps it were better for him if he were a little less strenuous, as certainly it were better for his European rival if he were a good deal less lazy. The male American may cherish an inarticulate conviction that he has the makings of a better husband than the more ornamental male European who may yet put him to shame in a casual discussion on Shakespeare and the musical glasses. And, really, the time seems to give it proof. An American, to be sure not a very strenuous one, in Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," warns the American girl who is about to give herself to an exemplar of culture, also an American (although as the other American observes, "one forgets that, he is so little of one"), that she was "meant for something better than to keep guard over the sensibilities of a sterile dilettante." She came, by tragical experience, to the same conclusion. In fact, the novelist, in the work in question, anticipated and summed up the recent contention. Caspar Goodwood and Gilbert Osmond, respectively, embody the types of the strenuous American and the cultivated foreigner, and the distinct moral is that Isabel Archer chose the wrong man. When the poet Bunthorne, in Sir W. S. Gilbert's operetta, inquires of the rustic maiden, "Do you not yearn?" she makes answer, "I yearn my living." It is a pertinent answer for the male American when he is challenged by the female American. He may with some confidence expect that the other things she misses in him will be added unto him; whereas this particular capability will surely never be a by-product of graceful and cultivated ease.

AN any one find a better instance of the irony of fate than that afforded by a sale catalogue of the autograph letters of authors? A writer may have gone through life, constantly struggling with evil fortune, and dying at last almost unknown,

admirers. While he was alive he

As to the Autograph Letters of Authors

could not earn his living by his pen, and his writings went a-begging, with no buyers. And then, when

posthumous fame comes to him too late, the imploring missives that he wrote in his garworth more in the market than he was paid for any of the works into which he poured his soul. He himself may have received little or nothing for his masterpiece while he was alive; and then when he is dead and gone, every A. L. S. that can be discovered in the waste-paper baskets of his contemporaries is proffered for sale to eager collectors at prices which would have made him laugh aloud with incredulous self-mockery.

A single note of Milton's, or even a signature sprawled in an odd volume, will now bring more than the poet received for "Paradise Lost." Charles Lamb was not cast down by the simplicity of his scale of living, he would have had the smile of the unbeliever if a prophesying friend had told him essays would be more valuable than the pay he probably received for all his contributions to the London Magazine lumped together. Thackeray again, with his modesty which did not prevent now and again a suspicion as to his own work, would have been pleasantly flattered if he could have foreseen that his charming little notes, with the casual caricatures he liked to scrawl in the blank spaces, would be quoted in the market at prices far outreaching that which he himself was paid for his more carefully composed contributions to the reviews.

There are authors of our own time who have now awakened to the possibility of this future inquiry for their stray correspondence, and who are therefore most fastidious in their letter-writing, never permitting even the least important note to go forth that is not fit to be welcomed in the most exacting collector's library. The letters of these authors are always neat in chirography and perfect in orthography. They are all of them what the dealer will delight to call "characteristic place at once and without any editing in the bodied spirits.

leaving behind him a novel or a book of po- "Life and Letters" which the natural vanity ems that wins at last a wide circle of ardent of these writers looks forward to. Missives thus conscientiously composed are not so much letters to the actual recipients as they are epistles to posterity. And perhaps, like other epistles to posterity, they may not always reach their address.

But these are not the only letters that are ret to unappreciative publishers came to be written with an eye to the future autograph collector. M. Porel, the manager of the vaudeville theatre in Paris, has recently been narrating his recollections of the dramatic celebrities he met in his youth. And one of his anecdotes is a little disquieting to the peace of mind of the autograph collector. M. Porel tells us that he dropped in one morning to keep an appointment with the elder Dumas, and he found that the kindly and robust author had spent the whole night in a vain effort to make a thousand francs, which he needed to help the son of an old friend and which a dealer had promised him in return for five hundred autograph letters. He had toiled over these never-to-be-sent and he was sustained by his sense of humor and never-to-be-received missives until he and by the manliness of his character; but had exhausted every possible epistolary form and until he was absolutely exhausted himself.

To an observer on this side of the Atlanthat the manuscript of any single one of his tic familiar with the history of the stock exchange this anecdote recalls the method of Gould and Fisk printing off shares of a new issue of Erie stock as fast as these could be sold. To emit five hundred letters by a single writer appears to be a painful example of over-production. But probably the dealer who made the bargain knew his business, and he intended to lock up this mass of correspondence and to float single specimens into circulation slowly and skilfully, keeping his price up by every method known to the trade. This adroit French merchant in MSS, would never have been guilty of underselling-unlike one of a later American dealer who recently proffered for only nine dollars a letter of Artemus Ward, written and dated in 1885-a score of years after the decease of Charles F. Browne! Now, a letter in the handwriting of a dead man referring to events that took place long after To ask his demise is absolutely unique. only nine dollars for it was to give it away; for in reality it was priceless, since it proves the immortality of the soul and also specimens," and they will also take their the control of pen, ink and paper by disem-

·THE FIELD OF ART ·



Landscape, by Thomas Gainsborough.*

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

MORE EXAMPLES OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

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T is a pleasure to return to this school,*
and to note the effort that is being made
at the Museum to extend the list and
range of the British painters who must always
be of peculiar interest to Americans.

That ill-starred genius, George Morland, is represented by a homely theme characteristic of the subjects that appealed to him. The "Midday Meal" is the picture of a pigsty shaded by a group of large trees; a young farm hand, carrying a pail of feed and followed by three hungry swine, approaches the sty. Swineherd and swine are given with a light touch which reveals the pleasure some of these early Englishmen took in the mere manipulation of paint; and while the color

is of a certain conventional mellowness, it is still acceptable, and, for the period, good. To those interested in following the sequence of the practice of painting in England this canvas is an example they will enjoy, and is a desirable possession for the Museum.

There is a portrait by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., of that handsome man, the "Irish Liberator," and master of popular eloquence, Daniel O'Connell, painted in a conventional way and conventionally lighted—interesting, however, as showing an intermediate period in English portraiture analogous to the lapse in our own art after Stuart and others of our early painters; a merely well-painted but colorless performance. In describing his dress would not the catalogue read better if "waistcoat" were to replace the word yest? Elsewhere we come to an-

^{*} See the Field of Art for January of this year.



Mrs. Fitzherbert, by George Romney.* Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

tivating qualities. It is the portrait of "Masboth flesh and frock, and, as we have said, in this artist's happiest vein. The landscape background exists merely to detach the lovely figure of a child, and it fulfils its purpose. The tone of the sash and edging to dress falling from shoulder is of a delicious and harmonious mauve that contributes to the delicacy and breadth of the canvas as a whole. It is a delicacy devoid of weakness and a breadth without emptiness that the artist has achieved here.

Like some others of the English land-*See the previous article, Field of Art for January, 1909.

other Sir Joshua, hung regrettably high, scapists, Richard Wilson first essayed portrait which seems to suggest some of his most cap-painting, but, on going to Italy, the scenery so attracted him, that he relinquished porter Hare," delightful in its creaminess of traiture and turned to landscape. He never lost the Italian accent, so to speak, and his English pictures had almost invariably a foreign and un-English air; so that his Italian landscape here seems strongly reminiscent of Claude Lorrain, while that entitled "The Storm" suggests, weakly, Salvator Rosa. It is valuable for the Museum, however, to possess this connecting link between English and Italian landscape art, and we are glad to see it here.

> "The Bridge of the Stour," by John Constable, is an instance of the faithful portrayal of natural effects, and in this picture we must



Lady Lilith, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

not look for even the picturesque sentiment form it envelops. Both Satyr and panther that he can sometimes give. This is far from in the foreground leave much to be desired the imaginative rendition of Turner, but it is both in form and color, so undecided are a vivid and sprightly presentation of high they in each of these qualities. Despite this, noon-a solidly painted work of more technical than æsthetic interest. The sky with figure of Ariadne herself; it is all indicative active clouds is finely given-a good, wholesome, homely canvas.

"Ariadne in Naxos," by George Frederick Watts, shows much of this painter's large sense of form and much also of his limitations. There is a big, handsome conception and impression in its landscape accessory, but it is marred by turbulent and broken drapery lacking breadth; reminiscent of the Elgin Marbles without their thorough and profound knowledge of the this is as characteristic as a larger work. It

there is a large feeling of corporiety in the of a high artistic purpose and aim in hesitating hands.

A little picture by George H. Boughton, "A Puritan Girl," is among the English group, and it is of a sentiment and workmanship quite representative of a certain style of English painting of the late nineteenth century. We would, perhaps, like to see something more important by this painter, although, for showing his method, that possesses charm.

It is unfortunate that a man who has done such worthy work at times as Sir John Millais, painter of "The Northwest Passage," of numerous notabilities, once President of the Royal Academy and at one time nominal head of British art, should be so inadequately represented here as he is in the canvas entitled "Portia." This, which might be an illustration from some Christmas colored plate of a London Illustrated News or Graphic, is really too unimportant to be seriously considered, and the writer will refrain from further comment, trusting that time will remedy the lapse and give us a better example of this well-known painter.

Sir Frederick Leighton is more advantageously seen here in his "Lachrymæ." Although a work of his later years, it has all the elegance and finished charm of this accomplished artist, and is for him, sober in color, always excepting the lurid light in the background, which is too strong in value to harmonize with the prevailing tone of the

picture.

A very recent acquisition is "Lady Lilith," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and to be frank, it is interesting and valuable to have exam-

ples of these men.

The school of which Rossetti was one of the recognized heads, the pre-Raphaelite, was called into existence by a certain demand on the part of its disciples for a more faithful and loving study of nature-a more patient and intimate scrutiny of the forms of the outside world; and this being the case, it seems unfortunate that, with the best intentions, some of its exponents should be so inadequately equipped to express them.

Here is a theme evidently chosen, in matter of accessories, to give charming and varied scope to the delineation of such exquisite shapes as those of roses, with their marvellous beauty of curling petal which varies, in a fascinating perspective, with each changing plane of vision-or poppies, equally demanding sensitiveness of sight and an incisive and cunning hand to reveal their delightful play of subtle form. Little of this is given in a subject one might fancy had been selected,

is not a robust method, but of a refinement as we have said, for the reason of its possessing this grace and charm.

> There is a certain large and languid attitude in the figure which is broadly "seen"alike in its aspect of blonde flesh and in the white drapery. It is almost naïve, however, in its tentative and unknowing touch, in innocence of competent drawing, both in lineal contour and interior construction; and while the medium is water color, it is in no true sense adhered to, for it is overloaded and made heavy by an excessive and unskilful use of Chinese white or gouache.

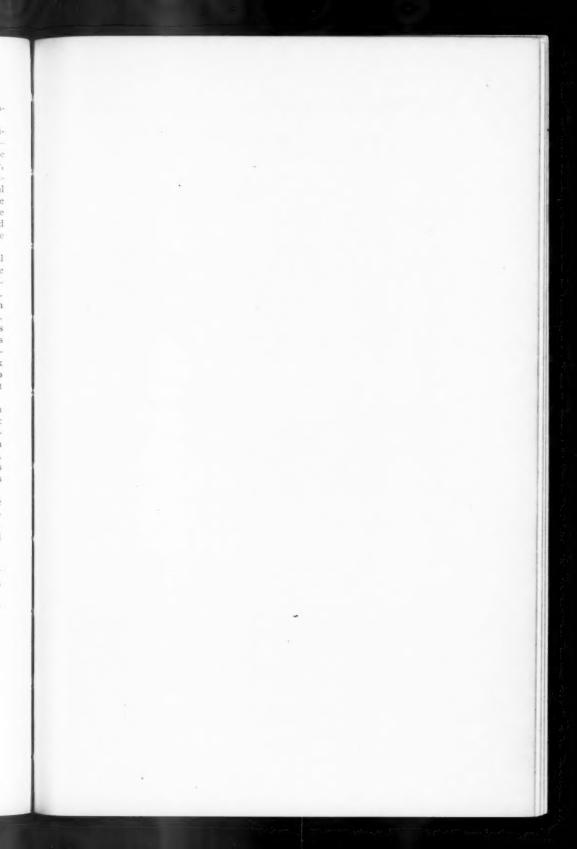
> In spite of, not because of, these technical weaknesses, and through some inherent sense of ensemble, the artist in him betrays a sumptuous breadth of vision which saves the day. Still, the fact remains that the color, although acceptable, is in no quality distinguished. The painter, if he felt the delightful tones that play on the surfaces of differing materials seems not to have possessed the craft to denote them, and consequently there is a lack of that pervading element of air and envelop which would contribute much to the quiet unity of the work.

> On the whole, English art has never been overwhelmed by academic spirit or academic training; and this is doubtless why its results are so appealing and emotional. Much of its painting is from sheer love of the work, and, had the means of expression been less unhesitating, we might have lost much of its

The haunting heads of Gainsborough, the splendors of Turner's palette, and the exuberance of Sir Joshua might have, each and all, contributed more to the science of painted art, but have left the spectator cold. And, after all, it is the heart that should be stirred, the imagination fired and the soul solaced by the various activities of the mind that works for the elevation and joy of humanity. At present English painting at the Museum is more richly represented by the art of the past than by the masters of to-day; and here there is room for numerous additions that may readily be brought to mind.

We are grateful for what is here-we are hopeful for much to come.

FRANK FOWLER.





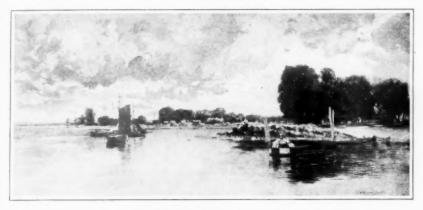
THE COLUMNS OF THE PARTHENON LOOM UP!

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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That fly-speck of a Papendrecht.-Page 389.

THE PARTHENON BY WAY OF PAPENDRECHT

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR



and at the top of his

voice—and a big-chested voice it was—the

"He's somewheres 'round the boat much of him!"

"Are ye wantin' me, sor?" came another shout as I rounded the squat building good deal of him-six feet and an inch I stuffed with boats-literally so-bottom, should think; straight as an oar, his bared top, and sides.

Yes-are you the boatman?"

"I am, sor-and bloody sick of me job, big blue eyes set in a clean-shaven face

LYUM!.....Wil- Do ye see that wherry shovin' off—the one yum! WIL- with the lady in a sweater? Yes—that's It was mine host of sor, what d'ye think the bloke did for me? the Ferry Inn at Cook-ham who was calling, hand in which lay a half-penny.) "And me a-washin' out 'is boat, feedin' of 'is dog and keeping an eye on 'is togs and 'is ladies sound leaping into crescendo as the object -and then shoves off and 'ands me this-a of his search remained hidden. Then he 'a'penny sor—a 'a'penny —from the likes turned to me: 'im to the likes o' me! Damn 'im!—'" and away went the coin into the river. house-vou can't miss him-there's too "You'll excuse me, sor, but I couldn't choke it down. Is it a punt ye're lookin' for?"

The landlord was right-there was a arms swinging free; waist, thighs, and back tough as a saw-log. To this was added two

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ticularly the muscles of the neck supporting the round head crowned with closelycropped hair-evidently a young Englishman of that great middle class which the nation depends upon in an emergency. My inspection also settled any question I might have had as to why he was "William," and never "Bill," to those about him.

The one thing lacking in his make-upand which only came into view when he turned his head—was the upper part of one ear. This was clipped as close as a terrier's

Again he repeated the question—with a deprecatory smile, as if he already regretted his outburst.

"Is it a punt ye're wantin', sor?"

"Yes-and a man to pole it and look after me while I paint. I had old Norris for the past few years, but I hear he's gone back to gardening. Will you have time with your other work?"

"Time! I'll chuck my job if I don't." "No,-you can do both,-Norris did. You can pole me out to where I want to work; bring me my lunch when you have yours, and come for me at night. You

weren't here two years ago-were you?" "No-I was with General French. Got this clip outside Kimberly-"and he touched his ear. "Been all my life on the river-Maidenhead and Bourne's End mostly-and so when my time was up I come home and the boss here put me on."

"A soldier! I thought so. I see now why you got mad. Wonder you didn't throw that chap into the river." I am a crank on the happiness one gets from the giving of tips—and a half-penny man is the rock-bottom of meanness.

His face straightened.

"Well, we can't do that, sor-we can't never talk back. Got to grin and bear it or lose yer job. Learned that in the Hussahs. I didn't care for his money—maybe it was the way he did it that set me goin'—as if I - Well—let it go! And it's a punt ye want? - Yes, sor-come and pick it out."

After that it was plain sailing-or punting. The picture of that London cad sprawling in the water, which my approval had created in his mind, had done it. And it was early and late too (there were few

bronzed by the sun, and a double row of visitors that month) down by the Weir teeth that would have shamed an ear of below the lock as far as Cliveden; up the corn. I caught, too, the muscles of his chest backwater to the Mill-William stretched rounding out his boating shirt, and par- beside me while I worked, or pulling back and forth when a cool bottle-beer, of course, or a kettle and an alcohol lamp would add to my comfort.

> Many years of tramping and boating up and down the Thames from Reading to Maidenhead, have taught me the ins and outs of the river. I know it as I do my own pocket (and there is more in that statement than you think-especially during

regatta week).

First comes Sonning with its rose gardens and quaint brick bridge; and then Marlowe with that long stretch of silver bordered by nodding trees and dominated by the robber Inn-four shillings and six for a sawdust sandwich! Then Maidenhead, swarming with boats and city folks after dark (it is only a step from the landing to any number of curtained sittingrooms with shaded candles-and there be gay times at Maidenhead let me tell vou!). And, between, best of all, lovely Cookham.

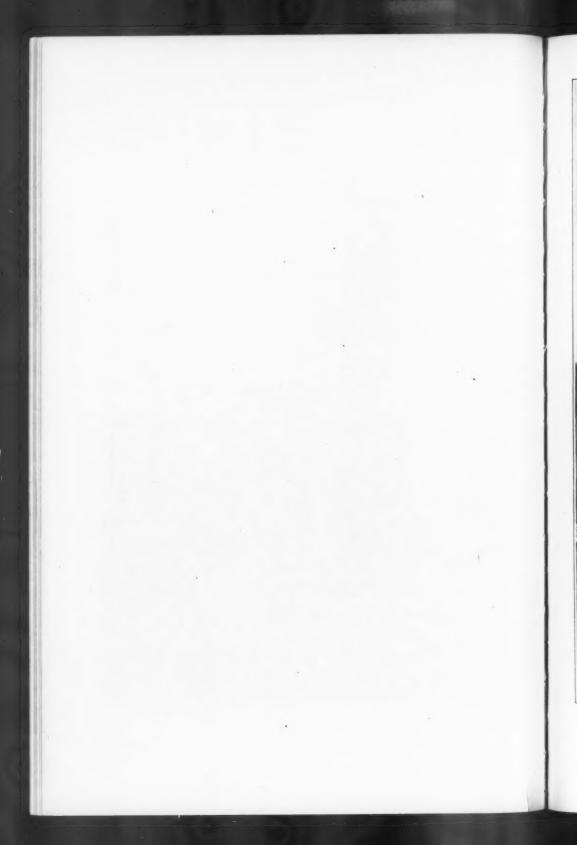
Here the river, crazy with delight, seems to lose its head and goes meandering about, poking its nose up back waters, creeping across meadows, flooding limpid shallows, mirroring oaks and willows upside down, surging up as if to sweep away a velvetshorn lawn, only to pour itself-its united self-into an open-mouthed lock, and so on to a saner life in a level stretch beyond. If you want a map giving these vagaries, spill a cup of tea and follow its big and little puddles with their connecting rivulets: ten chances to one it will come out right.

All this William and I took in for three unbroken weeks, my usual summer allotment on the Thames. Never was there such a breezy, wholesome companion; stories of his life in the Veldt; of his hospital experience over that same ear-"The only crack I got, sor, thank God!-except bein' 'alf starved for a week and down two months with the fever-" neither of which seemed to have caused him a moment's inconvenience; stories of the people living about him and those who came from London with a "'am sandwidge in a noospaper, and precious little more," rolled out of him by the hour.

And the poise of the man! When he lay



The Thames at Cookham. -Flooding limpid shallows.-Page 386.





The old Groote Kirk, Dordrecht.-Page 390.

stretched out beside me on the grass while I the hour my lord would be back to his worked—an old bivouac attitude—he kept still; no twitching of legs or stretching of arms—lay as a big hound does, whose blood and breeding necessitate repose.

And we were never separated. First a plunge overboard, and then a pull back for breakfast, and off again with the luncheon tucked under the seat-and so on until the

sun dropped behind the hills.

The only days on which this routine of work and play had to be changed were Sundays and holidays. Then my white umbrella would loom up as large as a circus tent, the usual crowd surging about its doors. As you cannot see London for the people, so you cannot see the river for boats on these days-all sorts of boats-wherries, tubs, launches, racing craft, shells, puntseverything that can be poled, pulled, or wobbled, and in each one the invariable combination—a man, a girl and a dog—a dog, a girl and a man. This has been going on for ages, and will to the end of time.

On these mornings William and I have our bath early-ahead of the crowd really, who generally arrive two hours after sunrise and keep up the pace until the last train leaves for Paddington. This bath is at the end of one of the tea-cup spillways, and is called the Weir. There is a plateau, a plunge down some twenty feet into a deep pool, and the usual surroundings of fresh morning air, gay tree-tops and the splash of cool water sparkling in the sunlight.

To-day as my boat grated on the gravel my eyes fell on a young English lord who was holding the centre of the stage in the sunlight. He was dressed from head to foot in a skin-tight suit of underwear which had been cut for him by a Garden-of-Eden tailor. He was just out of the water-a straight, well-built, ruddy-skinned fellowevery inch a man! What birth and station had done for him would become apparent when his valet began to hand him his Bond Street outfit. The next instant William stood beside him. Then there came a wriggle about the shoulders, the slip of a buckle, and he was overboard and out again before my lord had discarded his third towel.

I fell to thinking.

Naked they were equals. That was the way they came into the world and that's the way they would go out. And yet within brass, with three French chefs in attend-

muffins and silver service, with two flunkies behind his chair, and William would be swabbing out a boat or poling me home

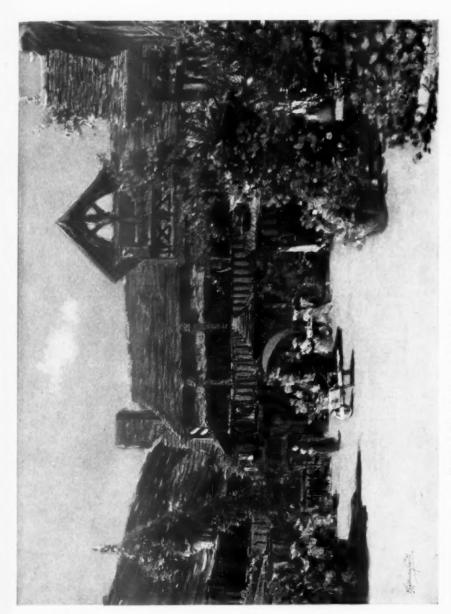
through the pond lilies.

But why?—I kept asking myself. A totally idiotic and illogical question, of course. Both were of an age; both would be a joy to a sculptor looking for modern gods with which to imitate Greek ones. Both were equal in the sight of their Maker. Both had served their country-the lord, I learned later, being one of the first to draw a bead on Spion Kop close enough to be of any use-and both were honest-at least William was-and the lord must have been.

There is no answer-never can be. And yet the picture of the two as they stood glistening in the sunlight continues to rise in my memory, and with it always comes this same query-one which will never down-Why should there be the difference?

But the summer is moving on apace. There is another Inn and another William -or rather, there was one several hundred years ago before he went off crusading. It is an old resort of mine. Seven years now has old Leah filled my breakfast cup with a coffee that deserves a hymn of praise in its honor. I like it hot-boiling, blistering hot, and the old woman brings it on the run, her white sabots clattering across the flowersmothered courtyard. During all these years I have followed with reverent fingers not only the slopes of its roof but the loops of swinging clematis that crowd its balconies and gables as well. I say "my" because I have known this Inn of William the Conqueror long enough to include it in the list of the many good ones I frequent over Europe—the Bellevue, for instance, at Dordrecht, over against Papendrecht-(I shall be there in another month). And the Britannia in Venice, and I hope still a third in unknown Athens-unknown to memy objective point this year.

This particular Inn with the roof and the clematis, is at Dives, twenty miles from Trouville on the coast. You never saw anything like it, and you never will again. I hold no brief for my old friend Le Remois, the proprietor, but the coffee is not the only thing over which grateful men chant hymns. There is a kitchen, resplendent in polished



is es be

The Inn of William the Conqueror, Dives.—Across the flower-smothered courtyard.—Page 388



ing. There is the wine-cellar, in which cobwebs and not labels record the age and the vintage; there is a dining-room—three of them-with baronial fireplaces, sixteenthcentury furniture, and linen and glass to match—to say nothing of tapestries, Spanish leathers, shrines, carved saints, ivories and pewter-the whole a sight to turn brica-brac fiends into burglars-not a difficult thing by the way-and then, of coursethere is the bill!

"Where have you been, M. Le Remois?" asked a charming woman.

"To church, Madame."

"Did you say your prayers?"

"Yes, Madame," answered this good boniface, with a twinkle.

"What did you pray for?"

"I said-'Oh, Lord!-do not make me rich, but place me next to the rich" - and he kept on his way rubbing his hands and chuckling. And yet I must say it is worth

the price.

I have no need of a William here-nor of anybody else. The water for my cups is within my reach; convenient umbrellas on movable pedestals can be shoved into place; a sheltered back porch hives for the night all my paraphernalia and unfinished sketches, and a step or two brings me to a table where a broiled lobster fresh from the sea and a peculiar peach ablaze in a peculiar sauce—the whole washed down by a pint of —(No—you can't have the brand—there were only seven bottles left when I paid my bill)—help to ease the cares that beset a

But even this oasis of a garden, hemmed about as it is by the froth of Trouville and the suds of Cabourg; through which floats the gay life of Paris resplendent in toilettes never excelled or exceeded anywhere-cannot keep me from Holland very long. And it is a pity too, for of late years I have been looked upon as a harmless fixture—so much so that men and women pass and repass my easel, or look over my shoulder while I work without a break in their confidencesquite as if I was a deaf, dumb, and blind waiter, or twin-brother to old Coco the cockatoo, who has surveyed the same scene from his perch near the roof for the past thirty years.

None of these unconscious ear-droppings

ance, and a two-century-old spit for roast- -improper, if you must have it-as some of them were. Not the most interesting, at all events, for I promised her I wouldn'tbut there is no question as to the diversion obtained by keeping the latch string of

your ears on the outside.

None of all this ever drips into my auricles in Holland. A country so small that they build dykes to keep the inhabitants from being spilt off the edge, is hardly the place for a scandal-certainly not in stolid Dordrecht or in that fly-speck of a Papendrecht, whose dormer windows peer over the edge of the dyke as if in mortal fear of another inundation. And yet small as it is, it is still big enough for me to approach itthe fly-speck, of course-by half a dozen different routes. I can come by boat from Rotterdam. Fop Smit owns and runs it-(no kin of mine, more's the pity)-or by train from Amsterdam; or by carriage from any number of 'dams, 'drechts and 'bergs. Or I can tramp it on foot, or be wheeled in on a dog-wagon. I have tried them all, and know. Being now a staid old painter and past such foolishness, I take the train.

Toot! Toot!-and I am out on the platform, through the door of the station and aboard the one-horse tram that wiggles and swings over the cobble-scoured streets of Dordrecht, and so on to the Bellevue.

Why I stop at the Bellevue (apart from its being one of my Inns) is that from its windows I can not only watch the life of the tawny-colored, boat-crowded Maas, but see every curl of smoke that mounts from the chimneys of Papendrecht strung along its banks. My dear friend, Herr Boudier, of years gone by, has retired trom its ownership, but his successor, Herr Teitsma, is as hearty in his welcome. Peter, my old boatman, too, pulled his last oar some two years back, and one "Bop" takes his place. There is another "p" and an "e" tacked on to Bop, but I have eliminated the unnecessary and call him "Bob" for short. They made Bob out of what was left of Peter, but they left out all trace of William.

This wooden-shod curiosity is anywhere from seventy to one hundred and fifty years old, gray, knock-kneed, bent in the back, and goes to sleep standing up-and stays asleep. He is the exact duplicate of the tramp in the comic opera of "Miss Hook of Holland"-except that the actor-sleeper am I going to betray-delightful, startling occasionally topples over and has to be

Papendrecht, or the country round about, who can pull a boat and speak English. He says so, and I am forced not only to believe him, but to hire him. He wants it in advance, too-having had some experience with "painter-man," he explains to Herr Teitsma.

I shall, of course, miss my delightful William, but I am accustomed to that. And

braced up. Bob is past-master of the art loaf of bread from the baker's. The old and goes it alone, without propping of any Groote Kirk still towers aloft—the highest kind. He is the only man in Dordrecht, or building in Holland, they say; the lazy, red-sailed luggers drift up and down, their decks gay with potted plants; swiss curtains at the cabin windows, the wife holding the tiller while the man trims sail. The boys still clatter over the polished cobblesan aggressive mob when school lets outand a larger crop, I think, than in the years gone by, and with more noise-my umbrella being the target. Often a spoilt fish then, again, while Bob asleep is an interest- or half a last week's cabbage comes my way. ing physiological study, Bob awake adds to whereupon Bob awakes to instant action



Keep the Traghetti intact.-Page 393.

crowd about my easel, Holland being one of the main highways of the earth.

There is no delight so keen to an artist as returning to a place he has once painted and loved. I have known Dort and the little 'drecht across the way for some fifteen years, five of which have slipped by since I last opened my umbrella along its quaint elms. The same dear old man and his dish, followed by a saucer of stewed currants, the Horn, as the label on his arm proveda cup of coffee-(more hymns here)-and a an experience which, he shouted, would be

the gaiety of nations, samples of which with a consequent scattering, the bravest and most agile making faces from behind wharf spiles and corners. Peter used to build a fence of oars around me to keep them off, but Bob takes it out in swearing.

Only once did he silence them. They were fully grown, this squad, and had crowded the old man against a tree under which I had backed as shelter from a passquays. To my great joy nothing has ing shower. There came a blow straight changed. The old potato boat still lies from the shoulder, a sprawling boy, and close to the quay, under the overhanging Bob was in the midst of them, his right sleeve rolled up, showing a full-rigged ship equally dear old wife still make their home tattooed in India ink. What poured from beneath its hipped roof. I know, for it is him I learned afterwards was an account of here I lunch, the cargo forming the chief his many voyages to the Arctic and around



Under the bronze horses of San Marco, Venice.-Page 394.

utilized in pounding them up into fish bait an angle of a wall, surrounded by a group if they did not take to their heels. After of little tots who were begging him for that he always went to sleep with one eye paper pin-wheels which a vendor had open, the boys keeping awake with two- stopped to sell, an infinitesimal small coin and out of my way-a result which inter- the size of a cuff button purchasing a dozen ested me the more.

If my Luigi was not growing restless in my beloved Venice (it is wonderful how large a portion of the earth I own) I would back and promptly went to sleep, love to pass the rest of my summer along these gray canals, especially since Bob's not hold me. I yearn for the white, blinding development brings a daily surprise. Only light and breathless lagoons, and all that

or more. When I again looked up from a canvaseach tot had a pin-wheel and later on Bob, that much poorer in pocket, sneaked

But even Bob's future beatification canto-day I caught sight of him half hidden in makes Venice the Queen City of the World.

and by the manliness of his character: but he would have had the smile of the unbeliever if a prophesying friend had told him that the manuscript of any single one of his essays would be more valuable than the pay he probably received for all his contributions to the London Magazine lumped together, Thackeray again, with his modesty which did not prevent now and again a suspicion as to his own work, would have been pleasantly flattered if he could have foreseen that his charming little notes, with the casual caricatures he liked to scrawl in the blank spaces, would be quoted in the market at prices far outreaching that which he himself was paid for his more carefully composed contributions to the reviews.

There are authors of our own time who have now awakened to the possibility of this future inquiry for their stray correspondence, and who are therefore most fastidious in their letter-writing, never permitting even the least important note to go forth that is not fit to be welcomed in the most exacting collector's library. The letters of these authors are always neat in chellon hy and perfect in or thography. They soft them what the dealer will delight the d

had exhausted every possible epistolary form and until he was absolutely exhausted himself.

To an observer on this side of the Atlantic familiar with the history of the stock exchange this anecdote recalls the method of Gould and Fisk printing off shares of a new issue of Erie stock as fast as these could be sold. To emit five hundred letters by a single writer appears to be a painful example of over-production. But probably the dealer who made the bargain knew his business, and he intended to lock up this mass of correspondence and to float single specimens into circulation slowly and skilfully, keeping his price up by every method known to the trade. This adroit French merchant in MSS. would never have been guilty of underselling-unlike one of a later American dealer who recently proffered for only nine dollars a letter of Artemus Ward, written and dated in 1885-a score of years after the decease of Charles F. Browne! Now, a letter in the handwriting of a dead man referring to events that took place long after his demise is absolutely unique. To ask only nine dollars for it was to give it away: for in reality it was priceless, since it proves the immortality of the soul and also the control of pen, ink and paper by disembodied spirits.



Landscape, by Thomas Gainsborough.*

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

MORE EXAMPLES OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

T is a pleasure to return to this school,* and to note the effort that is being made at the Museum to extend the list and range of the British painters who must always be of peculiar interest to Americans.

That ill-starred genius, George Morland, is represented by a homely theme characteristic of the subjects that appealed to him. The "Midday Meal" is the picture of a pigsty shaded by a group of large trees; a young farm hand, carrying a pail of feed and followed by three hungry swine, approaches the sty. Swineherd and swine are given with a light touch which reveals the pleasure some of these early Englishmen took in the mere manipulation of paint; and while the color "See the Field of Art for January of this year.

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is of a certain conventional mellowness, it is still acceptable, and, for the period, good. To those interested in following the sequence of the practice of painting in England this canvas is an example they will enjoy, and is a desirable possession for the Museum.

There is a portrait by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., of that handsome man, the "Irish Liberator," and master of popular eloquence, Daniel O'Connell, painted in a conventional way and conventionally lighted -interesting, however, as showing an intermediate period in English portraiture analogous to the lapse in our own art after Stuart and others of our early ..: a merely well-painted but cole rtormance. In describing his dress not the catalogue read better if "waistcoat" were to replace the word vest? Elsewhere we come to an-



Mrs. Fitzherbert, by George Romney.* Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

breadth without emptiness that the artist has see it here. achieved here.

*See the previous article, Field of Art for January, 1909.

other Sir Joshua, hung regrettably high, scapists, Richard Wilson first essayed portrait which seems to suggest some of his most captivating qualities. It is the portrait of "Masso attracted him, that he relinquished him he relinquishe ter Hare," delightful in its creaminess of traiture and turned to landscape. He never both flesh and frock, and, as we have said, lost the Italian accent, so to speak, and his in this artist's happiest vein. The landscape English pictures had almost invariably a background exists merely to detach the lovely foreign and un-English air; so that his Italian figure of a child, and it fulfils its purpose. landscape here seems strongly reminiscent of The tone of the sash and edging to dress fall- Claude Lorrain, while that entitled "The ing from shoulder is of a delicious and har- Storm" suggests, weakly, Salvator Rosa. It monious mauve that contributes to the deli- is valuable for the Museum, however, to poscacy and breadth of the canvas as a whole. sess this connecting link between English It is a delicacy devoid of weakness and a and Italian landscape art, and we are glad to

"The Bridge of the Stour," by John Con-Like some others of the English land- stable, is an instance of the faithful portrayal of natural effects, and in this picture we must



Lady Lilith, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By permission.

active clouds is finely given-a good, wholesome, homely canvas.

"Ariadne in Naxos," by George Frederick Watts, shows much of this painter's large sense of form and much also of his limitations. There is a big, handsome conception and impression in its landscape accessory, but it is marred by turbulent and teenth century. We would, perhaps, like broken drapery lacking breadth; reminis- to see something more important by this cent of the Elgin Marbles without their painter, although, for showing his method, thorough and profound knowledge of the this is as characteristic as a larger work. It

not look for even the picturesque sentiment form it envelops. Both Satyr and panther that he can sometimes give. This is far from in the foreground leave much to be desired the imaginative rendition of Turner, but it is both in form and color, so undecided are a vivid and sprightly presentation of high they in each of these qualities. Despite this, noon—a solidly painted work of more techni-there is a large feeling of corporiety in the cal than æsthetic interest. The sky with figure of Ariadne herself; it is all indicative of a high artistic purpose and aim in hesitating hands.

> A little picture by George H. Boughton, "A Puritan Girl," is among the English group, and it is of a sentiment and workmanship quite representative of a certain style of English painting of the late nine

is not a robust method, but of a refinement that possesses charm.

It is unfortunate that a man who has done such worthy work at times as Sir John Millais, painter of "The Northwest Passage," of numerous notabilities, once President of the Royal Academy and at one time nominal head of British art, should be so inadequately represented here as he is in the canvas entitled "Portia." This, which might be an illustration from some Christmas colored plate of a London Illustrated News or Graphic, is really too unimportant to be seriously considered, and the writer will refrain from further comment, trusting that time will remedy the lapse and give us a better example of this well-known painter.

Sir Frederick Leighton is more advantageously seen here in his "Lachrymæ." Although a work of his later years, it has all the elegance and finished charm of this accomplished artist, and is for him, sober in color, always excepting the lurid light in the background, which is too strong in value to harmonize with the prevailing tone of the

nicture.

A very recent acquisition is "Lady Lilith," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and to be frank, it is interesting and valuable to have exam-

ples of these men.

The school of which Rossetti was one of the recognized heads, the pre-Raphaelite, was called into existence by a certain demand on the part of its disciples for a more faithful and loving study of nature—a more patient and intimate scrutiny of the forms of the outside world; and this being the case, it seems unfortunate that, with the best intentions, some of its exponents should be so inadequately equipped to express them.

Here is a theme evidently chosen, in matter of accessories, to give charming and varied scope to the delineation of such exquisite shapes as those of roses, with their marvellous beauty of curling petal which varies, in a fascinating perspective, with each changing plane of vision—or poppies, equally demanding sensitiveness of sight and an incisive and cunning hand to reveal their delightful play of subtle form. Little of this is given in a subject one might fancy had been selected,

as we have said, for the reason of its possessing this grace and charm.

There is a certain large and languid attitude in the figure which is broadly "seen"—alike in its aspect of blonde flesh and in the white drapery. It is almost naïve, however, in its tentative and unknowing touch, in innocence of competent drawing, both in lineal contour and interior construction; and while the medium is water color, it is in no true sense adhered to, for it is overloaded and made heavy by an excessive and unskilful use of Chinese white or gouache.

In spite of, not because of, these technical weaknesses, and through some inherent sense of ensemble, the artist in him betrays a sumptuous breadth of vision which saves the day. Still, the fact remains that the color, although acceptable, is in no quality distinguished. The painter, if he felt the delightful tones that play on the surfaces of differing materials seems not to have possessed the craft to denote them, and consequently there is a lack of that pervading element of air and envelop which would contribute much to the quiet unity of the work.

On the whole, English art has never been overwhelmed by academic spirit or academic training; and this is doubtless why its results are so appealing and emotional. Much of its painting is from sheer love of the work, and, had the means of expression been less unhesitating, we might have lost much of its charm.

The haunting heads of Gainsborough, the splendors of Turner's palette, and the exuberance of Sir Joshua might have, each and all, contributed more to the science of painted art, but have left the spectator cold. And, after all, it is the heart that should be stirred, the imagination fired and the soul solaced by the various activities of the mind that works for the elevation and joy of humanity. At present English painting at the Museum is more richly represented by the art of the past than by the masters of to-day; and here there is room for numerous additions that may readily be brought to mind.

We are grateful for what is here—we are hopeful for much to come.

FRANK FOWLER.